



New Friends Every Day

Grocers tell us Blue Ribbon Tea makes new friends every day. Customers who bought other tea before now ask for Blue Ribbon. They hear from friends how good it is and decide to try it. And in any case if it is not found fully satisfactory the packet can be returned and the money refunded.

It Is For You To Say

Try Blue Ribbon once. Then it is for you to say if you will use it after that. If you find that it is not superior to the tea you have been using you may take the packet back and your money will be refunded. But we know you will like it.

Blue Ribbon Products are Pure Food Products

Purity in food, so much desired by every housewife, is the absolute standard of Blue Ribbon goods. Buy Blue Ribbon Baking Powder, Coffee, Jelly Powders or Spices. They are all of the same high quality. If you are not satisfied, take back the packet or tin and your money will be refunded.

Be a Bit Curious

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All are Guaranteed

Whether you buy Blue Ribbon Tea, Blue Ribbon Coffee or Blue Ribbon Baking Powder, our refund offer is just the same. If you are not fully satisfied after a fair trial you may return what is left and receive your money from the grocer. We could not afford to make this general offer if we did not know that Blue Ribbon goods are pure, wholesome and superior to other brands.

BLUE RIBBON, LIMITED
WINNIPEG, MAN.

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Reproduction of a Sanitas design

Before you select a wall covering—for any room

see

SANITAS

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Write us your needs fully, and we will send you samples and sketches and tell you how to be quickly, satisfactorily supplied.

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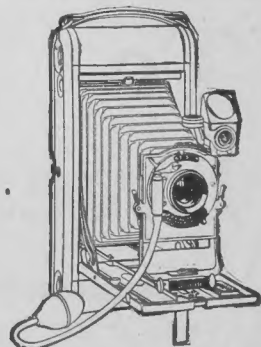
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THE

HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

JANUARY, 1912

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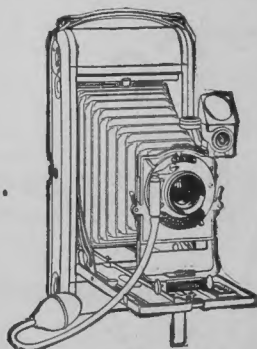
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Copied from "Financial Post" of October 28th, 1911.

REGINA

Real Estate Values Have Increased Materially During Past Year.
Specially written for The Post

Real Estate values have increased materially during the year and an enormous amount of property has changed hands. A noticeable feature of the season's activity that Old Country and Foreign investors have purchased extensively and are building on their holdings for permanent investment. The great development of the year insures stability to the city as well as continued growth. The entrance of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the fact that this Company as well as the Canadian Northern have chosen Regina as their headquarters for the Province, and are now building large shops, freight sheds and stations, are matters of considerable significance. It is stated by the officers of these companies that their own activities in Regina will add between six and ten thousand people to the population of the city.

Building permits to date total over \$4,000,000, which includes the new Regina College, the Union Depot, several large bank and trust company buildings and a number of business blocks and wholesale houses. In addition, the city has spent over a million and a half in civic improvements, including the Municipal Street Railway, trunk sewer works, ten miles of pavement and much sewer and water extension.

The cheap trackage sites owned and controlled by the city, together with the shipping facilities afforded by the three great railway systems, have attracted a large number of Eastern wholesalers. A further number have contracted with the city for sites on which to build in 1912.

The Dominion Fair held in August helped to bring the advantages of Regina before visitors from all parts of the world, and it is felt that much good will accrue to Regina.

It cannot be said that prices now prevailing in Regina are of a "boom" nature. They have increased consistently with the growth and development of the city. Recent sales have established a price of \$1,000 per foot for frontage in the business centre, which is considered low for a city the size of Regina, with such great prospects for advancement. It would appear that Regina, taking into account its past development and the centralizing of provincial interests there, will afford a very lucrative field for investment in real estate.

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The Year that has Gone.

INTERNATIONAL STRUGGLES.

The year 1911 is remarkable for three great international struggles. In one case war was averted for the time being, in the second case war is now in progress, and in the third case war is just beginning and it is difficult to foretell the outcome.

Germany needs additional territory and she has manifested her need in many ways. In her last attempt to get her desires she has not been altogether unsuccessful, while France has had no reason to complain of the settlement arrived at. It is clear, however, that eventually there must be a renewal of hostilities, with the Congo rather than Morocco as the centre of interest. It is a cause for congratulation that of all the German-born who have settled in Canada but one voice has been heard condemning the home government for the part it played in staying the war. England's part has not been merely that of a self-protecting power. She has been the best friend of both nations in following the policy she thought necessary and wise.

Tripoli is an insignificant port, but it was Italy's last hope in the dark continent. The great feature of the struggle which began with the siege of this city has been the return of both nations to mediaeval practices in dealing with prisoners and non-combatants. There is always a point at which civilized nations can interfere and it is time that a stop should be put to the atrocities that are so common. It is surely better to take this view than that of the pessimist who declares that the world would be sweeter if the war is allowed to go to a finish, and if the two nations reduce each other to nothingness after the fashion of the gingham dog and the calico cat.

Persia and Russia—here is indeed a problem. Should the former stand out she will surely lose name and territory and the "Great Bear" will have his heart's desire. Should Persia yield it is but the first step to the same goal but by a lingering method, unless Britain once again kindly speaks the word that is necessary to preserve the peace of the nation.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

These three great international struggles indicate that the year has not been one of peace, and yet no year has held out greater promise for permanent peace among the nations than 1911. It is no small thing that President Taft should have used these words:—

"If, now, we can negotiate and put through a positive agreement with some great nation to abide by the adjudication of an international arbitral court in every issue which cannot be settled by negotiations, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money, we shall have made a long step forward, by demonstrating that it is possible for two nations at least to establish as between them the same system of due process of law that exists between individuals under a government."

It is even more gratifying to read that Sir Edward Grey in referring to this speech of the President was even more pronounced.

"Such a statement ought not to go without response. We should be delighted to have such a proposal made to us. We should feel that it was something so momentous and so far reaching in its possible consequences that it would require not only the signature of both governments but the deliberate and decided sanction of parliament. That I believe would be given."

As a result of these two speeches negotiations were opened, and the promises that not only England and the United States will enter an agreement, but that France is asking for a treaty and Germany will have to follow, while Japan is ready and anxious to accept the ideals set forth. So, out of war, peace has been born.

CIVIL STRUGGLES.

More remarkable than the international wars of the year have been the civil wars. First of all there is the Chinese rebellion which is a protest against the

rule of the Manchus. Democrats like ourselves will subscribe heartily to the demands of the revolutionaries—the demand for freedom, just taxation, representative government, pure administration, and China for the Chinese. The most serious feature of the Chinese revolution is that an uncontrollable element is to find a place among the nations of the world. The Yellow Peril will mean something entirely different when the Chinese people, through self-government, have become conscious of their own strength and when they begin to have world ambitions.

Russia, too, has had her troubles. The assassination of the Prime Minister is but another indication that the time is come when the people of Russia must be entrusted with power and responsibility and given that freedom which is the birthright of all men. History is being made rapidly in this great country. It is only a matter of a few years when absolute monarchy shall give way to limited monarchy, which is the best form of government. Then we shall have a newer and better Russia to deal with. Then Siberian prisons and Jewish persecutions and all the other hateful things that have given this country such a bad name will be things of the past.

We pass over other civil troubles to refer more particularly to the important happenings in

Winter Bells.

When Winter wraps the world in white,
And silent lie the snowy dells,
'Tis sweet to hear amid the night
The cadence of the fairy bells;
They seem to set the winds astir
With eerie music soft and low,
And gently shake the modest fir
Clad in its garb of spotless snow.

They tinkle 'neath the watchful stars,
Whose beams upon the whiteness fall.
And as they near the meadow bars
What recollections they recall!
The trusting tree which Summer knows,
And clothes in hues of living green,
Stands out against the sky and throws
Its lordly shadow o'er the scene.

O Winter bells that tell of mirth!
Thy music fills the heart with joy
And makes a paradise of earth—
A lovers' year without alloy;
Across the fields there seems to come
The music which of pleasure tells,
And every hearth and every home
Rejoices at the winter bells.

I hear them echo where the snow
Lies softly on the frozen ground,
And where December's winds are low
I list to catch their merry sound:
A maiden at the lattice waits
For swiftly through the moonlit dells,
Toward her heart's wide-open gates,
A lover rides behind the bells.

THE MOTHER LAND.

Undoubtedly the event of greatest political importance was the vote which ended the struggle between the peers and the people. In the wake of this event there is Irish Home Rule and there is Manhood Suffrage, not yet accomplished, but immediately to receive recognition. To us who are so accustomed to the Canadian form of government, Home Rule for England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, with a Higher Parliament for the whole realm, dealing with matters affecting the whole, and limiting where necessary the action of the local legislatures, seems both logical and necessary. Home Rule for Ireland will be the first step towards a scheme of that kind.

The English vote at the last election showed that many men voted twenty times, because they had holdings in twenty constituencies. An act which gives a man but one vote and which therefor crowds the voting into a single day, will add much to the power of the common people. It is doubtful, however, if the principal of manhood suffrage without careful limitations is sound, or if the modification of the franchise by the adoption of the principle "one man, one vote," is as necessary as a redistribution of seats which will make the average voting power in one community as great as that in another. It may be that before the Manhood Suffrage bill is introduced and carried that the suffragette will have won out. If persistence counts for anything she will. If woman will always show up as well as she did in the last state which

accorded her the franchise, it will be no error to grant her what she seeks.

The struggle for political and social equality is no more keen than that for a more equitable distribution of wealth. Out of this, has grown the trades union and the strike. Nothing better illustrates the injustice of the strike to society than the action of the ship-owners and their employees last summer. The strike of the coal miners in our own field is another marked illustration of the same injustice. Usually in such matters the owner and the worker wrestle away at their problems as if the great third party—the public—had not some interests at stake. It may be that public ownership or control of all public utilities is absolutely necessary to the peace and safety of society. The surest way to bring about such a result is for employers and unions to act just as they did in the cases mentioned.

But whatever difficulties arise in the mother-land there are men equal to them. This last year has displayed the splendid qualities of our newly-crowned king; it has witnessed the royal opposition of two really great leaders—Asquith and Balfour; and it has brought to the front in a new capacity the ablest advocate of democracy and perhaps in some quarters the most hated man—Lloyd-George. Our old land is not waning in wisdom or courage. We are proud to reach our hand across the sea and claim kinship. Though mistress in our own house we can never forget the love we bear to her who gave us birth.

OUR OWN LAND.

Politically, the great event of the year was the change of Government. Our people have said that if there is to be a lowering of the tariff it must be the result of our own independent action. Our financial policy must not depend upon the decision of any other nation. If the vote of our people is rightly interpreted it means that the effort of all Canadians who see in the tariff a hardship or an evil, must be to seek redress not through reciprocity but through direct legislation. Reciprocity is dead, but tariff agitation is and will continue to be much alive until the man who produces the grain is satisfied that he is on an equality with the man who makes his implements.

The year to Canada has had more to make it memorable than the changing of governments. That is always best worth considering which comes closest to the intellectual and moral progress of a people. This year has witnessed in Canada an educational awakening. The people are beginning to see what schools might do, how their work may extend so as to include technical as well as liberal education, how the play of children must be supervised even during vacation, how the rural school may be invigorated and rendered more efficient, how school buildings may become social centres. The church, too, by seeking union where it will mean greater efficiency and less cost, has been taking a step forward. It is natural that in a democratic community people should place less emphasis upon distinctions than do the people of older lands. In some few things it is possible for children to teach their parents.

Not only in religion and education has there been a forward movement. The agitation for prison reform is an evidence that the ideals of christianity are becoming the guides to action. That country is in a hopeful condition which lays it down as an axiom that it cannot afford to lose permanently the services of any one of its citizens. Every erring soul must be reclaimed.

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

The year 1911 will go down in history as the year of the aeroplane. In a practical way the air-ship has been used in war, and though it may never become a means of transportation of freight, there is every reason to believe that it will serve for the carrying of passengers. Thus will intercommunication be established, and intercommunication is the key to progress in civilization.

On the whole 1911 stands for peace, humanity, scientific progress, and for the Empire and Canada it means added prestige and power.

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Bertie and the Doorstep.

By John Worne.

THERE was a rather stormy scene. It was not the first time there had been a stormy scene, for Eva, though a dear thing, was a little apt to give way to temper and Bertie certainly was lax in his view of the duties of a fiance. But not nearly half the things that people said of him were true; in this case, for instance, it really was his cousin with whom he had been seen at a theater the evening before. But Eva didn't believe him for one moment. And what's more, she fully intended not to believe him so long as he kept up that irritating "don't care" manner as if he ran no risk of losing that priceless jewel, her love. She meant to show him this time that he was playing with the edge of a precipice.

She had just denounced him hotly at

"Are you going?" he said, "I suppose I shall find you at the Wardlaw's to-night? I shall call again to-morrow afternoon."

"You shall never come into this house again," she said fiercely.

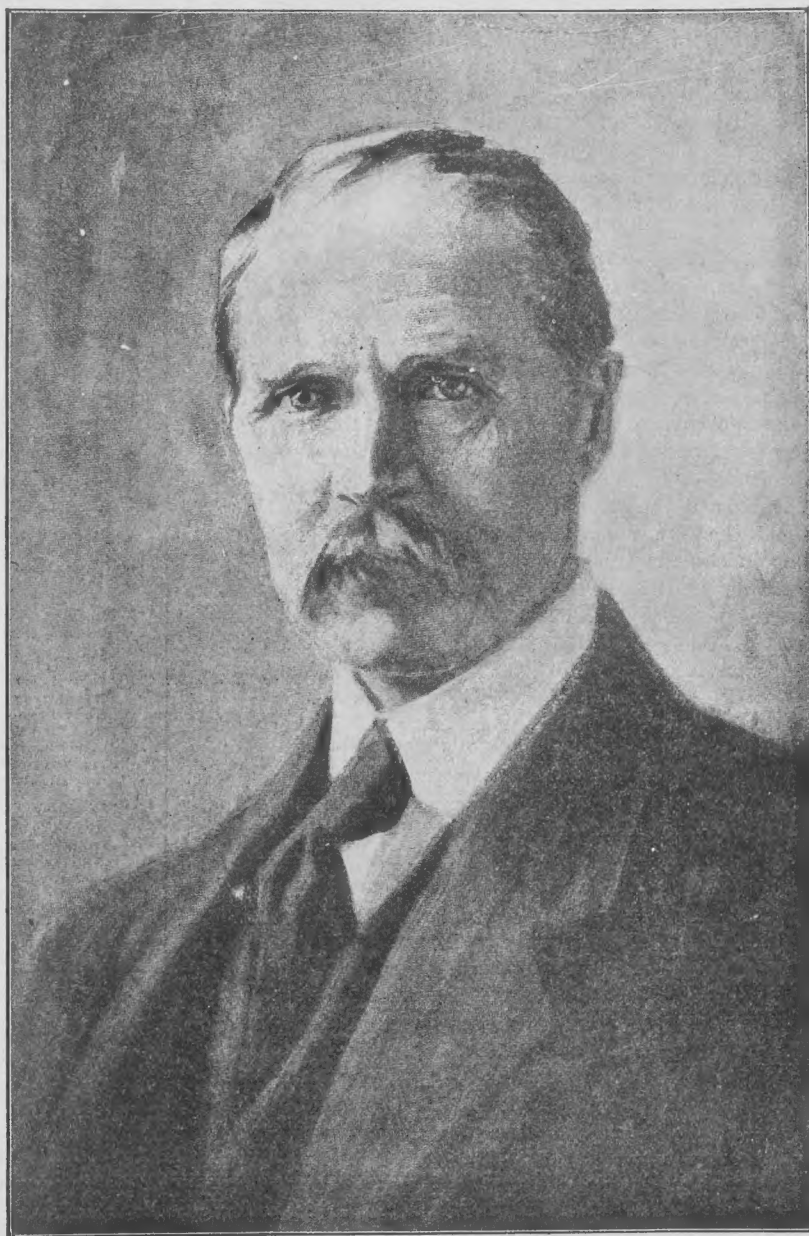
"Then I shall do something that will make you sorry."

"What will you do?" she asked.

"Build me a willow cabin at your gate. And call upon my soul within the house." They do that in Shakespeare.

She turned contemptuously and left the room, and finding it dull alone, he went too.

At the Wardlaw's that evening when he came up for his usual six dances she was coldly unaware that she had ever been introduced to him. He apologized and brought Mrs. Wardlaw who, though she had known them both since child-



ANDREW BONAR LAW

Unionist Leader in the Imperial Parliament, succeeding Mr. Balfour. Mr. Law is a Canadian and was born in New Brunswick, 1858, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman.

some length, making it clear that henceforth their paths lay far asunder. "Well, I suppose that's all we need say about that," he said cheerfully. "I see what you mean. Let's talk of something more pleasant."

"Never speak to me again," she replied haughtily, "and kindly leave this house!"

"I was talking this afternoon," he said, with an exasperating drawl, "with the man you were engaged to the season before last." This was a shaft he found useful whenever they parted forever. "Not Mappam, you know—the other one." She tossed her head indignantly.

"I've often tried to find out from him," he went on, "whether you left him or he left you, don't you know?" This was more than anybody could bear; she was accustomed to his frankness; it was one of his charms; but this—! She hurried to the door.

hood, performed the necessary ceremony. Then he discovered that she was sorry but hadn't a spare dance on her program. He offered to get her another one, a nice clean one, and write on it himself. She declined, so he danced seven times obtrusively with Maude Noreham, whom she hated, coming up at intervals to inform her that she had dropped her program and handing her a new one each time, all beautifully filled up with his own initials and the various pet names he enjoyed in happier times. But it was all of no use.

Next day he appeared at the door at 4 o'clock and rang.

The footman had had strict orders.

"Miss Rowen at home?"

"No, sir."

"Mrs. Rowen?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Rowen?"

"No, sir."



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"Any of the little Rowens?"
 "No, sir."
 "The nurse, perhaps?"
 "No, sir."
 "Ah."
 "Shall I say you called, sir?"
 "Oh, no; I'm expected. Didn't they tell you?"

"Very good, sir." With difficulty the footman repressed a smile. As Bertie showed no signs of going he was puzzled. The situation was new. What does a well-trained servant do when a popular guest, not a tramp, refuses to leave the doorstep?

"Don't keep the door open," said Bertie, "there's a draught."

"Very good, sir." The footman put his hand over his mouth and was about to close the door.

"Oh, by the way, John!"

"Yes, sir."

"You might just mention that I'm here."

"Very good, sir." And he went to the drawing-room. It was Mrs. Rowen's at-home day, a fact which Bertie knew. Eva was entertaining two early arrivals. At least, it wasn't really entertaining, but that is what it is called. Solemnly John announced: "Mr. Bertie Pilkington is on the doorstep."

Eva bit her lip. "You told him Mr. Rowen was not at home?"

"Yes, miss."

"That will do." John retired solemnly and Eva congratulated herself on her happy idea of pretending that he came to see her father. It saved awkward explanations. Bertie stood outside and studied the beautiful brass knocker. A carriage drove up and two ladies got out. He knew them, shook hands and rang the bell. John appeared. The elder of the two asked if Mrs. Rowen was at home. John looked at Bertie, hesitated for a fraction of a second and said, "Yes, ma'am."

The two stepped inside, expecting Bertie to follow. But he only said: "Is Mrs. Rowen at home?"

John coughed, and said: "No, sir."

"Miss Rowen?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Rowen?"

"No, sir."

"Any of the little Rowens?"

"No, sir."

"The nurse, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; shut the door, there's a draught," he sighed.

And in the drawing-room Eva had to invent elaborate explanations on the spur of the moment of the unhappy position of dear Mr. Pilkington. "He came to see papa," was no good at all, for they had distinctly heard him ask for everybody, including the nurse. Eva was very hot and red, and changed the subject.

John announced Mrs. Wardlaw and Miss Wardlaw.

"How do you do, my dear?" said Mrs. Wardlaw. "Why on earth is poor Mr. Pilkington sitting on the doorstep? Such a funny thing to do on the Avenue."

Eva began all over again and they all helped to explain, and Mrs. Rowen joined in and there was general rejoicing at having something to discuss. The poor girl was furious, and after repeated and violent efforts had just succeeded in turning the conversation when John announced Lord Bobby Dalmainham (pronounced "Dam") a recent importation of Bertie's. "How do you do?" said Lord Bobby. "I say, you know, Miss Rowen, what have you been doing to your young man? I had to step over him, and he only wagged his head and said: 'This is what they do in Shakespeare.' Do they?"

So Eva, feeling an almost irresistible impulse to hurl things about, began again the same poor, threadbare explanation, and glancing by chance out of the window she saw small boys collecting and a policeman looking on suspiciously from the opposite side of the road. It was a most uncomfortable afternoon. The next visitor who arrived looked deeply concerned, and wanted to know if Mr. Pilkington, having lost his fortune, had become a gentleman cab-runner; and yet another who, with much delicacy, had said nothing, openly retired with a cup of tea into a corner and inquired of a friend whether Eva's cruelty had driven the poor young man out of his mind. It was obvious to all that the subject was a sore one, so they discussed it under their breath in little groups. There was a general impression that Eva had no doubt been behaving badly, and

anxiety to discover whether the engagement was at an end and who was to blame, and wherever Eva came the conversation changed suddenly and became commonplace and strained.

"You had better let him in," whispered her mother hurriedly.

"Never!" she said, clenching her fists and with difficulty keeping back tears of rage.

And through it all she had to smile and smile and be cheerful and witty. Oh why didn't those awful people go?

John came in. She looked at him with apprehension. This time he carried a teatray. It ought to be mentioned that he had just been presented with a five dollar bill and a promise of immediate employment in case of dismissal. He came up to the tea table and held out the tray.

"Well?" asked Eva. He replied audibly, "Mr. Pilkington says, miss, that he will have his tea very nicely on the doorstep."

There was a pause in the conversation and all eyes were turned on her with interest. She gulped down her wrath, tried to laugh lightly and with trembling hands poured out a cup of tea for him. It would look too absurd to say "No," or tell the man to send him away, and he certainly should never, never, never be allowed to come in.

"Two lumps, he usually takes, miss."

She put the sugar in and John went out with the tray and a cake basket. As he reached the door he turned and said, "And I was to say, miss, that as it is just beginning to rain, have you got such a thing as an awning?"

"Take him—take him—an umbrella," she stammered, too miserable now even to care what all the people were thinking. Oh, wouldn't she like to have a firm grip of that young man by the ears! It was some little time before the conversation broke out freely again.

"Shall I take him some hot toast?" asked Lord Bobby mischievously. She pretended not to have heard the question so he went out. He was back in a minute and the plate he carried was empty.

"He says they don't have hot toast in Shakespeare," he remarked solemnly, "so he was grateful but gave it all to the policeman, who put some in his pocket for the little ones at home."

Eva tried to say something about the affectionate nature of the police, and somebody else suggested that car conductors ran them close. But nobody knew much about car conductors except from what appeared in the newspapers. There was some desultory criticism of lightning conductors and somebody rose to go. Eva sighed with relief, but it was a long time yet before the trial was over. Each visitor on departing found a most elegant young man, beautifully dressed, sitting, with legs crossed, under an umbrella just outside the door. He was cheerful but would give no explanations. He promised to call soon on all those he knew, provided they would let him in.

"I wouldn't care to do this sort of thing often you know. Excuse my not getting up, won't you? I've got a nice dry paving stone at present and it will get wet if I do. Wet paving stones are so uncomfortable, aren't they? Yes indeed. Good-bye."

"Feeling comfy, old chap?" said Lord Bobby. "Glad to see you've taken a little nourishment. Been sitting on a volcano inside all the afternoon. How's old Shakespeare?"

"You run away," said Bertie, "there's a police force watching you. Ta, ta!"

As a matter of fact that poor policeman had been in difficulty, too. There was a rapidly growing crowd of errand boys gazing at a respectful distance, and the situation was so unprecedented. How could he move on a loafer who was on such intimate terms with everybody in the house and had tea brought out to him by the footman? He had indeed suggested that he might be creating an obstruction, but Bertie was so genial about it and the hot buttered toast was so uncommonly good.

As the last guest went John was hastily summoned to the drawing-room, where Eva was looking out of the window in fury after an outburst of tears.

"Why do you allow that person to annoy us like this all the afternoon?" she said angrily, turning round.

"He wouldn't go, miss. I told him you were all out every time anybody came. It didn't seem to make no difference."

"Why don't you send him away?" She stamped her foot.

"He don't seem to listen to what I say, miss. I thought you wouldn't be wanting



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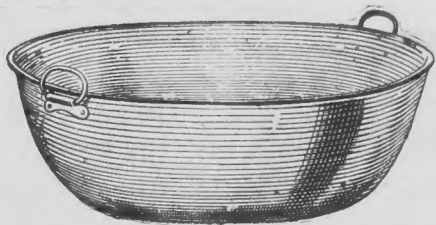
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us to have a disturbance by using force, miss—in fact I didn't quite know what you would want me to do, miss."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she wailed. "But, at any rate, he can't stay there much longer."

"He has just sent in, miss, to borrow a rug in case the weather should turn chilly in the early hours of the morning."

"But—but—he can't do it!" she gasped. "Heslept out all through the war, miss."

"Oh, dear! And all those people coming to dinner to-night!" she cried in despair. "What are we to do? Can't the police do anything?"

"Well, miss, they would remove him if they knew you wanted it."

"Want it? Of course we want it! Tell them to send him away at once!" she said hastily, even as Elizabeth signed the death warrant of Essex. She was too angry to think.

"Very good, miss," said John. He went to the door. The shades of evening were falling and the crowd was getting larger, noisier and less respectful. There were three policeman near at hand in earnest deliberation, with note books. Eva watched the proceedings from behind the curtains.

"I am afraid you must go, sir," said John. "I'm very sorry."

"Not at all," said Bertie. "Who says so?"

"Miss Rowen, sir."

"I thought you said she was out."

John coughed. "Yessir, so she was—in a manner of speaking."

"Who's to send me away?" said Bertie looking thoughtfully up into the umbrella.

"Miss Rowen has told me to tell the police, sir."

window and saw the corner of Eva's elbow.

"Mind, I'm only coming by force. Where are the handcuffs?" He held out his hands.

"I don't know as there'll be need for that, sir."

"Put 'em on," said Bertie, "at once, or I shall attempt to escape."

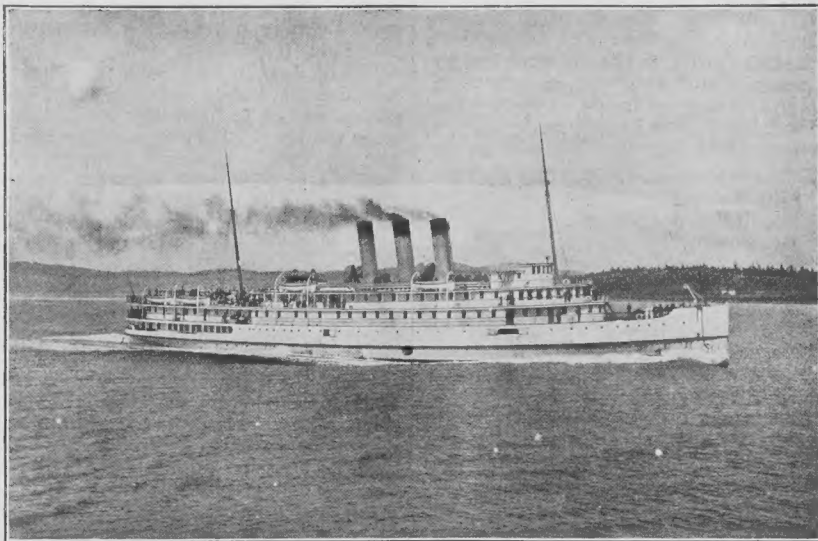
"Well sir," said the policeman, "it ain't a usual request—"

"Never mind; oblige me."

So they put them on. Eva saw it and felt a twinge of remorse. The party moved off with the rabble at their heels.

"One moment," said Bertie. He stopped just in front of the drawing-room and for some seconds cast up at the window which he knew to belong to Eva's room a glance containing a most effective mixture of pathos, passion, regret, forgiveness and despair. Then he passed with bowed head into the gathering darkness, and Eva sank down torn with anguish at what she had done. An hour or so later a policeman called with a ragged and dirty scrap of blue paper folded and addressed to Miss Rowen. It contained in shaky writing, done with some red substance which might have been blood, but was probably ink and embellished with many blots and splutters which were caused possibly by emotion but probably by a police station pen, the following words:—

My heart is broken. You may have forgotten my very name. I do not blame you. I am sitting on a very hard bench. Next to me is a very old lady. She is very drunk. Her head is on my shoulder as I write. I have no right to write, but I cannot go without one last word to one who deigned to love me once. The very old lady has awakened? Dar-



S.S. Princess Victoria, B.C. Coast Service, Canadian Pacific Railway.

"She told you to tell the police?" he said in heart-broken accents. "Then is a' indeed over!"

"Are you going, sir?" said John gently. "No," he replied with determination.

"I'm here to stay! Ruat coelum, fiat justitia!"

John beckoned sorrowfully to the policemen, who approached in solid formation. The crowd cheered.

"Kindly remove this gentleman, who is trespassing."

The policeman who had the buttered toast touched Bertie on the arm. His voice was gruff but tinged with compassion.

"You can't stay here, sir," he said.

"Why not?" said Bertie sweetly.

"I should be much obliged if you would go quietly, sir."

"I would do anything to please you," said Bertie, "but do be reasonable."

"If you would be so kind as to get up and go home, sir; our orders are—"

"Home," said Bertie pathetically. "Ah, if you knew how cold and cheerless is the home you would drive me to! All alone, with only two men to tend me—"

"Can't stay talking 'ere, sir. Are you goin'?"

"No."

"Then I'm afraid we must take you to the station, sir."

The other two policemen came near, and the crowd pressed round and chuckled.

"Ha!" said Bertie, "you use force! Very well, give me your hand." With their help he hoisted himself up and stretched his legs. Then he patted the knees of his trousers and put his hat straight. Incidentally he glanced at the drawing-room

ling, I cannot speak of her language. I am a leaky boat adrift on the ocean of life. I badly want bailing out. I call you darling, I have no right to call you darling, darling. Oh this bench is hard! Not so hard as the bench will be to-morrow morning unless some responsible house-holder comes round to-night and explains that it is a mistake. But I have no one in my extremity or, indeed, anywhere. I ask no mercy. I deserve all I get. Few men can say that. I think my mind is wandering. Farewell; may you be happy. Think of me sometimes in my lonely cell. Oh my broken heart! Farewell for ever.

BERTIE.

P. S. Any time will do of course, but get Mr. Rowen to come as soon as you can, dear.

She read this pathetic document twice through her tears and then, though it was nearly time to dress for dinner, she hurried on her hat and coat. All the blots on his noble nature were erased and he shone forth a martyr to her hasty temper. What was all that behavior during the afternoon, which seemed curious at the time, but a proof of the untameable ardor of his love? How he must have suffered for her on the doorstep! And now—! She pictured him in chains with cropped hair and stamped all over with horrid arrows. Oh why did she ever speak harshly to him? She hurried down to her father, who had just come in, and explained that Bertie had been wrongfully imprisoned through her fault and he must come round and get him out now at once, without waiting for the carriage; one never knew what a wasted minute would mean in deal-

ng with the swift and relentless fury of the law.

Mr. Rowen was sceptical, but everybody assured him that Bertie had undoubtedly been marched off he consented to go and Eva insisted on going, too. It was the least she could do in reparation. On the way she had appalling visions of the hard bench, drunken criminals, bread and water, the treadmill, oakum picking, degradation and penal servitude; and it was she who had given the order which had brought it all on!

They drove in a hansom to the dingy police station. A policeman said, yes, there was a young gent who had been brought in that afternoon. For forgery, he thought; but on looking up a large book he found it was only for loitering. When he remembered; yes, of course, the sergeant had declined to take the charge and had simply detained the man pending inquiries at the house he was alleged to

have annoyed. Eva shuddered at hearing Bertie coldly referred to as "the man." Then she heard voices from the next room. Somebody—was it Bertie—yes, it was Bertie—cried "Misery!" Somebody else with a brutal laugh said "Double you!" Horror! was this some torture! She clung to her father. "Misery on that hand!" said the other voice—the brutal one, with a fiendish chuckle. Was it thumb screws? "I'll tell 'im you're 'ere, sir, said the policeman. He opened the door and looked into the room where Bertie in an armchair with a cigar in his mouth was playing pinochle with the sergeant.

"Somebody to see you, sir."
"Right," said Bertie and came out.
"Hullo! Eva!"
"Bertie!" She rushed into his arms.
"Darling, how you must have suffered!"
He sighed. "It's all over now, dear, let us forgive and forget; I was not altogether without blame myself."

The Doukhobors.

By W. Everard Edmonds.

Of all the various races that have settled in Canada, over none has so much controversy been waged as over the peaceful Doukhobors. Persecuted in Russia on account of their refusal to conform to the civil laws of the empire, or to serve in the army, they were brought out to Canada in special ships supplied by the Dominion government through the efforts of interested philanthropists and members of the Society of Friends. This migration of 12,000 sturdy settlers to the Canadian North-west attracted the attention of the whole world; and during the decade that has elapsed since then, these people have been more than once in the public eye. Associated as they have always been with the late

Count Tolstoy, their occasional religious vagaries and pilgrimages have been partly explained by that last tragic pilgrimage of the Master, which ended in death and disaster.

On coming to the West, the Doukhobors settled in village communities mostly in north-eastern Saskatchewan. There, they soon came into contact with the Dominion authorities on account of their peculiar marriage laws and their failure to carry out their homestead regulations. From the first the government has shown infinite patience in dealing with these peculiar people, and at last this patience is being rewarded. True, it was only the other day that three Doukhobors were sentenced for bigamy; but the case was an exceptional one, and the Crown dealt with them leniently. Those men desired to leave the colony and take farms of their own, but their wives would not accompany them. The remedy for this, to the Doukhobor minds, was to take new wives. These people will learn in time that the Canadian law cannot be trifled with, and for that reason the people of Canada are not inclined to be too severe with these grown-up children.

Despite all that has been said in disparagement of the Doukhobors, there is much to be said in their favor. They are very industrious, frugal and, though unprogressive, are still very good farmers. They have taken a number of large contracts for railroad construction work, and have done well financially.

From the very first, the Doukhobors have been largely guided by one man, who may be regarded as the business-mind of the community. This is Peter Verigin, the uncrowned king of this peculiar people, and undoubtedly one of the shrewdest business men in Canada to-day Verigin has seen life in all its various phases and his ripe experience has been of untold value to his people. Three years ago this shrewd financier, realizing that his people would be happier in a milder climate than Saskatchewan afforded, bought 3,000 acres in British Columbia at the junction of the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers, twenty-six miles from the town of Nelson. This settlement now has a population of 1400, and 2000 Doukhobors will go there from Saskatchewan this summer.

The price paid for these Waterloo lands in British Columbia was \$140,000, and with the improvements that have been made during the past three years, the present property is worth fully half a million. Nearly 40,000 trees have been planted, and this number will be doubled this summer. In addition to the trees, large quantities of grape-vines have been set out, besides such small fruits as strawberries, raspberries and currants.

The Doukhobors have now thirty large houses at Waterloo, and each house has pipe connection with the source of water supply. They have one reservoir almost completed, which will cost in the neighborhood of \$60,000; another already completed, built of solid concrete at an expense of \$10,000; while work has been

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begun on a third, which will cost at least \$100,000.

These people have often been accused of being unclean in their habits, but the Doukhobors is above all things clean, and scrupulously so. In the Waterloo colony every two houses are provided with a hot bath, and the use of these baths is compulsory. Every Saturday all work ceases at noon and the bathing is done during the remainder of the day.

Waterloo is destined to become a centre of the lumbering industry, and the Doukhobors have already built a saw mill with a capacity of 35,000 feet per day. They have also a portable mill for cutting railway ties, and 100,000 ties have recently been delivered to the C.P.R. There are about 1,500,000 logs at the saw mill ready for cutting, while about the same number have been cut in the bush. A jam factory has been purchased in Nelson, and the machinery for this has been ordered from England. Next year a big canning factory will be built in Waterloo itself.

Peter Verigin usually visits the British Columbia colony three or four times in each year, and on his last visit he

purchased a 1000 acre block of land south of Waterloo, on the Columbia River. He has acquired, besides, another 1000 acre block at Grand Forks and another 1000 acres known as the Pass Creek lands, which are situated about twelve miles north of Waterloo. Other purchases have been made at Passmore Creek and Tagham. Next year a telephone service is to be established connecting all the lands mentioned—Waterloo, Grand Forks, Pass Creek, Passmore, Tagham and Nelson.

These facts regarding the much maligned Doukhobors will serve to dispel much of the prejudice against this singular race of vegetarians. It will be seen, at least, that, given a proper environment, they can do much for the development of the West.

Perhaps, indeed, it may incline some sympathetic Canadians to applaud a remark of Dr. Robertson made recently before the Ottawa Canadian Club: "Nothing gives us more reason to be proud of the enrichment of our blood than the stream which came with the Doukhobors."

Chester: A Walled City of England.

By S. W. Yates, Oldham, England.



THERE are few people, one would think, in the great North American continent, and more especially in Canada, who would not take a deep interest in the ancient city of Deva, so named by the Romans; the native born because it presents something the like of which cannot be seen in the whole of this continent, and the Britisher for the richness of the associations it calls up in his mind with long past events in the history of dear old England.

While she must yield the palm to the city of York with respect to the perfection of her gateways, Chester can boast of being the most perfect example of the walled city which England contains. The history of Chester is the history of some of the most stirring events in England's past, whilst its ecclesiastical history goes back to early Saxon days. Chester was one of the last cities to be surrendered by the Romans. In the year A.D. 607, the ancient Britons were defeated under its walls; and in the year 895 its garrison, under the command of Hastings, a Saxon chieftain, was starved out by Alfred the Great. Chester has also witnessed the pomp and state of kings. It was here that Edgar, King of Saxony, was rowed on the river Dee from the city to the minster of St. John. Hither came also Henry VI. and his queen in 1459, Henry VII. and his queen in 1493, and James I. in 1616, whilst Charles I. witnessed from its walls the utter defeat of his army at

Rowton Moor in 1645. The city's first charter was granted by the third Earl Palatine, Ranulph the Good, whilst the first record of anyone holding the office of mayor was in the year 1242 A.D. The Port of Chester formerly did a thriving trade, the silting up of the river, however, causing it gradually to dwindle away, though a fair trade is still done in coal, iron, and timber. The city is an important railway centre, communicating with all parts of the kingdom, whilst its position has earned for it the title of The Gateway to Wales.

The walls were built by the Roman legions in the year A.D. 61, and have a height which varies from twelve to forty feet. They completely enclose the ancient city, forming a walk of nearly two miles in length, with a width of from four to five feet. This, then, besides being the most popular and interesting walk in Chester, is that from which the best general view of the city and its environs may be obtained.

Ascending the walls at the North Gate, we see close at hand the remains of the old Roman walls, which, overgrown with moss and ivy, terminate about six feet below the parapet. The North Gate is in the Grecian style, with one central and two side arches, divided by Doric pillars. The ancient gate stood over a gaol, which was built about thirty feet below the surface, such ventilation as is obtained being effected by means of pipes. Near by is Morgan's Mount, a massive platform above a kind of chamber, the latter containing a stone seat for the use of the sentry on duty. During the Civil War the platform was



Interior of Chester Cathedral.



God's Providence House, Chester.

mounted by guns, and how severe were the assaults on the watch-tower at that time was attested by the large number of human skulls and bones which were found during the excavations for the Shropshire Union Canal, which runs just outside the walls. A fine view of the surrounding country is obtained from this point. At a short distance is Harwarden, the place of residence of the late Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the grand old man of British politics. The twistings and twinings of the Dee can easily be traced, as the river threads its way towards the estuary. In the distance we can distinguish Flint Castle, the Point of Ayr lighthouse at the mouth of the Dee, and the Clwydian hills in Wales.

We next reach Pemberton's Parlour, or the Goblin Tower, formerly a turret, which is circular in shape, and was partially rebuilt in 1894. A little beyond this point is a spot which it is impossible to look upon without feeling a strange mixture of curiosity and reverence. It is the Barrowfield, a green spot just within the city walls. In the days of the Roman occupation, it was the drill ground of the Roman legions; at the time of the Great Plague it became the burial ground of the victims of that awful visitation: and as one stands and looks upon the now peaceful scene, one seems to hear the heavy tread of Roman feet, and the clank of Roman armour, alternating with the dreadful cry, "Bring out your dead," as the plague cart goes its nightly round. At the turn of the walls in the direction of the West, or Water Gate, we see the Water Tower, erected in the year 1322. In reality there are two towers, an inner and an outer one, the latter being intended for protection from the maritime foes at the time when the waters of the Dee washed the base of the walls. The inner tower is known as Bonewaldes-

thorne's Tower, and the outer as the Water Tower. A small museum has been established here, where there may be seen many interesting relics found in the city.

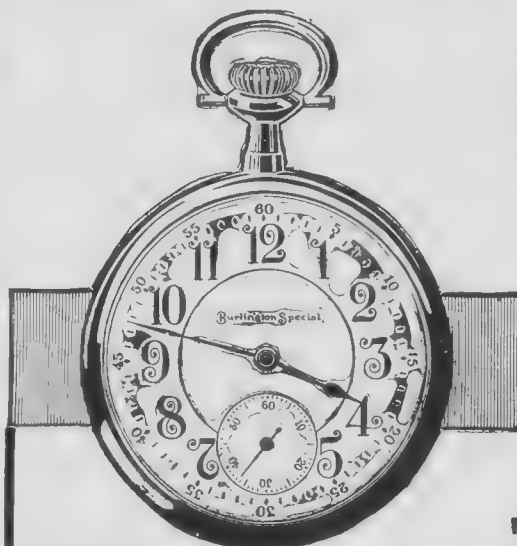
Passing the Water Gate, the next point of interest is the Roodee, the famous race-course of Chester. It lies close under, and outside, the city walls, and is bounded on the further side by the waters of the Dee, which here sweep round in a semi-circle. Right down from the days of the Roman occupation, it has served as a training ground for troops and a place of recreation. Away across the course we have a good view of Curyon Park, a residential district beyond the Dee.

Leaving the barracks on our left, we pass in quick succession the Grosvenor Bridge, a fine stone structure, having an arch with a span of 200 feet; the

Castle, a modern erection, which stands on the site of the original Norman building; the old Dee bridge, and Bridge Gate, and on to Eccleston Ferry, from which steamers sail to Eaton Hall, the residence of the Duke of Westminster. Close by the ferry is the Suspension Bridge, an elegant piece of work, which spans the Dee, and leads to Queen's Park, on the southern bank. A little beyond this point is another old watch tower, known as Thimbleby's Tower, immediately after which we arrive at the East Gate. Crossing the gate, we pass several buildings of considerable interest, and presently come upon the Cathedral of St. Werburgh, the finest view of which is to be obtained from the walls at this point. Near at hand is the Kale Yard Gate, a short passage which formed a near approach to the kale-yard, or kitchen garden, of the monks. Two or

three minutes' walk brings us to the next and last point of interest, which all but completes our circle of the walls. This is the Phoenix, or King Charles' Tower, by which latter title it is more popularly known. The tower is entered by a flight of stone steps leading up to the entrance, over which is the figure of a phoenix (the crest of an old city guild) carved in stone. Beneath this figure is a stone tablet containing the following inscription: "King Charles stood on this tower, September 24th, 1645, and saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor." Thus did he witness the downfall of all his hopes.

But the interest of Chester is by no means confined to its walls. It has an ecclesiastical history dating back to the 11th century, the See being removed from Lichfield in the year 1075 to the Church of St. John the Baptist, which



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The River, Chester.

thus became the first cathedral church of Chester. A few years later the See was again removed to Coventry, but Henry the VIII. created the city a separate See in 1541, after the Dissolution of the monasteries, that supreme act of spoliation which no Englishman can recall without a sense of shame.

The present cathedral was begun by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, a nephew of William the Conqueror, in the year 1093 A.D. There was a former church here in early Saxon times, to which the remains of St. Werburga, daughter of Wulphere, King of Mercia, are said to have been removed from Trentham (where they had lain for two hundred years), in the year 875 A.D. The removal was effected by the daughter of Alfred the Great, and the body of Werburga remaining at Chester, she became the patron saint of the city. The Norman portion of the cathedral, of which there now remains only parts of the nave, north transept, north-west tower, cloisters, and monastic offices, was finished in the year 1140. Rebuilding commenced in 1194, and continued during the thirteenth and early part of the fourteenth centuries, whilst restorations took place at various times during the nineteenth century.

Amongst other interesting things which claim our attention may be mentioned Grosvenor Park, the gift of the second Marquis of Westminster, where are to be seen "Billy Hobby's wells," which are of great antiquity; the King's School, in Northgate Street, founded by Henry VIII. in 1541; the Blue-Coat Hospital; and the Queen's School for girls, which stands near the Water Gate, on the site of the old city gaol.

One of the chief educational institutions is the Grosvenor Museum, erected by public subscription in 1886, at a cost of £12,000. The Art Gallery, School of Science and Art, and the Archaeological and Natural History Museums, are all accommodated in the building, and there are to be seen here many interesting objects relating to the Roman and Norman periods, which have come to light at various times. Notable among these may be mentioned the head of the old mediaeval City Cross, which formerly stood at the intersection of the four principal streets, still named The Cross, and some lead water pipes, found in Eastgate Street in 1899, which bear the inscription: "These pipes were laid

when Vespasian and Titus were consuls for the eighth and ninth times respectively, and when Cnaeus Julius Agricola governed the province of Britain." This fixes the date when they were laid as the latter part of the first century.

The city streets, at which we must now glance, present features which are unique among British towns. The four principal streets, Northgate street, Bridge street, Eastgate street, and Watergate street, cross the city at right angles to each other, and on arriving in the city the visitor is at once struck with their quaint old-world appearance. There are, however, a number of modern buildings, notably the town hall, a fine piece of architecture, erected at a cost of £50,000, and opened by the late King Edward on Oct. 15th, 1869, when he was Prince of Wales.

One feature, which belongs to Chester alone, is The Rows, of which we may attempt some description. Imagine a row of old-time half-timbered buildings, three or four stories in height, in which the front portion of the second story is cut out, and pillars inserted to support the storey above, with balustrades stretching from pillar to pillar, and you have some idea of the appearance of the Rows as seen from the street. But The Rows are useful, as well as ornamental and curious. If we ascend one of the flights of steps which are placed at intervals in each Row, we shall find that the back portion of the second story has been largely utilized for business purposes, while the front part serves as a covered promenade above the level of the street, on which we can walk protected from the weather.

The streets contain many buildings of great interest. In Watergate street is "God's Providence House," said to be the only house in the city which escaped the pestilence when the country was swept by the Black Death in the 17th century. In commemoration of the fact the owner had placed on the gable front the famous inscription from which the house takes its name: "God's Providence is mine inheritance—1625." One's feelings are rather shocked, however, to find that it is now occupied as a place of business, for the sale of furniture and old china. A little lower down the street, on the same side, is Bishop Lloyd's Palace, now occupied by the Young Women's Christian Association. The Custom House Inn is an excellent



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1/- to 3/6 per yard.
Write for Free Samples to
Lawrie & Smith, Ayr, Scotland.

I Want Men

Like YOU, Who Want to Make **\$3,000** A Year, or More

We need a good, live man right now in your territory to handle real estate deals for us. No experience or capital necessary. We will teach you the Real Estate Business, then appoint you our representative in your locality. Easy work; large profits. Write for free book: **MORDEN LAND & LOAN CO., 228 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.**

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you how, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1732, WINDSOR, ONT.**

specimen of a timbered building, and is dated 1637. Still further down, at the corner of Nicholas street, is the Yacht Inn, at which Dean Stanley stayed when in Chester. While in the city, it is said, the Dean invited the clergy of the cathedral to dinner, and as they failed to put in an appearance, he scratched the following lines on one of the window panes of the inn:

"Rotten without and mouldering within,
This place and its clergy are nearly
akin."

Close by the Yacht Inn is the old city residence of the Stanley family, of Alderley, who formerly had charge of the Water Gate. The house was built in the year 1591, and is one of the oldest houses in the city. It is finely carved and ornamented and has three gables. On the opposite side of Watergate street is Trinity church, which contains the remains of Mathew Henry, whose commentary on the scriptures is so well-known, and of the poet Parnell.

Bridge Street, another of the four Roman streets, contains on its eastern side many fine adaptations of the ancient style, whilst the opposite side presents the best example of the ancient buildings of the city. At the junction of Bridge and Watergate streets, where the old city cross and pillary formerly stood, is a fine block of buildings erected by the late Duke of Westminster in which the ancient style has been preserved.

One feature of Bridge Street which must not pass unnoticed is the Roman bath and hypocaust, or heating chamber.

turn. One is tempted to wonder whether one is in Ancient Britain, in Mediaeval England, or in the England of to-day. There are narrow streets and broader highways; the latest styles in millinery and the newest fashions in mantles peep out of quaint old windows of three centuries ago, familiar names of modern business firms are found in strange conjunction with buildings of Elizabethan and Cromwellian times, whilst the electric car and the motor rush by as we stand in the ancient rows. We are met everywhere with reminders of the past, and involuntarily our minds go back over 1900 intervening years, to the time when the clank of Roman arms resounded in the streets, when Roman justice was here dispensed, or to the less remote, but still far off days when plague ravaged the city, or Cromwell and the King fiercely contended for the mastery, an issue on which hung the destinies of a nation and the happiness of a people.

The Daffodils.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay.



Bishop Lloyd's Palace, Chester.

This was discovered in an excellent state of preservation, and is situate behind what is now a news agent's shop, which is numbered 39. A small charge is made for admission. The bath, which was discovered in 1620, is in a room rather larger than an ordinary bath-room of our own day. It is sunk to a considerable

distance below the level of the floor, and was covered in until the year 1670, when the covering was removed, and a hand rail placed round for protection. The water in the bath is perfectly clear. Up to the present its source has never been discovered, and another unexplained peculiarity is that the bath contains more water in dry weather than in wet. Originally, there was over this bath, a sweating bath, which extended ninety feet backwards, and was heated by the hypocaust. The steps leading up to the sweating bath, though now built up, can still be easily traced in the wall. The hypocaust is a low-roofed chamber, with cemented floor, the roof being formerly supported by 130 red sandstone pillars, of which only twenty-eight now remain in the original position. When the sweating bath was in use a fire was lighted in the hypocaust, the heat escaping to the chamber above through holes with which the roof of the hypocaust was perforated. These can still be seen.

As we approach the city, and pass beneath the gateway, we naturally expect to see something out of the ordinary run of everyday experience. We are scarcely prepared, however, for the old world look which meets us at every

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.
A poet could not be that gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the snow to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude:
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

—William Wordsworth.

Face Protector.

To the march of Western progress many additions are made each day and a splendid contribution is that of a citizen of Winnipeg, M. Dysthe, manufacturer of the Face Protector for cold and stormy weather. Two years ago Mr. Dysthe introduced his invention to the public in a modest way, but to-day it is known throughout the entire West, and it took a booklet issue of 45,000 to cover those who have shown an interest in it. The Face Protector has filled a long felt want, and has met with warm endorsement everywhere, and by no class of people has it been more enthusiastically commended than the Medical profession.



You were never too young— You will never be too old—to enjoy the Edison Phonograph

The Edison Phonograph is not only the greatest musician of all the ages—it is all the great musicians of the present day—playing all of the greatest music ever written.

You select your program to suit your audience when you own an Edison Phonograph. The songs you love best, sung by the singers who sing them best—your kind of music, rendered as only the Edison can

render it—as true to life as the original.

The Edison tone is pure, smooth, subdued and true, because of the rounded, button-shaped sapphire reproducing-point, which gives exactly the right volume of sound for the home. And the sapphire point is permanent—lasts forever. No changing needles, no scratching or wearing of records.

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us. Edison Phonographs, \$16.50 to \$240.00. Edison Standard Records, 40c. Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long), 65c. Edison Grand Opera Records, 85c. to \$2.50.

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED
100 Lakeside Avenue
Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Now for a bowl of soup



This cold weather, a plate of steaming hot soup is a warmer to the finger-tips, a rouser of digestions, a finder of appetites and—a bother to make.

But now Edwards' desiccated Soup is here even the bother of making is a thing of the past.

Edwards' Soup comes to you all ready for the saucepan. It's a soup that you'll prefer to your own, just as much as you prefer your own to the ones you taste in a restaurant.

The manufacturers of Edwards' Soup are soup-makers and nothing else. By specialising for over 25 years they have been able to produce an assortment of soups of the highest merit at a price within the reach of all.

Buy a packet of Edwards' Soup to-day.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

5c. per packet.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland from specially selected beef and from the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce.

1204

S.H.B.



You cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

121

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

The Adventure of the 5th St. Church.

How Perkins Boomed a Town. By Ellis Parker Butler.



AFTER that Glaubus affair I did not see Perkins for nearly a year. He was spending his money somewhere, but I knew he would turn up when it was gone, and one day he entered my office, hard up but enthusiastic.

"Ah," I said, as soon as I saw the glow in his eyes, "you have another good thing. Am I in it?"

"In it?" he cried. "Of course, you're in it. Does Perkins of Portland ever forget his friend? Never! Sooner will the public forget that 'Pratt's Hats Air the Hair,' as made immortal by Perkins the Great! Sooner will the world forget that 'Dill's Pills Cure All Ills,' as taught by Perkins!"

"Is it a very good thing, this time?" I asked.

"Good thing?" he asked. "Say! Is the soul a good thing? Is a man's right hand a good thing? You know it! Well, then, Perkins has fathomed the soul of the great U.S.A. He has studied the American man. He has watched the American woman. He has discovered the mighty lever that heaves this glorious nation onward in its triumphant course."

"I know," I said, "you are going to start a correspondence school of some sort."

Perkins sniffed contemptuously. "Wait!" he cried, imperiously. "See the old world crumbling to decay! See the U.S.A. flying to the front in a gold painted horseless band wagon! Why? Why does America triumph? What is the cause and symbol of her success?"

What is mightier than the sword, than then pen, than the Gatling gun? What is it that is in every hand in America; that opens the good things of the world for rich and poor; for young and old, for one and all?"

"The ballot box," I ventured.

Perkins took something from his trousers' pocket and waved it in the air. I saw it glitter in the sunlight before he threw it on my desk. I picked it up and examined it. Then I looked at Perkins.

"Perkins," I said, "this is a can-opener."

He stood with folded arms and nodded his head slowly.

"Can-opener yes!" he said. "Wealth opener; progress-opener." He put one hand behind his ear and glanced at the ceiling. "Listen!" he said. "What do you hear? From Portland Maine, to Portland, Oregon; from the palms of Florida to the pines of Alaska cans! Tin cans! Tin cans being opened!"

He looked down at me and smiled.

"The backyards of Massachusetts are full of old tin cans," he exclaimed. The garbage wagons of New York are crowned with old tin cans; the plains of Texas are dotted with old tin cans. The towns and cities of America are full of

stores, and the stores are full of cans. The tin can rules America! Take away the tin can and America sinks to the level of Europe! Why has not Europe sunk clear out of sight. Because America sends canned stuff to their hungry hordes!"

He leaned forward and, taking the can-opener from my hand, stood it upright against my inkstand. Then he stood back and waved his hand at it.

"Behold!" he cried. "The emblem of American genius!"

"Well," I said, "what are you going to sell, cans or can-openers?"

He leaned over me and whispered:—

"Neither, my boy. We are going to give can-openers away, free gratis!"

"They ought to go well at that price," I suggested.

"One nickel-plated Perkins Can-opener free with every can of our goods. At all grocers," said Perkins, ignoring my remark.

Well, then," I said, for I caught his idea, "what are we going to put in the cans?"

"What do people put in cans now?" asked Perkins.

I thought for a moment.

"Oh!" I said, "tomatoes and peaches, and corn, sardines, and salmon, and—"

"Yes!" Perkins broke in, "and codfish, and cod-liver oil, and kerosene oil, and cotton-seed oil, and axle grease and pie! Everything! But what don't they put in cans?"

I couldn't think of a thing. I told Perkins so. He smiled and made a large circle in the air with his right forefinger.

"Cheese!" he said. "Did you ever see a canned cheese?"

I tried to remember that I had, but I couldn't. I remembered potted cheese, in nice little stone pots, and in pretty little glass pots.

Perkins sneered.

"Yes?" he said; "and how did you open it?"

"The lids unscrewed," I said.

Perkins waved away the little stone pots and the little glass pots.

"No good!" he cried. "They don't appeal to the great American person."

I see," he said, screwing up one eye—"I see the great American person. It has a nickel-plated, patent Perkins Can-opener in its hand. It goes into its grocer's shop. It asks for cheese. The grocer shows it plain cheese by the slice. No sir! He shows it potted cheese. No sir! What the great American person wants is cheese that has to be opened with a can-opener. Good cheese, in patent germ-proof, air-tight, watertight, skipper-tight cans, with a label in eight colors. Full cream, full weight, full cans; picture of a nice, clean cow and red-cheeked dairy-maid in short skirts on front of the label and eight recipes for welsh rabbits on the back."

He paused to let this soak into me, and then continued:—

"Individual cheese! Why make cheese the size of a dishpan? Because grandpa did? Why not make them small? Perkins' Reliable Full Cream Cheese, just the right size for family use, twenty-five cents a can, with a nickel-plated Perkins Can-opener free with each can. At all grocers?"

That was the beginning of the Fifth Street Church, as you shall see.

We bought a tract of land well outside of Chicago, and to make it sound well on our labels we named it Cloverdale. This was Perkins' idea. He wanted a name that would harmonize with the clean cow and the rosy milk-maid on our label.

We owned our own cows, and built our own dairy and cheese factory and made first-class cheese. As each cheese was just the right size to fit in a can, and as the rind would protect the cheese anyway, it was not important to have very durable cans, so we used a can that was all cardboard, except the top and bottom. Perkins insisted on having the top and bottom of tin, so that the purchaser could have something to open with a can-opener, and he was right. It appealed to the public.

The Perkins cheese made a hit, or at least the Perkins advertising matter did. We boomed it by all the legiti-

Royal Vinolia Soap

SUPREME IN QUALITY, PURITY AND FRAGRANCE. CONTAINS NO ANIMAL FAT. YIELDS AN EXQUISITELY SOFT AND LUXURIOUS LATHER, SOOTHING AND BENEFICIAL TO THE SKIN.



THE MATERIALS FROM WHICH WE MAKE ROYAL VINOLIA SOAP ARE WHOLLY VEGETABLE—A WHITE CAKE OF REFINED AND BEAUTIFUL DESIGN. NOTHING QUITE LIKE IT HAS BEEN PRODUCED BEFORE.

Price 15c. a cake, or 3 cakes in exquisite carton for 35c.
SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS.

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED

BY APPOINTMENT
Soapmakers to H.M. The King

LONDON, PARIS
TORONTO



You Save \$100

By Buying A

"DOMINION"

At Factory Price

WRITE NOW FOR CATALOGUE.
Sent FREE to any address.

Built Like a Grand!

You'd like to own a Grand Piano, wouldn't you? If they were not so very costly. Because the rich, vibrant, unmuffled, sustained, singing tone of a grand cannot be secured in uprights, built the usual way. Right here is where DOMINION Pianos are different from all other uprights—they are built like a Grand, with a patented Arch Plate Frame to insure permanent purity of tone. Notwithstanding this,

"DOMINION"

PIANOS * ORGANS * PLAYER PIANOS

are sold to you for less than the best of other makes. We save you the heavy costs of expensive showrooms, purchased testimonials from artists, etc., by selling DOMINION instruments direct from the factory (through our own local agent where we have one), at factory prices. More than 80,000 DOMINION instruments have been sold in this way, in all parts of the world, in competition with the world's best makes. Why pay more and get no better?

Dominion Organ & Piano Co. Ltd.

Factory: Bowmanville, Ont.

GEO. H. RIFE

WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE
362 6th St., Brandon, Man.

mate means, in magazines, newspapers, and street cars, and on billboards and kites, and we got out a very small individual can for restaurant and hotel use. It got to be the fashion to have the waiter bring in a can of Perkins' cheese, and show the diner that it had not been tampered with, and then open it in the diner's sight.

We ran our sales up to six hundred thousand cases the first year, and equalled that in the first quarter of the next year, and then the cheese trust came along and bought us out for a cool eight hundred thousand, and all they wanted was the good will and trademark. They had a factory in Wisconsin that could make the cheese more economically. So we were left with the Cloverdale land on our hands and Perkins decided to make a suburb of it.

Perkins' idea was to make Cloverdale a refined and aristocratic suburb; something high-toned and exclusive, with Queen Anne villas and no fences; and he was particularly strong on having an ennobling religious atmosphere about it. He said an ennobling religious atmosphere was the best kind of a card to draw to—that the worse a man was, the more anxious he was to get his wife and children settled in the neighbourhood of an ennobling religious atmosphere.

So we had a map of Cloverdale drawn, with wide streets running one way and

down on the map, and every time he jotted down an opera house, or a school house, or a public library, he would raise the price of the lots, until we had the place so exclusive I began to fear I couldn't afford to live there. Then he put in a street car line and a water and gas system, and quit, for he had the map so full of things that he could not put in another one without making it look mussy.

One thing Perkins insisted on was that there should be no factories. He said it would be a little paradise right in Cook County. He liked the phrase "Paradise Within Twenty Minutes of the Chicago Post Office" so well that he raised the price of the lots another ten dollars around.

Then we began to advertise. We did not wait to build the churches nor the school house, nor any of the public institutions. We did not even wait to have the streets surveyed. What was the use of having twenty or thirty streets and avenues paved when the only inhabitants were Perkins and I and the old lady who took care of the club house? Why should we rush ourselves to death to build a school house when the only person in Cloverdale with children was the said old lady? And she had only one child, and he was forty-eight years old and in the Philippines.

We began to push Cloverdale hard. There wasn't an advertising scheme that Perkins did not know, and he used



Gorge Park Victoria, B.C.

wide avenues crossing the streets at right angles and our old cheese factory in a big square in the center of the town. It was a beautiful map, but Perkins said it lacked ennobling religious atmosphere, so the first thing he did was to mark in a few churches. He began at the lower left-hand corner, and marked in a church at the corner of First Street and First Avenue, and put another at the corner of Second Street and Second Avenue, and so on right up the map. This made a beautiful diagonal row of churches from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner of the map, and did not miss a street. Perkins pointed out the advertising value of the arrangement:—"Cloverdale, the Ideal Home Site. A Church on Every Street. Ennobling Religious Atmosphere. Lots on Easy Payments."

The old cheese factory was to be the Cloverdale club house, and we set to work at once to remodel it. We had the stalls knocked out of the cow shed, and made it into a bowling alley, and added a few cupolas and verandas to the factory, and had the latest styles of wallpaper put on the walls, and in a few days we had a first-class house.

But we did not stop there. Perkins was bound that Cloverdale should be first-class in every respect, and it was a pleasure to see him marking in public institutions. Every few minutes he would think of a new one, and jot it

them all. People would open their morning mail, and a circular would tell them that Cloverdale had an ennobling religious atmosphere. Their morning paper thrust a view of the Cloverdale club-house on them. As they rode down town in the street cars they read that Cloverdale was refined and exclusive. The billboards announced that Cloverdale lots were sold on the easy payment plan. The magazines asked them why they paid rent when Cloverdale land was to be had for little more than the asking. Round trip tickets from Chicago to Cloverdale were furnished any one who wanted to look at the lots. Occasionally we had a free, open-air, vaudeville entertainment.

Our advertising campaign made a big hit. There were a few visitors who kicked because we did not serve beer with the free lunches we gave, but Perkins was unyielding on that point. Cloverdale was to be a temperance town, and he held that it would be inconsistent to give free beer. But the trump card was our guarantee that the lots would advance twenty per cent. within twelve months. We could do that well enough, for we made the price ourselves, but it made a fine impression, and the lots began to sell like hot cakes.

There were ten streets in Cloverdale (on paper) and ten avenues (also on paper) and Perkins used to walk up and down them (not on the paper, but between the stakes that showed their

If you wish to be pleased en rapport with the subtle savors of the French cuisine, add a little Yorkshire Relish to the plainest dish, and notice how eating acquires new zest and life itself new charm.

20c. a bottle.

Yorkshire Relish

"The Most Delicious Sauce in the World."

CHAS. GYDE, - MONTREAL.
Sole Agent for Canada.

8

NEW YEARS JOYS

Will be yours if you get

CLARK'S PARAGON OX TONGUE;

Juicy and Sweet.

CLARK'S PLUM PUDDING, Deliciously tasty.

CLARK'S MINCEMEAT

The same as ever, but buy the new size can, thoroughly sterilized, ready to use, EVERY CAN GUARANTEED.

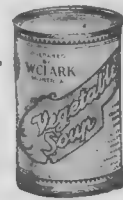


W. CLARK MONTREAL

Manufacturer of the

Celebrated

PORK & BEANS



You can Hatch more Chicks

MAKE MORE MONEY

IF YOU OWN THIS OUTFIT.

Poultry profits depend upon your Incubator. And the value of the Incubator is judged by the success of the hatches it makes. That being the case, our Cabinet Incubator and Brooder is the biggest value possible for the money.

Free To prove it is better in every way, we give you the privilege of testing it at our expense in your own home. It will hatch ninety per cent of all fertile eggs and raise for you more strong, healthy chickens for market and make you big and easy money.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE

It tells all about these wonderful Cabinet Incubators and Brooders. It gives you our big guarantee, and is Free for the asking.

BRETT MANUFACTURING CO., Erie St. WINNIPEG.





Why Don't You Learn to Stuff Birds

Sportsmen, hunters, trappers, learn this wonderful art. Save your elegant trophies of birds, animals and fish. Decorate your home and den. We can teach you quickly by mail. Best methods, easily learned. **Success guaranteed.** 35,000 men, women and boys have learned with great success from our school. Highly interesting and a real money-maker. There are made by selling mounted specimens, or mounting for others. 220 to \$50 per month from your spare time. Investigate this great new art. Write for full particulars **NOW.**

Get Our FREE Book

on taxidermy, and the *Taxidermy Magazine*, both sent absolutely free. Here is an opportunity to learn one of the most interesting and profitable arts in the world. **Grasp this opportunity and send today** for the elegant 48-page book and learn all about our school and this splendid business. Only a limited number of these books given away, so send for yours **NOW.**

Northwestern School of Taxidermy
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Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brushes

relieve headache and neuralgia. Prevents dandruff, falling hair, baldness and scalp disease. Makes the hair grow long. Pure bristles not wire. Five sizes from \$1.50 to \$3.50. Packed with compass to test power. See circular for other specialties for sale by our agent.

MAURICE AARONSON
25 Stobart Bldg., Winnipeg

HOW TO HAVE EYES THAT FASCINATE

Professor of Chemistry Tells Free How to Have Strong, Healthy, Beautiful Eyes.

Many With Weak Eyes Can Throw Away Their Glasses.

EYELASHES AND EYEBROWS CAN ALSO BE MADE BEAUTIFUL.



Without beautiful eyes, no one is really beautiful, while even a homely face is made attractive by eyes that please. Through the wonderful discovery and free advice of the famous English chemist, Prof. Smith, E. I. C., etc., formerly Science Master at an English University, you may now have eyes as radiant as the Evening Star—eyes that attract and fascinate—eyes that have the power to influence others—eyes that people call wonderful.

His secret will also enable you to secure long, silky eyelashes and thick, well arched eyebrows, which are to a beautiful eye, what a fine setting is to a brilliant diamond.

In addition, this remarkable discovery makes weak eyes strong, and quickly overcomes smarting effects of wind, dust and sun, besides clearing the eyes of "bloodshot" and yellow sear. If you wish to make your eyes bright and beautiful, write today, enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply, (please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and address your letter to Prof. A. P. Smith Dept., 1992 H. Pine St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive the secret free.

future location) and admire the town of Cloverdale as it was to be. He would stand in front of the plot of weeds that was the site of the opera house, and get all enrapt and enthusiastic just thinking how fine that opera house would be some day, and then he would imagine he was on our street-car line going down to the library. But the thing Perkins liked best was to go to church. Whenever he passed one of the corner lots that we had set aside for a church he would take off his hat and look sober as a man ought when he has suddenly run into an ennobling religious atmosphere.

One day a man came out from Chicago and, after looking over our ground, told us he wanted to take ten lots, but none suited him but the ten facing on First Avenue at the corner of First Street. Perkins tried to argue him into taking some other lots, but

think that he had been taking off his hat to a grocery every time he passed that lot. It would lower his self-respect. I was afraid we were going to lose the grocer to save Perkins' self-respect. Then we saw we could move the church to the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifth Street.

When we once got those churches on the move there seemed to be no stopping. We doubled the price, but still people wanted those lots and in the end they got them, and as soon as we sold out a church lot we moved the church up to Fifth Street, and in a bit Perkins got enthusiastic over the idea, and moved the rest of the churches there on his own accord. He said it would be a great "ad"—a street of churches; and it would concentrate the ennobling religious atmosphere, and make it more powerful.

All this time the lots continued to sell

SIR ALEX. MCKENZIE BY THE PACIFIC.

Written for the Western Home Monthly

The ocean of my dreams before me lies!—
Or have the mountain snows bewitched my eyes?
I cannot think the toil at last is o'er
And that I stand by the Pacific's shore,
Is this the limits of the hills at last,
Are these the watery plains without a mast?

Is this the destination of the streams
That from the glaciers leaped with taunting gleams
Into the woods, and called me with disdain
And mockery harsh to meet them at the main?
Is this the plain to which the avalanche slides,
The last great maze in which the river hides?

Is this the ocean Drake craved to behold
Even more than Spanish blood and Spanish gold?
That lured through ice the sea-dogs of the past,
Which one alone saw from its barriers vast?
Is it my luck to tread upon a shore
That never felt a white man's foot before?

Yes, it is mine. I smell the salt sea-weed,
The waters green, more sweet than flowery mead.
I see the tide-marks on the giant stocks,
The barnacles and limpets on the rocks.
Ah, I am once again on Stornoway's strand.
I've found a passage to my native land.

I've found a passage, too, to that high sphere
Which Time's dissolving tide can never wear.
And as I dig my knife into this tree
I carve my name in immortality.
Forgotten is the hunger and the pain,
To tell my tale I'll fight the wild again.

G. F. CUTHBERT.

he wouldn't. Perkins and I talked it over, and as the man wanted to build ten houses, we decided to sell him the lots. We thought a town ought to have a few houses, and so far Cloverdale had nothing but the club-house. As we had previously sold all the other lots on First Street, we had no place on that street to put the First Street Church, so Perkins rubbed it off the map and marked it at the corner of First Avenue and Fifth Street.

The next day a man came down who wanted a site for a grocery. We were glad to see him, for every first class town ought to have a grocery, but Perkins balked when he insisted on having the lot at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Sixth Street that we had set aside for the First Methodist Church. Perkins said he would never feel quite himself again if he had to

beyond our expectations, and by the end of the year we had advanced the price of lots one hundred per cent, and were considering another advance. We did not think it fair to the sweltering Chicago public to advance the price without giving it a chance to get the advantage of our fresh air and pure water at the old price, so we told them of the contemplated rise. We let them know it by means of billboards and newspapers and circular letters and magazines, and a great many people gladly availed themselves of our thoughtfulness and our guarantee that we would advance the price twenty per cent. on the first day of June.

So many, in fact, bought lots before the advance that we had none left to advance. Perkins came to me one morning, with tears in his eyes, and explained that we had made a promise,

and could not keep it. We had agreed to advance the lots twenty per cent., and we had nothing to advance.

"Well, Perky," I said, "it is no use crying. What is done is done. Are you sure there are no lots left?"

"William," he said seriously, "we think a great deal of these churches, don't we?"

"Yes!" I exclaimed. "We do! We think an ennobling religious atmosphere—"

But he cut me short.

"William," he said, "do you know what we are doing? We talk about our ennobling religious atmosphere, but we are standing in the path of progress. A mighty wave of reform is sweeping through Christendom. The new religious atmosphere is wiping out the old religious atmosphere. I can feel it. Brotherly love is knocking out the sects. Shall Cloverdale cling to the old, or shall it stand as the leader of the movement for a reunited church?"

I clasped Perkins' hand.

"A tabernacle!" I cried.

"Right!" exclaimed Perkins. "Why ten conflicting churches? Why not one grand meeting place—all faiths—no creeds! Bring the people closer together—spread an ennobling religious atmosphere that is worth talking about!"

"Perkins," I said, "what you have done for religion will not be forgotten."

He waved my praise away airily.

"I have buyers," he said, "for the nine church lots at the advanced price."

Considering that the land practically cost us nothing, we made one hundred and six thousand dollars on the Cloverdale deal. Perkins and I were out that way lately, and there is still nothing on the land but the club-house, which needs paint and new glass in the windows. When we reached the Fifth Street Church we paused, and Perkins took off his hat. It was a noble instinct, for here was one church that never quarreled with its pastor, to which all creeds were welcome, and that had no mortgage.

"Some of these days," said Perkins, "we will build the tabernacle. We will come out, and carry on our great work of uniting the sects. We will build a city here, surrounded by an ennobling religious atmosphere—a refined, exclusive city. The time is almost ripe. By the time these lot holders pay another tax assessment they will be sick enough. We can get the lots for almost nothing."

Important To Handicraft Workers.

The Canadian Handicrafts Guild Montreal, is again offering prizes to the extent of several hundred dollars, for the best specimens of workmanship. To those skilled in weaving, dyeing, carving, book-binding, metal work, sewing, leather work, basketry, knitting, rug making, pottery, there is an excellent opportunity afforded, not only to obtain a prize, but to find a sale for their work.

There is no entrance fee of any kind payable. Full detailed list may be obtained by sending a stamped self addressed envelope to the Secretary of the Guild, 586 St. Catharine Street, W., Montreal.

A Free Calendar.

The Ontario Lantern & Lamp Co. ask us to point out that the notice "Send coupon for calendar," which has appeared in many of our advertisements lately has unfortunately led to a misunderstanding and consequent disappointment to many of the readers of these advertisements. The Sales Dept. of the Company is in receipt of a large number of letters containing the advertisement in question cut out of the paper in which it appeared; together with the request that they forward a calendar. The advertisement itself is not the coupon referred to. This is found only in the globe of the Banner Lantern and the calendars are forwarded on receipt of this coupon. It is in the form of a post card addressed to the Company with a space for the name and address of the sender and the dealer from whom the lantern was purchased.

The Professor's Dilemma.

By S. Jean Walker. Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly.

PROFESSOR Archibald Douglas sat in his study looking in perplexity at a letter in his hand, that was evidently giving him great concern. At length he placed it on the table before him, and leaning back in his chair "Well, this is something more difficult of solution than any abstruse problem

of science. I am completely baffled." Taking the letter again, he slowly read some of it aloud, as though endeavoring to solve the fact of its being written. "Your letter was a great surprise to me." "Not half as much as yours is to me," he commented, "considering I never wrote one." "I honor, respect and trust you," he read from the letter. "I am willing to be your wife, and will do all in my power to be worthy

of you, and a kind mother to your children."

The professor bowed his head on his hands, and with a broken sob in his voice he breathed, with love and sorrow in his words: "Oh, Amy, Amy! I have asked no one to take your place. Believe me, dear."

After a time he raised his head and his eyes had a deep shadow in them. He picked up the letter that had fluttered carelessly to the floor and read the signature, "Helen McVicar Gordon." After a few moments' thought, he said to himself, "A good, old name; I seem to have heard it before." Then, as remembrance dawned on his mind, he exclaimed: "Why I met her at sister Kate's last Christmas. She was a tall, fine-looking woman, and so re-

finer and intelligent that I quite enjoyed talking with her. Yes, I remember, too, that she seemed to possess considerable cultured, common sense, and—" He paused abruptly, and looking at the letter, said decidedly, "She must have had some cause to write this. She speaks of my letter to her. That's it. I never wrote one. What does it all mean anyway? There is certainly a mystery somewhere. I must go to see Kate about it. She always knows just the best way to advise one. I'll make arrangements to go at once."

The next afternoon he arrived at his sister's, Mrs. McLaren's, only to find her absent on an extended visit. He confided his troubles to his brother-in-law, who listened sympathetically, and when Professor Douglas had finish-

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ed, he said, slowly and meditatively, "Well, Archie, it will require considerable diplomacy on your part to answer that letter. It will be a rather difficult proposition to explain it satisfactorily to Miss Gordon, especially since you know who wrote it."

As Professor Douglas made no reply, Mr. McLaren asked with evident hesitation: "Say, Archie, could you—that is—don't you think that you had better pretend that you wrote that letter yourself, and are pleased with her answer. You certainly need a wife, and Helen Gordon is a splendid woman, and in every way admirably fitted for the position. Someone has, I would judge, been trying to play Providence in your affairs. You should feel grateful that he or she has chosen such an excellent wife for you, although it is something that a man prefers to choose for himself. I have not forgotten how you loved Amy, but I can see no possible way for you to act, other than to appear delighted that Miss Gordon has accepted you."

"I see no alternative, either," Professor Douglas replied bitterly. "I wish I knew who wrote that letter. Some busy-body who, doubtless, thinks that my children are neglected. They are becoming rather unmanageable in some respects," he reluctantly admitted; "but I had no thought of ever marrying again. I wish Kate were home. A woman's intuition always sees through things of this kind. I suppose there is nothing for me to do but answer this

when I think of anyone having Amy's name. I—"

If the bride's face was unusually pale when she left with her husband, it was attributed solely to the fact of her leaving her home and friends, for to the observing Prof. Douglas was all that a bridegroom should in the courteous attention and marked respect he gave his wife. When they were on the train—that was to take them home—he bought her some of the latest magazines, saw that she was comfortable, and feeling that nothing else was required of him, turned eagerly to his daily newspaper. For some time she looked through the window, lost in thought. Then, as though she had suddenly arrived at some decision, she turned, and spoke to her husband so abruptly that he looked up in a startled way. "Professor Douglas, why did you marry me?"

"Why did I marry you?" he echoed in surprise and consternation, letting his paper drop from his hand. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said," she returned in a tense, agitated voice.

"Why do you ask me such a question?" he parried gently, for he noticed her agitation and the shadowed depths of unshed tears in her eyes, and wondered what had caused this change in her. He was unprepared for her direct and candid reply.

"Because I was going into the library for a book that I wished to bring with me when I overheard you say to some



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letter as you suggest. I could not submit Miss Gordon to the humiliation of knowing that she had accepted a proposal that I had never made."

Three months later Mr. and Mrs. McLaren received an invitation to the wedding. Mrs. McLaren felt considerable anxiety about this marriage, and had almost exhausted her husband's last shred of patience, speculating how her brother would act towards his undesired bride, remembering how devotedly he had loved his first wife. Her brother's pleasant, courteous, manner re-assured her, yet she breathed a deep, satisfied, sisterly sigh when the marriage ceremony was concluded.

After the bride had changed her wedding gown for her travelling dress she slipped quietly down the back stairs to the library for a book she wished to take with her. Through the open door she saw her husband and his best man, standing with their backs to her, talking.

She hesitated at the door, undecided whether she should interrupt them or not. As she momentarily halted, some words arrested her attention as they came with clear-cut, cruel distinctness, yet there was a strange tremor of agitation in her husband's voice as he apparently replied to some remark his best man had made.

"Yes, my wife is a very fine looking, cultured woman, and better than that, I believe, a wonderfully good one; but, Frank, you know how I loved Amy and that I had no thought of ever marrying again. Say nor more to me. I cannot bear it. My heart seems broken

remark your friend, Mr. Graham, had evidently made. "You know how I loved Amy, and that I never meant to marry again. Say no more to me. I cannot bear it. My heart seems broken to-day."

"I should not have uttered such words, Helen," he replied with deep contrition. "I beg that you will forgive and forget them."

"I may do so when you answer my question," she quietly persisted. "It does not seem very just to me to speak of a broken heart on our wedding day." She spoke tremulously. Her resentment was breaking down before the hurt in her heart.

"I am sorry, Helen, truly sorry," he confessed, brokenly. "That I so far forgot myself, and what was due to you, as to utter such words. My first marriage was brought very vividly before me to-day, and—I—loved Amy so—and—so—"

"And you do not love me," she interrupted with a tense whisper, that broke involuntarily from her lips, revealing all the sorrow that this intuitive knowledge gave her.

"I did not say so," he argued, gently, picking up her magazine that had fallen to the floor.

"The inference is very plain," she returned with quiet decision, looking away from him. Then, after a moment's silence, she turned and looked him straight in the eyes, asked with exceeding directness, "Is this the answer to my question?"

"No, decidedly not," he answered emphatically. "To marry you be-

cause I did not love you. Isn't your reasoning a little inconsistent, Helen?" He smiled, hoping to win an answering smile in return, but none was forthcoming. "You and I," he continued, persuasively, "are old enough to have sense, and it seems rather ridiculous that we should discuss our personal affairs in a somewhat crowded railway car. We shall have time for it after we get home, that is, if you should still desire to continue such an unpleasant subject."

"Very well," she acquiesced, with a quiet determination, suggesting that the subject was not finished.

He picked up his paper, folded it, and put it in his pocket, then began telling her about his European trip the previous year. In spite of the unanswered question that was lying heavily on her heart, she found herself listening interestedly to his vivid and racy descriptions.

The time passed quickly, and soon they were in their home town. A carriage was waiting, and after a short drive it drew up before a beautiful house and grounds. As they entered the hall door, he whispered tenderly: "Welcome home, Helen."

She made no reply, and any embarrassment was happily prevented by two children, a boy and a girl, running a race down the stairs to reach their father who had barely time to give his wife a chair in the drawing-room, when his children pounced upon him. While he submitted laughingly to his son's boisterous demonstrations of gladness, he drew his little daughter towards him, saying, with a voice of deep love and tenderness, as he kissed the sweet lips upturned to his, "And how is my little Amy?" his wife read in his tone that this little one held the closest place in the father's heart.

"Who is she, father?" asked the boy, his eyes indicating whom he meant.

"That is your new mother, Kenneth and Amy," he answered, looking at Helen pleadingly, as though asking her not to repudiate the title. "Go and kiss her," he whispered.

The boy advanced with some hesitation and gave her a rather grimy hand, but turned his face to one side to escape her kiss, then retreated to his father's side, while he watched the newcomer with jealous eyes.

"Little Amy, on the contrary, came close to Helen, and, placing a chubby hand in hers, raised her lips to kiss her. Then, releasing her hand, she wound her arms round Helen's neck, saying: "I love you, muver. You look so sweet and pretty. Will you take me on your knee and hug me like May Graham's muver hugs her?"

"You little darling, of course, I will." She gathered the child in her arms and kissed her repeatedly, whispering fondly, "You will be mother's own little daughter."

The father turned away for a moment to conceal the deep emotion in his face, for he read in little Amy's words how her heart hungered for the mother's love she missed. Then, controlling his feelings, he said to the children: "Run away to nurse. Your mother is tired." Amy obeyed somewhat reluctantly, claiming one more kiss before she went.

Professor Douglas conducted his wife to her room, and after a few, though rather constrained, words, he sought his study, wondering greatly how his matrimonial riddle would be solved. Later, at dinner, it was conducive to his peace of mind to see her take her place at the head of his table, calm and dignified. He did not know that it was a calm after a storm that had shaken her soul to its depths.

"Come to the library, Helen," he said, as they rose from the table. "I think it the cosiest room in the house."

He showed her some of his favorite books and pictures, but she was not now to be diverted from the subject that was occupying both their minds, so she repeated her question—"Will you tell me now why you married me?"

"My home required a mistress, my children a mother. Will this answer do, Helen?" he replied, mentally determining that she should never know any other reason.

"It will do until I learn the real one," she returned quietly, with something in



Prince Rupert Harbour, B.C.

her tone implying that she was wholly unconvinced.

He made no reply, so she continued. "I have often wondered why your first letter was so different from the others that followed. Have I disappointed you in any way?" she asked wistfully.

"No, no, Helen. You are far too good for me. I will be a true and faithful husband to you. My children need you, my home needs you, and—and—I need you." He spoke passionately, breaking through his habitual reserve.

Your children require a governess, you a housekeeper," she repeated mechanically. "From mere selfish motives you have selected me. You have taken me from a home where I was happy and loved to bear these responsibilities without love. Had I dreamed of your real motive, I would never have consented. However, for the sake of your position, I will remain and—and endeavor to do my duty."

She looked at him, but he continued silent with his head bowed upon his hand. Her voice hardened as she went on. "I will go with you into society, entertain your guests, look carefully after your children and house." She hesitated, as though gathering courage, then resumed in the same cold voice from which all hope seemed to have departed. "For these services I wish a stated salary. I—"

"Hush, Helen, I beg of you," he pleaded brokenly. "All that I possess is yours."

"I wish a salary," she coldly persisted. "Whatever your income will allow me. I am your wife in name only, so I shall have no need for this," placing her wedding ring on the table beside him.

"Helen, I implore you!"

"Where is my pretty muver?" came from a little white-robed figure that had tiptoed to the door unheard.

"Nurse put me to bed, but I runned away to kiss you good-night. She ran to Helen and clambered up into her lap and kissed her with all a child's abandon of love for its mother. "Why, father, muver is crying. You musn't make my pretty muver cry."

The limit of his endurance was reached. He rose hurriedly, leaving his wife holding his child closely in her arms.

He dreaded their meeting the next morning, but there was no need. Through the sad, dark, sleepless hours of the night she had planned her course of action. She faced her position squarely, and decided that if she could not overcome its difficulties she at least would meet them bravely. As the days passed, Amy was her delight and joy. All the mother love of her heart was given to the loving, affectionate, little child. With Kenneth it was different.

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He was a self-willed, passionate boy who had been allowed his own will and way since his mother died. Helen's patience was severely taxed with him. He resented her authority, and repelled her love. She overheard him saying to Amy, "She is not our real mother. She is only a woman father married to keep house. Her face flushed hotly and a flash of resentment stirred her whole being at the truth of the child's statement, while her woman's nature rebelled at her position. But just then, Amy's clear treble reached her. "She is our muver, you naughty boy. You must not say ugly things about my pretty muver. I love her better than all the world, so I do."

"I won't do what she tells me, and I don't love her, so there," was his rebellious answer.

With a sigh, she turned away and went wearily to her own room, wondering how long she could bear it all. Yet no sign of her discouragement or heartache was shown to her husband. To him her manner never changed from its cold, dignified calm, while she carried out her part of their martial agreement to the letter, but her heart knew at what cost.

About three months after their marriage, Professor Douglas invited an old friend, Dr. Winthrop, who was visiting in the city, to dinner. Something in the magnetic personality of their guest broke the barrier of Helen's habitual reserve, and her husband listened with silent admiration and delight to the brilliancy and culture of her conversation. She sang some of the doctor's favorite songs, and he was most profuse in his honest appreciation of her ability. Amy had often told her father that "muvver sang like an angel," but he had never heard her before. During the varied conversation that even-



On the Land of the Belgian Land Syndicate, Vernon B. C.

ing she remarked that pansies were her favorite flowers, also that there was a new book that the doctor spoke very favorably about that she had not read. Professor Douglas made mental note of these things. The following day he ordered a box of beautiful pansies to be sent to her, but found them used at the table decoration that evening at dinner, while she made no remark about them.

He brought the book to her and received a quiet "thank you," but found it afterwards on his study shelves with the leaves uncut. He was chagrined and disappointed, and finally became

very miserable. He invited more guests than usual to his home, and had the wretched satisfaction of watching and listening to her delightful entertainment of them, realising that she was an exquisitely charming woman to all but him. He felt it keenly and deeply resented it, while all his attempts to change this condition of their relations were apparently futile. Soon all personal feelings were forgotten, for Kenneth became suddenly and alarmingly ill. Helen cared for him tenderly and assiduously, and now the rebellious, little tyrant cried for his mother if she were absent from his

side for even a short time during his conscious hours. His father and the nurse were most uncereemoniously thrust aside. Her husband, watching her, felt that her tender solicitude was not the outcome of prefatory duty, but a genuine love for his wilful little son. Amy had told her father how naughty Kenneth was to "muvver," and he had talked to him privately several times, and even had threatened him with severe punishment, but it only seemed to effect results in the opposite direction, for the child resented his father's expostulations and warnings, and said, with much resentment, "You never talked so cross to me before she came." From his wife he heard not one word concerning Kenneth's troublesome conduct. He read in her silence a determination to bear all the disagreeable things of her new life without any assistance or sympathy from him. With the barrier of courteous reserve between them he felt that to offer such might possibly be misunderstood. He bitterly regretted his thoughtless and impulsive words on his wedding day. He reviewed the last three months of his life as he sat by the side of his sleeping boy. He knew that his child's progress towards recovery was owing to his wife's unrelenting gratitude; it was mingled with a sweetness that he dare hardly confess to himself.

One evening, sometime after Kenneth's recovery, Professor Douglas had gone to another town a few miles distant to deliver a lecture and was not expected home for three days. Changing his plans, he arrived the evening of the second day. As he went up the stairs to his room, his steps were arrested by hearing Kenneth's voice coming through the open door of Helen's room. "Sing for us, mother, please.



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Father is away, so it won't bother anyone."

Then followed a delightful children's song.

"That was for Kenneth," he heard Amy say, when the song was finished. "Now, sing one for me, muver."

"How many kisses will you give me if I sing one for you?" he heard his wife ask in a voice he could scarcely recognize as hers in its glad, loving, motherly tenderness.

"Just dozens," was the merry reply, and he heard the promised kisses given until Kenneth impatiently interrupted—"Don't kiss mother to pieces, Amy, or she won't be able to sing for you."

The song followed. Then he heard the little tyrants plead for just one story. He listened, but the softly modulated words of the story did not reach him. When it was finished, she said in a louder and more decided voice: "Now, children, no more songs or stories to-night. Come and say your prayers."

He moved stealthily forward to hear them. The words, "God bless father and mother and make me a good boy," coming from the lips of his headstrong little son, brought tears to the father's eyes. He felt like a sinner outside Paradise, and longed to enter in. Then he turned and went quietly to his room. Presently he heard his wife go downstairs. Then a soft prelude on the piano floated up to him. Soon she began to sing, and one song followed another, until at length the listening husband said bitterly to himself: "She does not sing so when she knows I am around." When the singing ceased he went down to his study. To his surprise he found her there. She looked up in confusion as he entered and closed the book she was reading, but not before his keen eyes had seen that she had been reading a magazine article of his own that was attracting considerable attention. Then she rose to leave the room saying apologetically—"I—I did not know that you had returned."

He laughed and caught her arm, saying in a voice vibrant with some new emotion: "Wait a moment, Helen. How like a beautiful culprit you looked when I found you in my study, reading something I have written! So you do take an interest in your husband after all. You seem to forget that I hold that relation to you."

The Little Widow

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"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was so weak that it would not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.

"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief.

"I liked Grape-Nuts food from the beginning, and in an incredibly short time it gave me such strength that I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In two months my weight increased from 95 to 113 pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. My neighbors were amazed to see me gain so rapidly, and still more so when they heard that Grape-Nuts alone had brought the change.

"My 4-year-old boy had eczema very bad last spring and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and peevish. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He improved from the beginning, the eczema disappeared and now he is fat and rosy, with a delightfully soft, clear skin. The Grape-Nuts diet did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ontario.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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THE LARGEST SEED BUILDING IN THE WEST

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"Are you forgetting our arrangement?" she returned, coldly.

But he was not to be rebuffed. "No, I have not forgotten it. But I am going to," he declared, boldly, not like a dignified professor, nor a reserved husband, but with the joy of a light-hearted lover. "You have carried out the 'arrangement,' as you call it with the nicest exactitude and ability. You have been an excellent housekeeper, an exceptional hostess, an accomplished governess, and a loving mother, but a very cold wife. I want to be considered now, Helen, for I love you with the deep, true love of experienced manhood, not with the same ardent, first love that I gave Amy. That died when I lost her. But I love you with a love that will satisfy even you. Will you accept it, Helen?"

A glad light deepened and glowed in her eyes as they were raised to his, while she whispered, "I would never have married you if I had not cared for you." These words banished her reserve for ever and rendered their "arrangement" null and void. He half dreaded that she might wish to learn the "real" answer to the question she had asked them on their wedding day and was intensely relieved when she did not. He took the ring from his pocket, and, placing it on her finger, said, with a mystic mingling of lover and husband, "Till death do us part."

Some weeks later when she had returned from a visit to Mrs. McLaren, where she had gone with the children for a change of air and rest, she waited impatiently for her husband's return from college. After he had greeted her and the children, and she had answered all his questions concerning his sister, she asked him if he would spare her a few minutes in the study alone. He followed, wondering greatly what she wanted to tell him. When they were alone, she looked at him with all her wife's love in her eyes and said: "I know now the real reason why you married me, Archie."

"Why resurrect that old question, Helen?" he asked rather, impatiently. "I thought you had forgotten it."

"Kate confessed," she laughed, showing that the remembrance did not trouble her now. "To ease her conscience she declares."

"I do not understand. What had

Hunters

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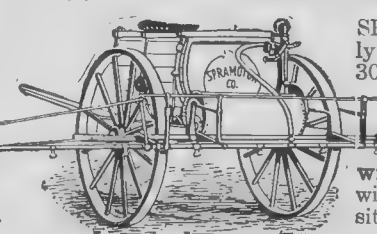
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Kate to do with it?" he questioned, much puzzled by her words.

"Why, she thought you were in great need of a wife, and wrote that first letter asking me to marry you, saying that you loved me since meeting me at her home. I admired you very much at that time and so accepted you. You would not humiliate me by an explanation and so sacrificed yourself, and—"

"So that's the explanation," he interrupted with a laugh, showing that the perfect understanding between them

had banished all his former fear of her possessing such knowledge. "I often wondered who wrote that letter, but I never thought that Kate would dare do such a thing. Well, I shall write to thank her for giving me the best wife in the world, and my children such a mother. But the sacrifice was yours, not mine, Helen. I wonder now how you bore everything as you did."

"It was hard sometimes, Archie, but your little daughter's words, 'I love you, muver,' helped me over the hard places."

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

Among the Savage Black Bears.

By Bonnycastle Dale.



WE were asked by a young Englishman, "Are all these bear stories true one bears?" Read the following notes from an expedition we made across the Straits of Juan de Fuca into the Olympic Peninsula and judge for yourself.

We had engaged the Terra Nova—Fritz, my assistant, always called her the Turn-Over—but she never did quite. She is the only hull in my recollection

we cared to figure on. I think both the Gordon settlers shared that belief, as, good sea dogs though they were, they both had been violently sick.

Well, we "pop, pop, popped" into a little cove, a tide-cleaned pebbly beach lay before us, a good holding ground for our anchors was beneath, and ahead lay a country of mighty firs, huge cedars, ten foot-ferns, and seemingly unpenetrable undergrowth. A country filled with berry bushes on the slopes of the lightly timbered sides of the slopes; truly, a very suitable home for the savage, black bears, only they were quite brown by now, as one that ran away from the shore as we landed showed.

There we saw two Clablam Indians eating a highly odorous meal on the beach. They were greedily sucking the contents of the raw "sea urchins" sea eggs they call them. Another dainty was the grisly tentacles of the big squid, called the "Devil Fish" by nature fakirs. Yet another, and thus smelt beyond all words of descriptive power, was rancid whale oil. So powerful was this last dainty the offensive odour of it arose from the drops spilled on the pebbles for several days after.

We ate our lunch well to windward of this highly smelling couple. Our meal was enlivened by one occurrence that was very novel. A pair of blackfish, called by the Indians "Orea," or whale killer, or "Killersa," and by the deep sea sailors as "thrashers," inasmuch as they thrash about and seem to attack the whales, although in my six years' work off this coast I have never seen them attack, came plunging into our sheltered bay. Probably they had never seen a floating hull like the black bottom of the Turn-over—I beg pardon—the Terra Nova; at all events they rose near the gasoline craft, making her roll a bit. Then we saw the vaporous exhaust from their lungs as they exhaled. It rose like a column of steam from the blowholes. This is the operation that fools many a man. "There she blows," "a column of water arose in the air," and such-like expressions are used to describe what is only a condensing rush of hot air from the great mammal's lungs. These two big black fish, with yellow spotted bellies, circled the little craft. They looked fully as long as she was, but I do not think they exceeded thirty feet

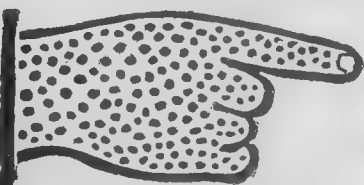


Coast Indians totem animal, the Common Black Bear

that could roll and dip and leap at the same time; but she could. In fact, she seemed to do it from choice. She was thirty-five feet over all and a battering ram for effectiveness in a heavy sea. Fritz mortally offended the big Swede that owned her when he said, "Oh! what a grand churn she would make." There was a reason for all this pitching and tossing that our Eastern readers are not familiar with. We were running down the Straits, on our left hand rose the snow-capped Olympics, on our right, some twelve miles off, the green slopes and red tops of the backbone of Vancouver Island made a glorious picture. The tide was ebbing and the wind sou'-west right on our bow; this condition—the wind against the tide—kicks up a heavy sea, but to add to our discomfort the "tide-rips" were unusually strong. These lean, hungry waves, boiling as if in a pot, were full of backfalls; water dashing in all directions, so that it was not unusual for us to ship a clean green sea over the sharp bow and also catch the leaping and "rip" over the stern. We had a nice open cockpit to catch all the water in, so Fritz and I incessantly bailed. We made bad weather of it after we passed Fort Crescent. Ahead, a dozen miles or so lay our destination, Pillar Point. The shore rose precipitously, no shelter was to be had short of our objective point. The Swede feared his engine would be drowned. Just as we were about to try to turn tail and run before the wind the force of the ebb slackened, the "tide-rips" ceased, and the wind seemed to be falling. Within an hour, so changeable are these mountain sheltered Straits, so fluctuating are the currents of air bred in the long, high valleys by the morning sun, suckling up the mists and heated air, causing the cold currents from off the ocean to rush in and thus breed the "western trades," we were "pop, pop, popping" over a calm stretch and the irrepressible Fritz was asking the Swede if it was time to take the butter out. No, but it was time to finish bailing and empty duffle bags and get things dried out; truly, we had been nearer the "end of the trails" than



Vancouver Island Elk.



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MENTION
THIS PAPER

DOMINION PREMIUM CO.,
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The Empress Hotel, Vancouver B.C.

in length. They most carefully avoided contact with the anchor cables, for huge mammals though they are, their skin is as thin and fine as tissue paper, superimposed on thick layers of blubber. Finally they both lay on the surface, side by side, examining the new animal they had run across, then the two tall, black fins, fine as the lanteen sail we use on an eastern canoe, rose slowly above the surface, down the V rolled, as the big "fish" sounded, and the next time we saw them they were half a mile out in the Straits.

After lunch we packed our duffle bags, about a thirty pound load each, and Fritz and I started up the valley to search for the dreaded bears, and any other odd thing that might come within our camera's focus. "Were we armed, you ask?" Aye, truly! Fritz had a twelve chambered four by five bullet, and had the deadly old Reflex, good for six shots as long as there was light enough to see. I must admit that we had also a surveyor's ax—to clear the trail with and mayhaps slaughter many an attacking bear.

We first picked up an elk trail. This was well trodden, just as if tame cattle had descended to the little pool to drink. Right in the squashy mud

near the brink of the pool, just where the salmon struggling up the stream would come nicely within the sweep of the bears forefoot, we found the first imprint of the Olympian bears. It was bigger than my hand, but not great enough to have been made by a grizzly—we have some respect for those big chaps. Now the animal trail led onto the first plateau or bench. Here we found the tiny stream we were following, dammed up into a mashy, meadow-like land. Innumerable trails led off the main one. The sallow bushes were pawed and trampled by berry feeding bears and the arrow pointed hoof marks of the common blacktail deer criss-crossed the deep imprints of Bruin. Across this swamp a mighty fir tree had fallen; the tip of the tree was towards us, so Fritz and I, to save a long walk about the swamp followed where many a panther had gone across the fallen tree. It was fully one hundred steps along over this monster of the original forest, making the tree from tip to root a good three hundred feet. As we neared the roots that lay on dry earth the ferns formed a compact green surface on both sides of us. Now the root blocked us, so it was a case of jumping off. Fritz took the lead, jumped, and totally disappeared. No wonder: the ferns were sixteen feet high here and the perch he leaped from was the upturned root hole of a giant fir. After some lamentation on the bruised lad's part, I urged him to climb back, and we both carefully retraced our steps across that fallen fir, and took to the elk trail—for, remember—never leave the trail, any trail that is well enough marked for you to find your way back upon.

Upwards we climbed, disturbing many a ruffled grouse, a few deer, and at least one band of elk. The only three bears we saw that day were feeding in the sallow on the thinner clad stones, and they ran like curs before Dash and Daisy. In fact, we decided to camp and tie the dogs up, or else we would never get close enough to the bears for photography—that is, to see the eye.

We made about a thousand feet by camping time. We chose a wide spreading cedar. I think it was on the American plan, for certainly it had been used the night before, as the well pressed bed of the deer in the soft needles proclaimed.

Far below, the Straits of Fuca glittered in the setting sun. On the northern side of the Straits the shores of Vancouver Island lay as in the days of their discovery—unpolluted by the axe. In mid-straits a school of whales, sulphur bottom's possibly, rose and sank again. Overhead the migratory birds were already on their long flight. In the woods below us, the whistle of the deer, the snort of a bull elk, the strident call of the blue jay, sounded on the evening air. Once, above us, a rattling pebble falling down the trap rock told of an animal's passage, and soon a loud "whaarf" told it was a berry gorged bear homewards bound. Night fell with all her chorus hushed. Our fire burned out. The settlers curled beside us. Fritz was the best guarded of the two, for in case of an animal's attack he had one pound more of blanket to protect him, his being an eight

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

"This is what Postum has done for me. I still use it and shall always do so." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ontario.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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"I realized the danger I was in and tried faithfully to get relief from medicines, till at last, after having employed all kinds of drugs, the doctor acknowledged that he did not believe it was in his power to cure me.

"While in this condition, a friend induced me to quit coffee and try Postum, and I did so without the least hope that it would do me any good. I did not like it at first, but when it was properly made I found Postum was a most delicious and refreshing beverage. I am especially fond of it served at dinner ice-cold, with cream.

"In a month's time I began to improve, and in a few weeks my indigestion ceased to trouble me, and my headache stopped entirely. I am so perfectly well now that I do not look like the same person, and I have so gained in flesh that I am 15 pounds heavier than ever before.

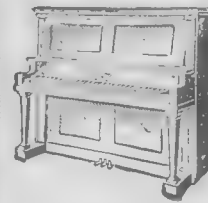
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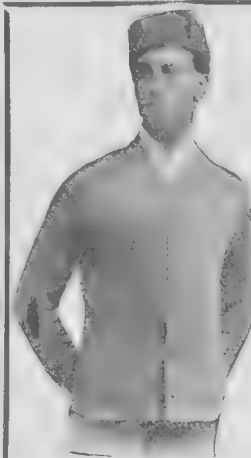
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pound Hudson's Bay. At times during the night the two settlers drove off fiercely attacking panthers and ruthless bears—in their dreams. We did not even dream. Soon, too soon it seemed the great red sun peeped up over an intervening shoulder of the Olympics, and we cooked the morning meal right on the elk trail, where, I presume, no white man had before intruded. Soon packs were shouldered and we were off up the slope.

In a berry crowded bench, where the tumbled bushes and the broken trails told of black bears, we set the cameras, using the long discharge cords, but although we saw several bears that day, and one noble band of elk, the scent of ourselves, or the dogs' scent, kept all travellers off the main trail. Once, indeed Fritz backed around a corner of a side trail, almost right onto a big dam and two six month cubs. He chased one of the cubs, axe in hand, but the four feet were too many for the two, and Fritz returned discomfited.

Again we pitched camp. This time right at the foot of a half burned hollow fir. We had an excellent view from here and saw several animals on the trail that ran over an open shoulder of the opposite range. With the telescope I searched all the open spots, finding at times deer, bear, and more elk. In all this huge solitude no sign or sound of man was there. It was wondrously restful, feeling to lie there under the stars, and hear all the noises of the night as heard in the temperate zone.

east of the main trail. It was some six hours later, at sunset, that I found what both I and the dogs were sure was the main trail that we had ascended. I built a big camp fire and called every fifteen minutes until midnight. No answer could I get, unless the faint bubbling sound was a call, and that came from below the fog—a heavy fog having settled over the Straits below me. I think I must have fallen asleep when I felt both dogs leap up from beside me and heard them rushing off into the bush, giving tongue at an alarming rate. Louder and clearer sounded their clamor. Then I decided they were backing up before some danger into camp. Soon they backed right up to where I sat, their long, black tails switched my face, and their yelping made a confounded din. I grabbed one with either hand and struggled to my feet just as Fritz staggered into camp, and the very first words he said were, "I got him. I got him." When we were all quieted down, the lad told me that he walked right up to where a black bear sat on a fallen tree busily munching something. At the clang of the camera curtain, the bear slipped over the little log and loped off into the forest in a funny slouching run. I knew all about that run, as it almost ran into me. However, all's well that ends well, and the four of us were soon well fed and sound asleep.

Fritz proposed next morning as we were descending the last thousand feet that he go ahead and tell the big Swede



The ebb had run its course, the wind died down and the straits were like a mill pond.

So calm was it that the bark and splash of the hair seal, feeding in the Straits two thousand five hundred feet below us, came clearly through the air. Never once did we espy a panther. They are the most cowardly and crafty of all the beasts of the field, never attacking man, a poor assailant, even for the sharp-hoofed blacktail buck.

As our bit of food was running low, we decided to work down the trail slowly, hoping to get a few exposures of animals—we had, so far, only pictured an impudent jay that stole food from off our camp table under our very feet, I think—is proper, as our table was the deer-clipped grassy ground.

I led the procession, Reflex camera in hand, Fritz trailing along with the Bullet. We left the trail on a bench and walked eastward along a side trail. In a few minutes we emerged into a natural prairie, overgrown with berry bushes, and cut up into innumerable paths. Fritz and I went along parallel trails. Suddenly, I heard the lad cry out, "I've got him," and instantly a big black object bounded across my path between the dog and the bitch. Both gave tongue and followed into the sallal. So did I, intent on retrieving the dogs, for if it was an old dam she might come to quarters against some tree and clout the life out of the two settlers. I finally got the two dogs to follow me, and started back after Fritz. Now, please remember, we were on a bench of the mountain not more than a couple of miles long by, perhaps, a mile wide. I walked for perhaps a quarter of an hour, then "Coo-ee-ed"—the Maroi call we used. I did not know if I was still

we were almost ready to run east. I allowed him to, wondering at his ambition—there's a reason.

Above the pebbly beach, where the Swede was camped, protruded a reef of diorite, a red shoulder of the hill. The big fair-haired, blue-eyed man was squatted there after a good supply of sowbelly and beans, his short clay pipe in his hands. "I vonder vat dat ish," he thought, as a pebble rattled down over the diorite. Soon another followed. Then he saw the black back of a seemingly bear protruding over the tip of the hill, and two loud "whauffs" sounded out in the gathering gloom. There was a rattle of big feet over the pebbles, a sudden crouching, as the dingy's keel slid through the ilding protesting mass, a loud splash as she was launched, then the rattle of oars and boat and man disappeared into the gloom. We almost fell over Fritz, as we descended the last sharp run. With tears in his eyes, he told me of his frolic and begged me not to let the cowardly man know the reason of his fright. I was glad later I yielded to this silly request, as homeward bound we were regaled by the Northman with a graphic account of the "growlings," charging bear and flying stones and sticks from the hands of the brawny captain, engineer, deck-hand and what-not of the Terra Nova.

A ship's canal across Scotland is seriously spoken of. Some unofficial surveys have been made. Expensive but practical.

Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax

Owing to so much unfavorable weather, many farmers over Western Canada have gathered at least part of their crop touched by frost or otherwise weather damaged. However, through the large shortage in corn, oats, barley, fodder, potatoes and vegetables by the unusual heat and drought of last summer in the United States, Eastern Canada and Western Europe, there is going to be a steady demand at good prices for all the grain Western Canada has raised, no matter what its quality may be.

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for such grain, therefore the farmer never stood more in need of the services of the experienced and reliable grain commission man to act for him, in the looking after and selling of his grain, than he does this season.

Farmers, you will therefore do well for yourselves not to accept street or track prices, but to ship your grain by carload direct to Fort William or Port Arthur, to be handled by us in a way that will get for you all there is in it. We make liberal advances when desired on receipt of shipping bills for cars shipped. We never buy your grain on our own account, but act as your agents in selling it to the best advantage for your account, and we do so on a fixed commission of 1 cent per bushel.

We have made a specialty of this work for many years, and are well known over all Western Canada for our experience in the grain trade, reliability, careful attention to our customers' interests, and promptness in making settlements.

We invite farmers who have not yet employed us, to write to us for shipping instructions and market information, and in regard to our standing in the Winnipeg grain trade and our financial position, we beg to refer you to the Union Bank of Canada and any of its branches; also to the commercial agencies of Bradstreet's and R. G. Dun & Co.

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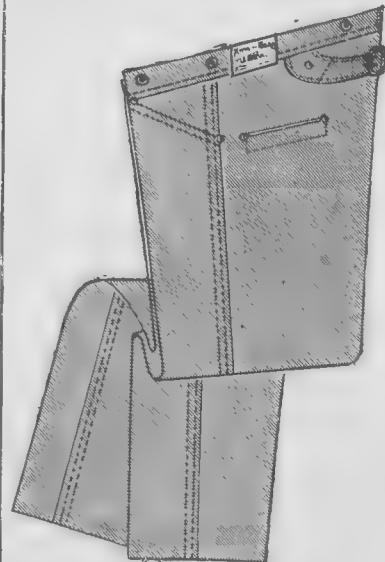
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Loving the Old Land and Living in the New.

The old story of the Immigrant retold. By John Richardson.

DO you remember the feeling you had when you bought your first piece of land? If it's years ago and today you are a prosperous farmer, just reflect—it does us good sometimes to look back. Just call to memory the time you first became conscious that you were a landowner, and that the land you stood on was your very own.

I have just made my first land purchase. I am one of the three-quarters of a million Imperial emigrants who left Great Britain because they saw the chances for advancement here were better than in the Old Land. Yes, I am a landowner, but still a worker; a capitalist, but still a wage earner. And I am the only member of my family, all of them in Great Britain, who can boast of owning a piece of the earth. To become a landowner I had to cross the sea. Thousands of other fellows, who carried the same English atmosphere as I did, with just as strong a local accent as mine, have done the same thing, only done it better. They are good Canadians

soul, took him to the best hotel in town and gave him a good meal. People in the hotel cast inquiring glances at the two—one well dressed, with a prosperous look about him, and the other just the opposite. Both were Imperial emigrants. One had made good. The other—well, he was still battling.

I often walk down to the docks at Montreal to see the immigrants arrive from the Old Land. It's like looking in to a mirror, for I can see myself in those new comers, and it seems as though I only landed yesterday. I like to hear them talk as they pick out their baggage, and I picture the change that will come over many of them within two or three years. Sometimes a fellow will pass smoking a Woodbine cigarette (they were five a penny when I was in England, and they were called "Coffin nails"). He looks crude to the man who likes polish, for in his rough and tumble existence he has never had a chance to learn the meaning of polish. But he has saved \$30 to travel steerage to Canada,

and instead of looking down he is just beginning to look up.

I once heard a Methodist preacher declare that when he was battling against any difficulty he always made a point of keeping his head high. "It's the man who looks down who gets dizzy," he said. And this immigrant is looking in to the future of the prairies. Perhaps he's never been on a farm in his life, and could not hitch a horse up to save his soul, but he's got the notion that he can do better here. "I'll sink or swim" is his view, and that sort of fellow generally swims.

Then there's the middle aged man who brings his wife and family. Perhaps there's a baby in arms, who will never know the worry the parents had to get



"Hopland" Built by the above couple two years after arriving in Toronto.

in more senses than one; they deserve the title of the Imperial emigrant.

One of these is a friend of mine from Kent. At 30 years of age he studied for a B.A. degree, and the doctor told him he had only six weeks to live. He packed up his outfit—a little outfit it was in those days, he tells me—and came to this country. If Canada was good enough for him, it was good enough for his wife, and the ship that brought him brought her as well.

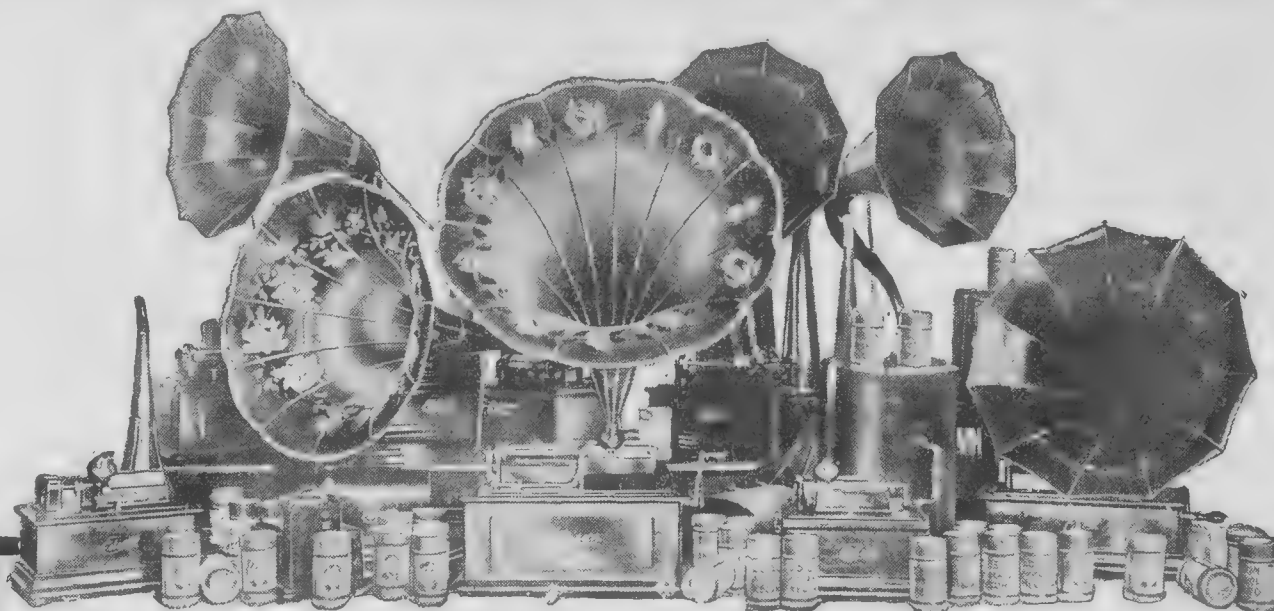
They had a buffetting in their early days here which some of us escaped. The husband started work in Toronto at eight dollars a week, doing some sort of work at Eatons—the place where so many Old Country folks settle until they feel their legs. Then he joined the staff of a cycle store at ten dollars a week. Mind you, the man who carried out orders was ten times more intelligent than the man who gave them.

"I only meant to stay there a month" were his words to me, "but they would not let me go, and after a while I was made manager."

And instead of running after the doctor who gave him six weeks to live, he breathed in as much of God's air from Toronto Bay as any mortal could, and at the end of two years the lung which the doctor had described as a daisy on his grave, was as strong as the best you and I have today.

He is now earning \$3000 a year in Montreal, and he's still going up. Like the country he's in, he'll keep on growing. He's the sort of Imperial emigrant this country wants.

When he related his early experiences he refers, without malice but with a sense of humor, to the time when he was called an English "sparrow." Today, some of the men who called him a "greenhorn" are running after him for jobs. One fellow stopped him on the streets of Toronto last week, and asked him to remember a former pal. The \$2000 a year man, good sympathetic



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him over. Such cases are a fine commentary of the pluck and courage of the Britisher. They give up home and everything, and shouldering their own burdens enter a country, where the climate and general conditions are different from those they have been used to. They are strangers among strangers, but they go on. The next time you see a mother worried with as many babies as pieces of luggage, on the way to the home her husband is hoping to make for her in the West, just get her story. If you have a spark of human nature in you, it will kindle sympathy.

I once saw one of these immigrants sitting in the Winnipeg depot. She came from Lancashire—there was no necessity for her to tell me that, because I could cut the dialect with a table knife—and with her were five kiddies, from eight months to eight years old. She told me she had not had a good night's sleep since she left Liverpool. There was the worry of the children, the uncertainty of the future, trouble with railway and steamship officials, but she didn't murmur. When I asked her if she was sorry she came she answered, "No, Jack tells me it's best for the children." Jack was her husband, a farm laborer, living in the Yorkton district.

The next time you see a woman in the same predicament be ready with any assistance you can give. Don't say, "Oh, she's only a poor immigrant, and it doesn't matter." Remember that your mother, or her mother before her, was most likely a poor immigrant. These are the people who have helped to build this country. Do you blame me for calling them Imperial emigrants?

"OH! YOU WINNIPEG."

O'er prairie land, and wheat fields grand.
I come to dwell with you.
My northern friend let me extend a
compliment to you.
Indeed you are a northern star, I've
watched your shining light
I followed near, it lead me here, I live
with you to-night.

Beyond your gates, fair fortune waits
If we but do our best.
A world apart, a throbbing heart,
That beats for all the West.
A future bright, a welcome light,
To dwell with you I beg.
I love the land from whence I came
But oh! you Winnipeg.

Christopher James Byrne.

Spare Time

If little Spare Time came round
When little Spare Time comes in
Be sure Busy Moment knows,
For he has a way to win
A smile from the worst of foes;
And everyone's sure all mischief ends
When little Spare Time and he are
friends.
And found Busy Moments out,
He'd enter without a sound.
And rummage about, no doubt;
And if there was no one seemed to
care,
He'd revel in mischief everywhere.



An Imperial Emigrant—Landed in Canada without a cent—today is worth thousands of dollars.

Greatest Hosiery Value Ever Offered! 6 Pairs of Holeproof Hose Guaranteed Six Months!



Reg. U. S.
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Carl Freschl, Pres.

Why accept ordinary hosiery, the kind that wears out in a few days, when "Holeproof," six pairs guaranteed six months, cost not a penny more? Save all the darning you do now. Have *whole hose* to wear *all the time*. Your dealer probably has "Holeproof." If not, send to us and we'll ship direct. We'll send a guarantee ticket with every six pairs, insuring new hose free to replace any pairs that wear out.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Seventy-Cent Yarn— Soft and Comfortable

"Holeproof" are not heavy or coarse in the least. No cotton hose were ever more stylish or neater. We pay the top market price for Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn, the finest obtainable. You can have any weight that you wish, from winter weights down to the thinnest, sheerest and lightest weights. There are also twelve colors and five grades. No other hose equal "Holeproof" in real value.

Carl Freschl, Pres.

The above is the signature which identifies the genuine Holeproof Hose. There are scores of poor imitations. Mr. Freschl originated hose good enough to guarantee. He has had 38 years of experience.

WOMEN, Save the Work! MEN, Save the Bother!

Buy six pairs of Holeproof Hose today and try them. See why they save. You'll never go back to wearing common hosiery. No one ever does who tries "Holeproof."

HOW TO ORDER—Choose your color, grade and size from the list and state clearly just what you wish. One size and one grade in each box. Colors only may be assorted as desired. Six pairs are guaranteed six months except when stated otherwise.

Men's Socks—Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs \$1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs \$1.50). Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs \$2.00. Light and extra light weight LUSTRE SOCK, 6 pairs \$3.00. Pure thread-silk sock, 3 pairs (guaranteed three months) \$2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun metal, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Same in pure thread-silk, \$3.00 for 3 pairs (guaranteed three months). Outsize ½ in black, medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Children's—Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00.

Infants' Sox—Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00.

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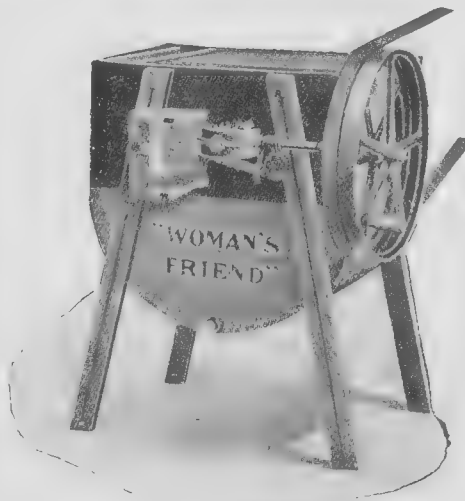
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washes the clothes in a cylindrical wooden drum that reverses automatically every fourth revolution. This is the same principle as employed in all modern laundries and is the only way that clothes can be washed absolutely clean without tearing them to pieces. The reversible motion of the drum insures a thorough agitation of the clothes, preventing them from rolling up into a wad of which only the outside is washed.

THE WOMAN'S FRIEND AUTOMATIC WASHER

The wash drum is perforated letting the hot suds rush in and out through the clothes. On the inside of the drum there are five lifters running

the full width of the drum. These lifters carry the clothes up to the top as the drum revolves, from where they drop into the water.

There is absolutely no chance for the clothes to be torn or unnecessarily worn in the drum, and you will be able to preserve the clothes much longer than when you wash them by hand on the wash board.

FREE TRIAL—We will be glad to ship this washer on a 30 day Trial to assure you that it is all we claim it to be. Send for full particulars today

C. S. JUDSON CO., 160 Princess St., WINNIPEG, MAN.

Black Jack.

By Etta W. Pierce.

My path, following the line of shore, curved close to the salt works. The tall windmills that worked the pumps by which the water was raised frowned down on me like giant sentinels. I could see the troughs that led the brine to the vats or cisterns, where by-and-by, the sun would dry it into great white cakes, and I could hear the groaning arms of the mills, as they swung round in the teeth of a stiff breeze; but though I strained both eyes and ears, no sight nor sound of 'Lisha rewarded me. I had meant to wave my hand, or perhaps blow him a kiss, in token of my desire for reconciliation. I had also put on my Sunday gown, and tied my mop of yellow curls with a new ribbon, and, having dressed for 'Lisha's eyes, my heart swelled with disappointment.

Suddenly I heard a whistle among the vats, and looking again I espied the square figure and broad, smudgy face of Peter Marthe. He grinned.

"'Afternoon, Drusie!" he called. "Looking for 'Lish?"

"That is no affair of yours," I answered, tartly. He only grinned.

"'Lish ain't here to-day," he said, thrusting his tongue into his cheek. "He's gone across the cape — to see the gurls on 'tother side, maybe."

Now it was about this same Peter Marthe that Elisha and I had quarrelled, and I had no fondness for Peter.

Under my feet, from a little cavity scooped in the sand, a white gull rose from her spotted eggs and soared oceanward with a shriek. As I turned to look after the bird I stumbled and nearly fell over a man who was lying full length in the coarse beach grass directly across my path.

He was grizzled and old, with a skin

like brown leather. His black cavernous eyes were set under beetling brows. He wore gold rings in his ears, and a red handkerchief knotted, sailor fashion, about his hairy throat. His clothes were of coarse, black wool, roughly patched, as though by his own hands, and a broad canvas belt clasped his middle.

"Stand up, little maid!" he said, in a guttural voice, as I made shift to regain my feet. "My eyes be growing dim—I didn't see ye bearing down on me. Look yander — what is that?" pointing with a crooked, grimy finger to a surf line on the sea.

"That's the bar," I answered, "where the great wreck was."

"What wreck?" said he.

"Bellamy's pirate ship," I answered. "Oh, ho! And how did Bellamy git wrecked out there, little maid?"

"Why, everybody on the cape knows the story," I answered; "a brave man did it—my grandfather, sir."

"I'm a stranger in these parts," said the sailor; "spin the yarn."

"My grandfather was master of a sloop, sir, and as he was returning from the West Indies with a cargo of sugar and rum, Bellamy captured him almost in sight of land and put his crew in 'irons. But because grand'ther knew the coast he was left on his own vessel, with some of the pirates to guard him, and commanded to pilot Bellamy into harbor. My grand'ther suspected that the freebooter meant to plunder Provincetown instead of clearing his ship, as was his pretence, and he determined to bring him to grief. It was a stormy, pitch-black night, with high seas running. The sloop led the way; lanterns were hung in her shrouds, and the pirate followed the

lights. Bellamy had taken rum from the sloop, and his crew fell to drinking —"

"Ay, ay! that they did!" broke in my listener; "every many jack o' 'em! There were punchcons of old Santa Cruz—it was a grand carouse!"

The interruption startled me, but as he immediately subsided I went on:

"The pirates kept my grand'ther at the helm, and he brought Bellamy's ship so near shore that she struck on the bar there, and every soul aboard her perished, save one. The sloop, being smaller, struck nearer the beach. When they saw what he had done, the pirates rushed on my grand'ther with cutlasses and pistols; but he leaped into the sea, and being a strong swimmer got safely ashore. The freebooters that were on the sloop followed, and were afterward seized by the cape folks, brought to trial and hanged."

The strange sailor moved uneasily in the coarse, salt grass.

"A jolly grand'ther ye had, my little maid! Ay out there the old ship lies nodding toward the bar, 'as good a craft as ever weighed anchor. Bellamy and his crew—Gawd! they were wild dogs!—paid with their lives for that last carouse. For many a year they've been a-briling in—"

He named a place that good folks shudder to think of. I edged away from him—took to my heels and fled.

Half a mile up the beach, in a low, brown house, thatched with rough shingles, I lived with my grandmother. As I lifted the latch of our raftered kitchen I found her spreading the table for supper.

"Oh, granny, I have had a great fright!" I cried, and I told her about the man on the beach.

"So," she said, taking the old Delft teacups from our corner cupboard. "Black Jack has come back to the cape again!"

"Who is Black Jack, granny?"

"Why, the sole survivor of Bellamy's crew, to be sure—the one pirate of them

all that escaped from the ship when she struck on the bar. It is said he came ashore on a piece of wreckage and took to the woods. For years after he lived in hiding; but when the folks who remember the wreck were mostly dead, and the story of Bellamy had grown old, he began to venture among men again, and to be seen on different parts of the cape. About once a year he comes to this shore, and goes to some spot where the pirates long ago buried money, and there he gets a supply of his needs. Nobody has ever meddled with him, and he meddles with nobody."

"Have none of the cape folks ever tried to find the pirates' money, granny?"

"I never heard of but one man," said granny, shooting out her lip contemptuously. "Peter Marthe. Bless you! Peter has hunted this shore over ever since he was a boy, digging in every odd corner for Bellamy's treasure."

"I can believe anything of Peter Marthe," I said; and granny and I sat down to supper.

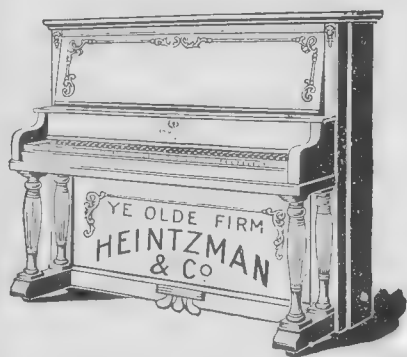
She was a pious woman, and grace was always long at our table. Hardly was she done with it when a rap echoed on our house door, and Black Jack stepped into the kitchen. As my grandmother rose to meet him he pulled off his old cap humbly.

"I made bold to follow the little maid," he said; "I've had neither bite nor sup since yesterday, mistress, and, being an old man, my legs are sinking."

"Sit down," said my grandmother, "and welcome." And she motioned me to put another plate on the table. Much against my will, I obeyed. Black Jack drew up to our board, which was spread with rye and Indian bread, a fish from the sea and a jug of foaming milk. At my grandmother's bidding, he fell on the food like a starving man. His eyes roved round the room for a space, and then he, leaned toward my grandmother and whispered:

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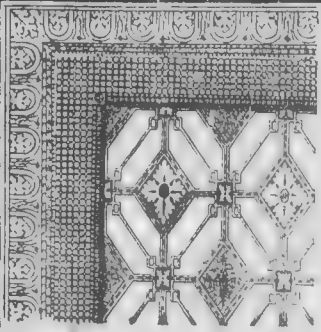
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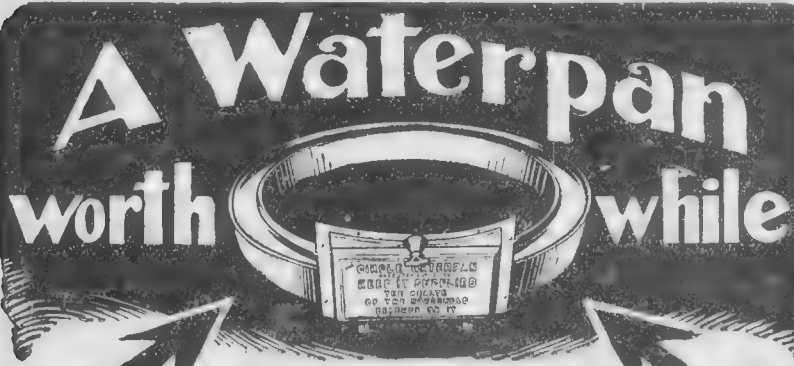
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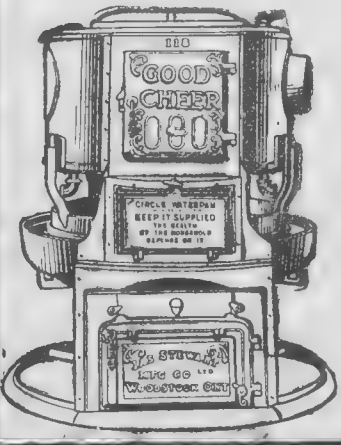
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"Mistress, have ye a drop o' rum?"

"No!" said my grandmother.

"Nor a piece o' 'baccy?"

She went to the dresser, and, taking down a jar that had been my grandfather's, brought him a crumbling square of tobacco.

"That bit has been long in the house," she said. "Maybe you'll not relish it. It belonged to the Captain Cole who wrecked Bellamy's ship."

All the delight went out of Black Jack's face. The tobacco dropped from his hand as though it had been a hot coal. Presently I saw a stealthy movement of his foot, and the weed flew into the embers under our back-log.

We cleared away the supper and lighted the tallow dips in the brass candlesticks; then granny beckoned me, and I went to a shelf near the dresser and took down her big Bible. This I put on her knee, as was my nightly custom, and she adjusted her horn spectacles to read. Black Jack watched her, and his countenance underwent a violent change. An unspeakable terror overspread it. As granny opened the Book he leaped to his feet and made a wild plunge for the door. I heard a terrible word, and the next moment granny and I were alone in the kitchen.

"Oh, surely, he is the pirate," I said; "his behaviour proves it!"

For answer she began to read the Scripture in a loud, steady voice. I could not listen. My thoughts were travelling into the night after Black Jack, and the very air seemed sulphurous. How glad I was that he had taken himself off! When the reading was over I returned the Book to the shelf, and, glancing through the window, I espied what seemed to be a bundle of old black wool on our doorstep.

"He is still here, granny," I whispered, "sitting at the door."

"Because he has no strength to fare further, poor old man," said granny. "Call him in again; he is past fourscore, and worn with long travel."

I knew better than to gainsay granny. I called, and Black Jack staggered to his feet and sneaked back into our kitchen.

"If it's your pleasure, mistress," he quavered, "I'd be glad to sleep on the floor by your fire to-night."

"That you may," assented granny, and she brought him some warm covering, wished him a civil good-night, and carried me away with her to an adjoining bedroom. I was in an agony of apprehension.

I crept to my own place beside her, but I could not close my eyes. I thought of the pirate, of Lisha and our quarrel, of Peter Marthe hunting the shore for buried treasure, and presently sounds from the kitchen began to startle me—groans and cries—boisterous, quarrelsome, profane. Black Jack had a bad conscience, and he was an unquiet sleeper. I heard him tossing his arms about, and from time to time I could distinguish words like these:

"On deck, lads! the sloop has struck! Man the long boat and board her. She's a trim craft, and her master knows this damnable coast and all its reefs. Avast there! I'll have no part in the pretty fellow's death—he's too brave to walk the plank, you dogs! I'll brain you with the cooper's ax if ye offer him harm! Lay the crews in irons, but put the captain at the helm to pilot us—God knows we've need of a pilot in these waters!"

My grandmother was still sleeping, undisturbed; so I, too, settled down on my pillow, and at last lost consciousness.

When we awoke in the morning we found the kitchen empty, and Black Jack gone. For months after he was not seen on the cape again.

On the day that followed his visit an evil thing befell me. Our brindle cow was mired in the marsh, and Peter Marthe pulled her out. My grandmother was grateful for the service, and the next time Peter came to the house she was unusually kind to him, and made him sit on the garden bench under our apple trees, calling me to bring him a mug of buttermilk. This I did with ill grace, and as I stepped into the garden with the mug I saw Lish coming up the road, his brown head held high, his handsome face all bright and eager. Afterward I learned that he had that

day determined to make up our quarrel, but the sight of Peter Marthe lolling on the bench, and me serving him, turned his heart to gall. With a dark, angry look he wheeled about, and went back the way he had come; and I, seeing him go, dashed the buttermilk full upon Peter's pate, making my unwell come suitor a sight for gods and men, and flying into the house, I sat down alone there and wept bitterly. The very next morning I heard that Elisha had shipped aboard a merchantman and sailed for Barbadoes.

After that day Peter Marthe came constantly to my grandmother's house. The more I flouted him, the more he pursued me. I grew to detest the sound of his voice, and the tramp of his clumsy feet in the sandy walk. He had parted me from Elisha, and I could not forgive him. He brought us all the gossip of the town, and, in the late autumn, a bit of news that was both strange and unpleasant—the cape folks were raising a sudden hue and cry after Black Jack.

"And high time!" chuckled Peter. "It's shame to us all, and quite ag'in law, to let that red-handed pirate ram-page about the cape any longer. The raskil has money buried here, and now we're going to catch him and make him tell where it's hid."

"Humph!" said granny.

"Black Jack is one of Bellamy's old crew—why shouldn't he hang, like his mates?"

"He has broken no law this long while back, Peter, and the cape folks were willing to leave him alone, till you stirred up this business. I hope Black Jack may come to his grave in peace."

"He won't!" said Peter. "I've set a watch for the old fox, and lodged information ag'in him with the proper authorities. Next time he shows himself in these parts he'll get the rope, like the others."

But Black Jack did not show himself again. Time went on, and nothing more was seen or heard of him.

In the late November my grandmother died, and I was left desolate and alone in the cape house. All that she possessed had fallen to me, and one day Peter Marthe rapped at my door and asked me to marry.

"I may marry some day, Peter," I answered, "but you are not the man."

Winter fell early that year. Hard upon Christmas a great snow whitened the cape, and we were sore beset with northerly gales and terrific seas. My grandmother, being English born, had always kept Christmas after the fashion of her childhood, and with small regard for the ways of her neighbors. So, in spite of the snow, I went to the woods and pulled my evergreens, spruce and pine, and brought them to the house and tried to make the place cheerful and bright, after the ways of my grandmother. I put the green things here and there about the living room, and kindled a grate fire—heap-ing it so high that, as night fell, I found I must go to my wood pile.

Now that same pile was at the corner of the garden fence, and as I waded toward it through the drifts the Christmas stars looked down on me like gentle eyes, and over my head the leafless boughs of the apple trees were drawn in thin, dark lines against a daffodil sky. I bent to gather up the stout oak sticks, and in the lee of the great heap I saw a human figure crouching, gaunt, feeble, and shaking with cold.

"Black Jack!" I said, and went straight up to him.

"Ay, little maid," he answered, in a thin, weak voice.

I took him by the arm, led him into the house and shut the door. When I got him to a chair before my huge Christmas fire I could see that he was emaciated with hunger and disease, and well-nigh frozen.

"This is my last cruise, little maid," he muttered, feebly.

I ran to the cupboard for a flask of brandy, which I kept for emergencies, and a bowl of broth left from my own supper. He drank the liquor and tasted a little of the food and seemed to revive.

"They'll find me here and hang me!" he whispered, hoarsely.

I stood for a moment, uncertain what

to do. Then I went to the shelf and took down my grandmother's Bible. The Book no longer frightened Black Jack; his eyes were too dim to see it. I opened it at random, and these are the words that met my sight:

"Hide the outcast; betray not him that wandereth."

"This is the Lord's night," I said, "and He has spoken in your behalf. You are safe with me—nobody shall harm you here. Come into my grandmother's room and sleep, if you can, in peace."

He tried to obey, but as he tottered to his feet his strength suddenly left him. He fell headlong to the floor like a dead man.

I sought to lift him, but I was only a slender girl, and his weight was beyond my powers. Neither could I drag him, for though gaunt and wasted, he was a man of heavy frame. In the midst of my perplexity I heard the front gate slam, and then a knock, and someone stamping the snow on my doorstep. With my heart in my throat I ran to the door, and called from within, "Who's there?"

The voice that answered from the night and cold was the sweetest music my ears ever heard:

"I've just reached port, Drusie," it said, humbly. "There's trouble in the town, and I want to talk with you, darling!"

"Trouble—about what?" I faltered.

"Peter Marthe and some constables from Eastham are out searching for Black Jack. They've found his tracks in the woods, and are following them in your direction. I feared you might be frightened if you were left alone to-night. Besides, I want to ask your forgiveness, Drusie."

I flung the door wide open, and the next moment I was lying on 'Lisha's breast, with my arms around his neck.

"The voyage from Barbadoes was rough," said 'Lisha, "and all the way I seemed to hear you calling me."

"I do need you," I whimpered. "Black Jack is in this house, sick—dying, maybe, and you must help me save him from Peter Marthe."

"All right," said 'Lisha. "Peter and the constables are turning the bend in the road by this time—I saw them from afar, as I reached your gate. They will be upon us directly."

We waited, and, sure enough, some muffled figures soon appeared in the drift of the highway and cautiously approached the garden fence. They seemed looking sharply from right to left. Peter Marthe detached himself from his companions and advanced, puffing with importance.

"Have you seen any strangers round your place to-night, Drusie?"

"No," I answered.

"That's devilish queer!" "We've followed a track from the woods to the road and straight on to your fence. You're a lone woman, Drusie."

"Very true, Peter."

"Maybe you're entertaining visitors to-night?"

"Nobody that you care to see, Peter."

"I'm not so sure of that. I must call upon you to produce him—for I swear, by the footprints, that it's a man. Black Jack has been to this place before, and you're under suspicion, Drusie."

'Lisha pushed me aside and stepped into the doorway.

"Here he is!" he said. "I'm the man—look at me! I came through the woods, and made the tracks to Drusie's fence. And let me tell you, Peter, that I've a good right to be in this house to-night, for Drusie has promised to marry me to-morrow."

Peter Marthe stood with open mouth, staring at my lover. He had heard nothing of 'Lisha's return from Barbadoes, and without waiting for him to recover his wits, 'Lisha shut the door and drew the bar across it.

"He will trouble us no more to-night," he said, and then we hurried to Black Jack. He lay as he had fallen, face downward on the hearth.

"Lift his head, Drusie," said 'Lisha, "and I will take care of the rest of him." And together we carried the old freebooter to my grandmother's room and laid him on her bed. 'Lisha poured brandy betwixt his blue lips, and I burned feathers under his nose.

About midnight we saw a change pass over Black Jack. His eyes opened again. He fumbled at the belt around his waist—struggled, as if to loose it. 'Lisha drew it off and put it in his hand. It was very heavy.

With a sudden mustering of strength a supreme final effort—Black Jack reached and held out the strap of canvas to me.

"Take it, little maid!" he said, in a loud voice, and fell back on the pillow, stone dead.

He had drawn his last breath under my grandfather's roof. As the knowledge of it would profit no one, 'Lisha and I determined to conceal his death from all men. In the barn loft we discovered boards and carpenter's tools. I held the tallow candle, and 'Lisha fashioned a rough box and laid the body in it. Then I opened the canvas belt, and found all its little pouches stuffed with foreign gold pieces.

"Bury it with him," I said.

So 'Lisha put it in the coffin, with weights sufficient to sink the body, and we read from granny's Book some words about mercy and forgiveness; after which 'Lisha brought out a big hand sled and placed the box on it, and in the small hours of that strange night we started for the beach.

'Lisha dragged the sled, and I trudged after him through the snow, with a pair of oars on my shoulder. No living thing did we meet—the honest cape folks were all in bed. When we reached the shore 'Lisha unmoored a boat, and, with some difficulty, we put our burden aboard and pushed off.

Out beyond the bar we went; the wind had fallen, and the sea lay calm under the moon. In silence we committed the body of Black Jack to the deep. When all was over, 'Lisha spoke:

"That is the last of him, my dear, and his secret goes with him. Now, Peter Marthe will never know where the pirates' money is buried. Good-bye to Black Jack, and God have mercy on him."

"Amen!" I answered.

As we turned our boat shoreward a sudden blush appeared in the east, and, like a flower expanding, it grew, and filled the sky and the earth. The great deep shone as if the angels of the Nativity were walking it, and all the frozen snows of our desolate cape turned rosy, and lo! it was Christmas morning.

A Corner in Antitoxin.

The Story of a Broker and a Doctor. By Dr. A. Cary Seely.



THE Doctor dropped in to see the Broker, quite unprofessionally; they were great friends, so his visits were not infrequent. At the door he stopped a moment to have a word or two with Teddy—Teddy was the office boy.

Teddy was a general favorite with everyone, and they always liked to chat with him. The Broker was fond of Teddy—"foolishly fond," some said, and

he meant that. Teddy's future should not be an ordinary one, if he could manage it, and it looked as if he could. Teddy's parents were dead, so he lived in a semi-detached sort of way, with a married sister, whose husband was not kindly disposed toward his little brother-in-law. Because of these things the Broker looked forward to having an establishment of his own, where he could always have Teddy with him.

The Broker was jubilant; he had just completed a "deal" in wheat for a patron, whereby his commission netted

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him much money. He bubbled forth this news to the Doctor through a cloud of blue smoke that curled up from their two cigars.

"Oh, Teddy and I will soon have a home of our own," he said gaily, finishing the "news" as Teddy came into the room.

"Member what that cotton broker said: Broker's houses are jes' bubbles," said Teddy, who was a person of large privileges.

"But he forgot he was a broker and dabbled," said the Broker.

"A lot of 'em f'rgits," sniffed Teddy. Then the Doctor gave congratulations, but they were tinged with envy as he bewailed the Fate that had made him a doctor and not a broker.

"Don't you be a envyin' the Broker," counselled Teddy. "Some day he'll f'rgit he's a broker jes' like the cotton man did, an' he'll git to dreamin' 'bout 'corners'; then he'll see a chance an' take a plunge, promisin' himself, all the time, that he'll quit if he makes a killin'."

They both smiled at Teddy's concern for his employer's welfare.

"No plungin' in mine," said the Broker. "All I want is my quarter per cent. for making the 'deals.'"

"It's like playin' with fire," said Teddy gravely, "bound to git burnt, sooner 'r later. You'll think you see a good thing an' you'll chase it like them sure thing guys 'at comes here with their pipe dreams 'bout gittin' rich quick."

"By the way," said the Doctor to the Broker, "what is your idea about these popular contentions going on in the press just now that speculation is a crime?"

"All nonsense," growled the Broker. "The whole bunch would cover margins, fast enough, if they got next to a good thing."

"Sure," broke in Teddy, "that's jes' what I said: ain't anybody but what'll take a chance if they get a hunch—even brokers."

"Well, I wouldn't plunge," said the Broker. "But, Doctor every one, who lives, speculates; life, itself, is a great speculation and only death is sure. Every farmer, when he plants his seed wheat, is the initial speculator to the 'pit,' or he expects to get out more than he puts in; and yet, he stands a chance to lose all he has invested, and that is precisely what your Board of Trade speculator does."

"But you can't say the doctor speculates," said Teddy grinning.

"No," said the Doctor with an answering smile, "I wish I could."

Then the doctor listened, as one learning great secrets, while the Broker good-naturedly argued with Teddy concerning the legal and moral aspect of speculations, trusts, and monopolies. The boy had not been among brokers, operators, and financiers for nothing; the little pitcher's ears had caught a great deal from the overflow, and his mind was deft beyond his years in arranging things to his understanding. Teddy held, as a cardinal law, that investments were legitimate, that speculations were not; and that "cornering" was a menace to the safety of the people, and should be made a criminal offence. These are not Teddy's words—he put it far more tersely and comprehensively.

The Broker shook his head negatively, the doctor fell to wondering, and Teddy's duties called him from the room.

"He's great," said the Broker proudly, "he's got some queer ideas in that brainy little head of his, and I am going to give him a chance."

"Speculation?" said the Doctor, smiling.

"No, I think I'll consider it a very conservative investment."

Then a patron of the Broker's came in and the Doctor took his leave.

A week later the Broker was very much surprised when the Doctor came in hurriedly and asked for a private interview.

"Anything wrong?" asked the Broker, in some alarm.

"No, nothing," said the Doctor, with some hesitancy; then, as if taking a plunge, he went on quickly: "I came to see you on business."

"On business! What kind of business can you have. You never speculate!" said the astonished Broker.

"It's never too late to learn," said the Doctor cheerfully.

"What is it, a speculation or an investment?" smiling.

"Is there a difference?"

"Considerable; ask Teddy."

"I don't think I want Teddy to know about this, he might not approve," said the Doctor smiling, then he asked: "Is 'cornering' an investment or a speculation?"

"A speculation, most decidedly, unless it's a corner lot," answered the Broker in an amused tone.

"Then it's a speculation. I've got a chance to make a 'corner,' said the Doctor, "and I want you to make the 'deal.' I think you call it."

"A 'deal,' yes, that's right—but a 'corner'!" said the Broker in astonishment. Then it occurred to him that the Doctor might be joking.

"Crops or corporations?" he said quizzically.

"Neither," the Doctor answered with a slight smile.

Then the Broker leaned forward and whispered mock-tragically:—

"Pills!"

"I am quite serious," said the Doctor with dignity, and his manner was such that the Broker apologized for his levity and asked:—

"What is it Doctor—what is it you want to 'corner'?"



Country Life.

"Antitoxin!" The Doctor almost whispered it.

"Antitoxin!" repeated the Broker in bewilderment.

"Yes, it is the serum for the cure of diphtheria. My idea is to buy all there is on the market and to contract for the entire production of the laboratories for the next thirty or forty days."

"How many of these laboratories are there?"

"Only three, and there is a prohibitive duty on the imported product. What do you think of the scheme?"

"Is it expensive?" he asked.

"A bit."

"Then it will require considerable money to 'corner' it?"

"Yes."

"Have you got it?"

"I've gathered quite a bit, say about half of what will be required, if my calculations are correct."

"And the other half?"

"You must furnish that."

"But I never speculate," protested the Broker. "I am only a broker."

"Any man will make a killing," I think that is the term you used, when he gets a chance," said the Doctor smiling easily.

"But I've made it a rule to never indulge," the Broker objected.

"Then you'll have to break that rule, for you are going in with me on this thing, and we've only got a day or two to fasten it down."

The Broker raised a protesting hand,

but the Doctor kept on.

"Listen," he said. "In something like a week a demand for antitoxin will spring up; in another week the demand will be unusually great; and from then on it will be unprecedented. We will have the entire supply in our own hands, and we can command any price we ask."

"What will create this demand?" asked the Broker, getting interested—his speculating instincts coming to the fore.

"The disease—diphtheria."

"In what way?"

"There will be an epidemic of it."

"How do you know?"

"I saw a case at the Union Station this morning. It was diagnosed as croup by a woman in short hair, short skirts, and nose glasses, who was taking the affected child to a Christian Science sanatorium for treatment," explained the Doctor.

"Were you called in as a consultant?" asked the Broker.

"No, but I noticed the child was sick, and the symptoms seemed suspicious. I thought the emancipated woman was the mother, so I asked her what was the matter with her child. I explained that I was a physician. She gave me her card, I forget the name, but it was followed by enough titular abbreviations to make King Edward's Court physician look dizzy."

"Well?"

"Well, I managed to get a look at the child's throat—it was diphtheria and

"But the suffering?"

"It will be no greater than a food or fuel famine, when provisions are 'cornered,'" said the Doctor. "The antitoxin will be procurable, but at a greatly advanced price. Oh, there's millions in it, and I am tired of poverty, utterly, utterly tired of it."

The Broker nodded understandingly.

"And you," continued the Doctor, "just think what you could do for Teddy with the millions."

"Yes," said the Broker, his frown relaxing a little.

"And there is nothing to prevent us," the Doctor urged.

"But taking an advantage like this—" began the Broker.

"The laxity of the government gives us the opportunity and we will take advantage of it," the Doctor interrupted.

"In what way is the government to blame?" asked the Broker quickly.

"In every way. If the medical supplies were under the supervision of the government, we could not 'corner' antitoxin; if the practice of medicine was properly regulated a widespread epidemic could not occur; if every man or woman who has developed a fad and tacks on an imposing but misleading degree and poses as a physician, was promptly suppressed, the possibility of these glaring mistakes would be averted. As it is, these things do occur and we simply take advantage of an opportunity to force a higher price on the consumer," concluded the Doctor.

"But if the serum is a specific, withholding it will mean death."

"We are not withholding it," the Doctor answered. "We are merely increasing the price, by shutting out competition in supplying an unusual demand."

"I see," said the Broker, beginning to view the "deal" favorably. Then, after a slight pause, he asked: "About what are the dimensions of this scheme, Doctor?"

Then the Doctor submitted a resumé of his computations, and the Broker went over them carefully. When he realized the almost fabulous fortune to be so easily acquired, he became as enthusiastic about it and as eager as the Doctor. When he had finished the calculations he asked:—

"You say this demand will begin in a week?"

"About that; the period of incubation varies from two to ten days," the Doctor replied.

"Then we haven't a moment to lose," said the Broker, wheeling round to his desk with sudden energy.

"Then it's a 'deal'?" said the Doctor.

"Sure, I'm all in," answered the Broker tensely. "Now, give me the addresses of these laboratories and the principal jobbers."

Then they began planning systematically to "corner" the antitoxin serum, with never a thought for results, except for the enormous profit the "deal" promised. They were so completely carried away by the vision of millions that their sense of human sympathy was entirely submerged.

The Broker's mind was quick to grasp both the advantages and difficulties to be encountered. He realized far better than the Doctor could, that the "deal" would require considerable manipulation to make it a success. The Doctor had originated the primal scheme, and he had shown the Broker the possibilities of it, but beyond that he had to submit to the Broker's superior business knowledge, and take his orders, for the Doctor, like most of his professional brethren, was a child in finance—Teddy could beat him at any time, hands down.

The Broker took care to impress upon the Doctor the necessity of keeping the newspapers in complete ignorance of the "deal."

"The press Doctor, the meddlesome press, must know nothing—absolutely nothing," said the Broker at parting.

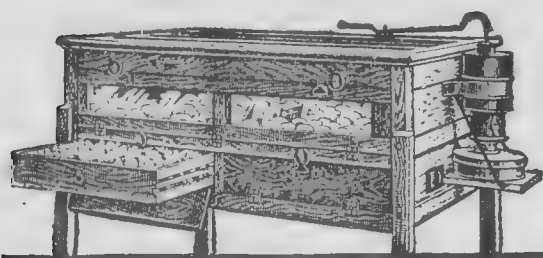
Teddy waylaid the Doctor in the hall as he was leaving.

"What's the matter—is he sick?" he asked anxiously.

"Sick? No, why do you ask?"

"You was so long in comin' out," said

(Continued on page 33.)

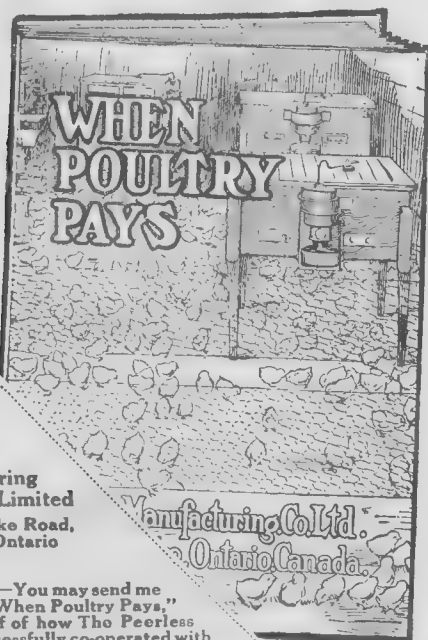


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THE PHILOSOPHER.

LINKING UP THE EMPIRE.

In his Christmas message to the readers of the Western Home Monthly, printed in last month's issue, Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., who for a quarter of a century has been a leading figure in British public life as the pioneer of cheaper and more extended postal, telegraph and cable communication, did not fail to speak with his accustomed vigor and earnestness of the need of an all-British system of Empire cables. Mr. Heaton is a type of public man that is to be counted as the Empire's most valuable asset. He has represented Canterbury in the British House of Commons since 1885; and in every election since 1895 he has been unopposed. Almost coincidentally with the receipt of his Christmas message came the news by cable of the reduction of cable rates between Great Britain and this country, Australia and New Zealand, both for press messages and for private messages. At the same time one of the Atlantic cable companies announced that at one-quarter rates it will send "night letters" between Great Britain and Canada and the United States, and at one-fifth rates "week-end letters." The reductions between Great Britain and the overseas Dominions were secured as the result of Government action, and it is proposed, in the event of their not being followed by further reductions in due time, to provide a Government-owned cable between this country and Great Britain. As the London Times says, in commenting on these reductions in cable rates, "they bring within reasonable hope of realization the dream of that great reformer, Mr. Henniker Heaton, of a day when we shall be able to send cablegrams to any part of the British Empire at a penny a word."

IT'S ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW.

Andrew Carnegie is giving out advice as well as libraries. He tells just how "every boy can become as successful as I am." It's worth knowing, so here you have it. "Get married young; don't smoke or drink; do more work than is expected of you; live on \$25 a week." Thus you will accumulate \$400,000,000. But, in case you don't succeed in getting your paws on more than \$300,999,999.99, it is well to bear in mind Mr. Carnegie's further remarks:—"Money isn't everything. It's merely a trifle." Quite so. The Philosopher wouldn't mind being in a position to be able to be as philosophical about such a trifle as Mr. Carnegie is.

EMPIRE CITIZENSHIP.

A naturalized Canadian citizen possesses British citizenship only on Canadian soil. As British law stands, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the President of the C.P.R., and Hon. Hugh Armstrong, the Treasurer of the Province of Manitoba—to name only two of the many notable Canadian citizens by naturalization who were born in the United States—are United States citizens when they go outside Canada. This anomaly is to be remedied. The British Government is to introduce an Act in the Imperial Parliament, which, without in anyway interfering with the naturalization laws of the Dominions, will provide for the conferring of Empire citizenship upon naturalized citizens of the Dominions, after five years' residence under the British flag. In this country three years' residence is required for naturalization. The new Imperial statute will provide that after two more years' residence the Canadian authorities may issue papers of Empire citizenship.

A LAND OF EXPERIMENTS

New Zealand, which is the most radical of all the self governing Dominions of the Empire, has almost become prohibitionist. The referendum recently taken on this question resulted in a majority of more than 50,000 in favor of complete suppression of the liquor traffic. But the terms of the measure called for an affirmative vote of 60 per cent. to bring prohibition into force. The vote recorded was 255,854 in favor of prohibition, and 201,608 against prohibition; the vote on the affirmative side was thus a fraction under 56 per cent. of the total vote cast. New Zealand has woman suffrage, and is a veritable trying-out ground for new political ideas. The people are practically all of British origin, but they have none of the reluctance to indulge in political and economical experiments which is commonly credited to British people. It is confidently predicted that prohibition will become law on the next appeal to the electorate.

NOT ROMANTIC, AT ALL.

The Philosopher has just read Emerson Hough's book on "The Outlaw," and confesses that he did so hoping for thrills, and not without some sympathy for the bold Robin Hood or Rob Roy who defies the law and the community. To any person who desires to

be cured of these sympathies, this work is recommended. Most of the outlaws are cowardly ruffians, who committed murders in cold blood, and without giving their victims a chance for their lives. "Wild Bill" Hickock is about the only decent fighting man in the lot, and he himself fell a victim to an assassin of the prevailing type. Read this book, and you will be good.

TOO RAPID "PROGRESS."

Some of the evil effects Japan would suffer from a complete acceptance of the principles of occidental civilization were outlined by Dr. Inazo Nitobe, a Japanese professor, in Columbia University, at a recent lecture in New York. Dr. Nitobe is conceded to be a master scholar, and thoroughly conversant with the problems confronting his country. Since western ideas of civilization have entered Japan, poverty has increased and is taking a more abject phase than before. Formerly there was little poverty in Japan, but what little was prevalent was tempered with brotherhood. The family tie was stronger, the physicians took no fees, the blind were fed at any table. All this, he claims, is disappearing, and Japan is struggling to discover a method of relieving the rapidly growing distress. But the doctor will not deny that a comparison of the thirteenth century in Europe with to-day would disclose changes closely analogous to those he cites in Japan. What has happened in this country in fifty years has been spread over seven hundred years in Europe. Japan has probably been trying to swallow modern civilization too fast. Feudalism had its charms in the thirteenth century in Europe. It had its charms in Japan in eighteen sixty. Japan will get over her indigestion and will renew her appetite for civilization, which we hope will be positively abnormal. It is certain she will never return to either insularity or feudalism.

NATURALIZED CANADIANS.

The report of the Secretary of State at Ottawa for last year shows that in the period covered naturalization papers were issued to 16,384 persons. Well in the lead of the recipients of these evidences of changed allegiance were citizens of the United States to the number of 5,854, or quite one-third of the total. Next to them came Russians, who numbered 2,865, and people from various countries in the Austrian empire to the number of 2,859, followed by Italians to the number of 813. Almost all the other countries in Europe and some of these in Asia were represented by the remainder of the new citizens. It would seem that men who have a little experience of Canadian political institutions find them easy to accept in permanence.

CEMENT FURNITURE.

The latest from Mr. Edison is that he has been making some kinds of furniture out of concrete, and is enthusiastic over the idea, predicting that in the time to come furniture will be quite generally made from cement and sand. Not all kinds of furniture, of course. A concrete mattress, for example, would hardly be a success; not even the most philosophical of Philosophers would be able to sleep on a mattress made of such unyielding material. No doubt Mr. Edison is already using some cement furniture in his home. Probably he sits around in a cement easy chair after a hard day's work at inventing; and it may be that he has already run against a re-enforced concrete rocking chair in the dark, and decided that in some respects concrete is certainly no improvement on wood. One good thing about cement furniture will be that the children will not be able to scratch it. Truly we are on the threshold of the Cement Age. What Napoleons of "high finance" the planners of the Cement Merger showed themselves to be in realizing that cement is an article whose uses are only beginning to be recognized! Who knows but that, maybe, the time will come when political platforms will be made out of concrete, too? Quite often now they are made almost entirely out of abstract.

A MENACE OF THE FUTURE.

A generation ago the gravest menace to the British Empire was the Russian menace in regard to India, which Kipling set forth so strikingly in his poem, "The Bear That Walks Like a Man." The defeat suffered by Russia at the hands of Japan disposed of that menace for a term of years; but it is looming up again, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, on the horizon of the future. The events of the past few months have made it inevitable that Persia should be partitioned between Great Britain and Russia. Great Britain has had no desire to take over the southern part of Persia, and would prefer immeasurably to have Persia continue as a buffer state. But Russia has never disguised its desire to

annex Persian territory, and the Russian diplomats chose their time for action in regard to Persia with that Russian cunning which is the theme of Kipling's poem. The situation in Europe is such as to give Russia the opportunity of partitioning Persia, instead of co-operating in the reform and strengthening the Persian Government. With Germany hostile to Great Britain and to France, an outbreak of war in Europe would mean that Great Britain, France and Russia would probably find Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy lined up against them. The European situation is such that the first-named three powers, forming the Triple Entente, must stand together because of the menace of the Triple Alliance of the last-named three. And so Persia, one of the most ancient of Empires, comes to be divided up. India, walled in behind the mountains of Turkestan and Afghan borders, is a different proposition from India bordering for hundreds of miles on the Russian Empire. Russia and Great Britain are acting together now, and France is on close terms with both. But a generation from now India may be menaced by the Bear That Walks Like a Man, as it was a generation ago. Certainly the new Indo-Russian frontier will be a vulnerable part of the world-girdling Empire, should a re-adjustment of the relations of the great powers to one another lead to danger of attack in that quarter.

CECIL RHODES' DREAM BEING REALIZED.

Nobody any longer doubts that our children will see the Cape to Cairo railroad—once just a splendid dream in Cecil Rhodes' brain—a fact. The tracks from the north are steadily lengthening down toward the steadily pushing up tracks from the south. Last year the Blue Nile was bridged at Khartoum and the White Nile at Rabak; early this year, we are told, the tracklayers will be at El Obeid. One would like to know that somewhere—beyond "our bourne of Time and Place"—Cecil Rhodes is looking on and seeing his splendid dream come true.

A COLOR PROBLEM.

The Philosopher has received from Victoria, B.C., a copy of a finely printed magazine named "The Aryan," which announces itself as "devoted to the spread of the Eastern view of Truth, the interests of the Hindus in the British Dominions, and a study of the causes of the present unrest in India." One of the mottoes to which the reader's attention is attracted on turning the cover page is a quotation from the famous proclamation to the people of India, in the name of Queen Victoria: "We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects." The first article in this (the third) number of the magazine, is the Hindus' Appeal to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, which sets forth that three "Sikh gentlemen," who went to India from Vancouver to fetch their wives and children to live with them in Canada were prevented from returning to Canadian soil. They have served with credit, in the Indian cavalry, and hold landed property in Vancouver. Next we come to an article of some length under the heading "British Justice," dealing with the bravery and humanity of the Sikh people during a most critical period of British rule in India and on more recent occasions. Among the other contents of the magazine is an article from the Allahabad Leader declaring that the natives of India in their own country should assume towards British people the same attitude which is assumed towards Hindus in British Columbia. What follows is in another tone. The words of Sir Kryshna Gupta are taken as the text of a discourse urging that while people of India—"whose civilization antedates the first glimmerings of light among the peoples of Europe"—must work out their salvation under the fostering guidance and care of Great Britain, "the goal which is to be kept in view being such autonomy as is enjoyed by the British overseas Dominions." The problem raised by the situation in British Columbia in regard to the Hindus, to say nothing of the problems in India itself, is one of great complexity and difficulty. It is all very well to say that "empty and idle is the influence of the philosopher, the man of science, the moralist, when it is put in conflict with self-interest, with deep-seated prejudice." It is not the average man alone who is swayed by strong antipathies and by resistance to what is alien—resistance which is spoken by some of the highest authorities in regard to such subjects as being "a defensive instinct." The sage and the man of science are not always in favor of the all-nations-one-blood doctrine. It is weightily argued in more than one recent book of high authority in the world of science that the mixing of antagonistic races and colors, whether by inter-marriage or merely by their presence on the same soil, works out in evil. By others such a judgment is condemned as unchristian and even inhuman. Between such divergencies can there not be found reasonable means? If so, it is surely the duty of our statesmen to find it.

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

MEN OF THE NORTH.

Canadians breathe a vitalizing air. There is more steady sunshine in the land of the Maple Leaf than elsewhere beneath the skies of the new world. Expand your chest and send a current of new life through your veins. Young man, believe it, the very air you breathe is alive with life. Speaking in praise of the Canadian climate, Sir Wilfrid has said: "When I rise on a winter morning and see the smoke rising in the atmosphere 100 feet above the chimneys, perpendicularly in the clear, cool, still air, I know what it is that makes our men strong and our women beautiful. This country has not been made by God for the effete, for the timorous or the laggard, but the strong and willing will find labor rewarded as in no other part of the world."

READY MATERIAL.

The materials you need for the achievements of life are ready—and at hand. There are pearls in the gutter, diamonds in the mud, rubies in the sand, and precious stones hid beneath the waving grass. The riches you are looking for lie buried beneath your feet. One writer has remarked, suggestively: "Charles Read seems to have found his inspiration, as well as most of his incidents and characters, in the daily news papers. He used to clip out of them all the homicides, suicides, divorces, elopements, love matches, defalcations, generous donations, and noble or heroic deeds he found therein, and had them carefully arranged, pasted in blank-books, and regularly indexed for future use, so that he could turn to these books for any kind of incident he wanted. This was the treasure-house from which he drew his lifelike tales; the mine in which he found so many veins of pure gold."

CONSCIENCE.

Your conscience is your best friend or your worst enemy. When a man's conscience begins to rebuke him, there is no harmony in music, no splendor in beauty, no fragrance to the flower, no peace during the day and no rest during the night. An eminent English divine remarks: "In George Eliot's 'Romola,' Baldassarre, the slave, gave gems to his adopted son, Tito Melema, that he might ransom him. But that young man, wishing to live a life of pleasure, and make for himself a secure nest in the world, preferred to sell the gems for his own profit. On one occasion, Bardo, Romola's blind father, asked to be allowed to handle them, but Tito said: 'They are in the safe keeping of a goldsmith, who has strong and safe places for such things; he estimates them as worth at least 500 ducats.' 'Ah, then they are fine gems,' said Bardo, '500 ducats! Ah! more than a man's ransom.' It was a mere phrase of common parlance, at a time when men were often being ransomed from slavery or imprisonment, but it smote like a knife on Tito's conscience, for they were a man's ransom, though he did not intend to use them as such."

THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

Great men, almost to a man, have had great dreams in their youthful days. The message which was to thrill the world, dawned early upon the soul. The crowning principle of the mind in the hour of its maturity proves to be the budding inspiration of youth full blown. John Brown, on seeing a negro slave of his own age cruelly beaten, began to hate slavery and love the slaves so intensely that he sometimes asked himself the question, Is God their Father? At forty, he conceived the idea of becoming a liberator of the Southern slaves; at the same time he determined to let them know that they had friends, and prepared himself to lead them to liberty. From the moment that he formed this resolution, he engaged in no business which he could not, without loss to his friends and family, wind up in fourteen days.

THE TESTING HOUR.

The old homestead will grow dear with the increasing years. Each spot will find a fond place in memory. Corridors humble and obscure will enfold holy thoughts and blessed recollections. And the poorly furnished room of the early days will breathe suggestions of experiences which were soul stirring and events which were fraught with destiny. An American journal of considerable note remarks:—"A few years ago a fire broke out in a hotel one Sunday morning, while church services were in progress. A quite elderly man, who learned that the hotel in which he had long been quartered was on fire, rushed for a room in which it was said he had forty-five pictures hanging, many of them brought from abroad. Nearly, if not all of them, save one, were damaged

by water or smoke. But a picture of his mother—for the love and care of whom it was also said he had remained a bachelor—was snatched by him unharmed from the wall, where it had hung, 'like a sweet thought on a time-honored page.' Other pictures could go if they must, but the 'likeness' of his dear mother, of whom 'only a semblance' remained, was thankfully saved, unblemished."

BAD WORKMANSHIP.

Poor workmanship means a weak character. The man who is satisfied to do less than his best leaves a weak spot in the fabric of his mind. He injures not God or his neighbor so much as does his own soul. Cheap work means low ideals and debased thought. "I've seen pretty clearly," says Adam in George Eliot's 'Adam Bede,' "I've seen ever since I could cast up an account that you can never do what is wrong without breeding sin and trouble more than you can ever tell. It's like a bit of bad workmanship. You never see the end of the mischief it will do. And it is a poor lookout to come into the world to make your fellow-creatures worse off, instead of better."

YOUR DREAM.

Be true to your vision! Be true to your dream! If your soul refuses to be satisfied—press on! What may be a noble occupation for another, may be a mean and low position for you. Be content with nothing less than the realization of ideal. If God has spoken to you—you may not disobey. A recent exchange remarks:—"Thomas Carlyle, with no prospect of a settled income, received the offer of the editorship of a London magazine, it was an honorable offer; it meant a competence. A man less sure of a mission would have jumped at it; but Carlyle, faithful to his trust, refused it, and only a brave man would have done that. It is a brave thing when morning after morning a man goes cheerfully to his unpleasant duty, and it is a brave thing when a daughter year after year nurses an aged mother, or toils for a motherless family."

YOUR INFLUENCE.

Samuel Johnston affirmed that some son of genius should pen a poem on the subtle power of influence. Personal influence! The frivolous word, the careless gesture, the unguarded glance, the unfortunate paragraphs—there is no person in the world so obscure in position, that he does not stand for a radiating centre of influence:—"Said a young man who had inherited a passion for liquor: 'I came near breaking my pledge last night. The smell of wine was so tempting that I could hardly resist it, but just as I was about to yield I heard Miss ——— refuse. This gave me courage. I watched her all evening and said to myself, 'If she drinks, I will.' I was hoping and yet fearing that she would, but as often as she was asked she declined and so all unconscious to herself she pulled me safely through."

GLADSTONE.

Take yourself seriously. Dare to believe that you are making history. Dare to regard yourself as a link in the chain of destiny. Remember that no one can tell which word may be quoted or which act may be reviewed. Let every thought, word and deed have, for you, an eternal value. "The administration of government has always been, in Mr. Gladstone's hands, a religious act." So wrote one during Gladstone's lifetime, and he added: "Even in the trivial concerns of ordinary life the sense of responsibility to an invisible Judge for the deeds done in the body presses on him with overwhelming weight. He is haunted by responsibility for time, and talents, and opportunities, and influence, and power."

NATIONAL DECAY.

Civilizations have come and gone. This planet is covered with the wreck and ruin of past civilizations. Each civilization which has passed away has followed a five-fold evolution: (1) Toil, pain, and struggle; (2) Progress and prosperity; (3) Extravagance, waste and exterior magnificence; (4) Dissipation, pleasure and sensualism; (5) Ruin, disintegration and extinction. So often has this evolution been repeated that we are prone to ask the question "Will our civilization endure?" The following paragraph is appropriate: "In the gallery of the Luxembourg at Paris hangs one of the great modern paintings of the world—Couture's 'Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans.' It is a picture of a

lordly hall whose every line is typical of that solemn magnificence which marked the primitive Latin character. About the walls stand the stately statues of the heroic ancestors of the house, the stern, strong men who laid the foundations of the Roman republic. But the body of the hall is filled with a host of banqueters, their descendants, engaged in the wildest license of riot and revelry. One young scapegrace in his mad folly is seen trying to press a glass of wine to the marble lips of the statue of his grandfather. The picture is a parable of the common peril of all civilizations. The real enemies of a nation are not its foreign foes but its social sins. The real rescue must come from inspired, prophetic leadership and the training of its youth for worthy citizenship."

YOUTH.

Youth comes but once! And with youth, physical strength in abundance. Keeness of sight, nimbleness of foot and swiftness of action. Then work is possible without weariness and toil without exhaustion. These are the days for foundation work when natural adaptation can be matched by supernatural application. But these days of super-abundant strength cannot last for ever. Says a writer in Public Opinion: "I spoke to Lord Beaconsfield before dinner, and told him you had enjoyed 'Endymion.' 'It is very good of him to say so.' We were standing together, and he asked me who some of the people were, for he said, 'I am blind and deaf now.' I asked him whether he felt the fogs we were having. He said, 'I only live for climate, and I never get it.' . . . After dinner I said I was sorry I had to leave early, but he said, 'I am going myself in ten minutes. I never was fit for anything in the evening late. I live early, ready for anything in the morning—I am like the birds, alive all day but must rest early—I am dead at half-past ten, and buried by twelve!' He has lost his old spirit, and is very aged. He looked brighter after dinner than before, but he is very blind, and seemed to me to see nothing with one eye."

MAKE A BEGINNING.

Test yourself! Try your hand! Make a beginning! Do not be afraid of the day of small things. The oak was once an acorn. The full blown rose was once an ugly little seed. The extraordinary is always woven out of the ordinary. So make a beginning, select your work, decide upon a place—and strike the first blow. The Christian Guardian says: "Dr. Cuyler once found Mr. Moody laboring with a handful of ordinary people in the city of Brooklyn. Things were not going very well, and Dr. Cuyler whispered to Moody: 'Slow work, is it not?' Moody looked at the Doctor very earnestly, and replied: 'Did you ever light a fire? I am lighting my fire.' That he succeeded, the blaze which lighted two continents is abundant proof."

A MISFIT.

Try and fit in! You will never find the circumstances of life just to your liking. You will never find even your best friends as kind, thoughtful and considerate as you could always wish. It may be that the fault is with you, fully as much as with your associates. So try and fit in. Do not always complain or you may find yourself rejected, for the historian records:—"In a quarry, hard by the temple at Baalbek, in Syria, there is a tremendous block of stone, which, with labor that most present-day writers would call infinite—though there is nothing infinite about the work of man—has been hewn and squared. It is no less than 68 feet long, 14 feet broad and 14 feet high. Yet, though so much trouble has been taken with it, it was never built into the temple."

SINCE RIGHT IS RIGHT.

A man can be right, even though he be not brilliant. Righteousness is within the reach of the poorest and the most obscure. And righteousness brings peace to the soul, repose to the mind, joy to the spirit and a divine satisfaction to the heart. Be right, my friend, be right:—We are told that a man once wrote the late Mr. Spurgeon saying that unless he received from him within two days a specified sum of money, he would publish certain things that would go far to destroy the great preacher's hold upon public estimation. And Mr. Spurgeon wrote back upon a postcard: "You, and your like, are requested to publish all you know about me across the heavens."

A Corner in Antitoxin.

(Continued from page 28.)

Teddy, "thought mebbe it was a consultation."

"No, we were just arranging a little surprise," said the Doctor, hesitatingly. Then he smiled and continued on his way; but Teddy was not reassured. "Somep'n up," he said, shaking his little head sagely.

The Broker went into the "deal" with all his might, giving it his entire attention to the exclusion of everything else. Quietly and without exciting the slightest comment or suspicion of his designs, he managed to get control of the entire visible supply, arranging so deftly with the jobbers for handling the product that they never suspected that a "corner" was in process of forming. Even the producing laboratories had not the slightest idea of what was being planned. Their only concern was to dispose of the serum. Since there was no epidemic of diphtheria reported anywhere, they cared but little for anything beyond getting their price, so they caught eagerly at the opportunity to contract for their entire product—it simplified business transactions, and saved expense.

It was part of the Broker's plan to raise the price on the antitoxin so gradually, when the diphtheria should begin to spread, that neither the trade nor the consumer would ever suspect the advances were due to any other causes than the unusual demand arising from the epidemic. To carry out these plans effectively, required considerable personal supervision, and the Doctor was also passed into service. He found it necessary to give up his practice in order to attend strictly to the demands of the "deal"; perhaps it was because of this withdrawal from the presence of the sick that he grew less mindful of them and their needs.

Teddy was more and more mystified as the busy days went by, days of which he knew no more than did the public of what was being planned. He knew "somep'n was up," and he shrewdly guessed that it was a "deal" of some kind, but he could not determine what was being "cornered." He tried to piece together the chance words and phrases they let fall in his presence to fit the things that were usually bought and sold at the Broker's office, but they bore no relation to either grain, cotton, stocks, minerals, or oil. He felt that they must be purposely keeping it very quiet, for there were but few callers at the office, and he could find nothing in the market reports that pointed to any particular manipulation. So he quietly waited between hope and fear for the end, wondering, always, which it would be—a "coup" or a "break."

The two men watched the newspapers closely, not for the market reports, but for the health reports, and Teddy wondered still more. A few cases of diphtheria were casually reported, and there was a slight demand for antitoxin. Then, almost startling in its suddenness, came the news from various points of a widespread epidemic of diphtheria. It extended throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, while a few isolated cases began to crop up in several other States.

Neither the Doctor nor the Broker were cruel-minded men, but they were so blinded by the extraordinary wealth they expected to acquire that they had no thought for anything else outside of winning the "deal." Each new outbreak of the epidemic created an increased demand for the antitoxin, and enabled them to continue in gradually advancing the price, and each advance brought them enormous profit and a step nearer the realization of their dream of wealth. Thus it was they welcomed the constantly enlarging area of infection, and each report from a newly invaded district helped them to forget everything but the success of their "deal." They even forgot Teddy when he remained home because he was not feeling well, and only remembered to continually advance the price.

So far the mortality reports had not been great. As the Doctor had said, the antitoxin was procurable and fond

parents had procured it though the price was criminally extortionate. But what was mere money besides their children's lives? Nothing at all, the merest trifle, but when the price went beyond their ability to purchase—then they were helpless, and the mortality reports began to swell. Infirmary and charitable hospitals were the first to suffer. They were crowded with orphans and the children of the very poor, and their means were no longer sufficient to procure the antitoxin, and children's lives were going out like the snuffing of so many candles.

One morning the daily paper on the Broker's desk bore the following announcement in startling headlines:—

**CHILDREN DISAPPEAR!
BEFORE THE DEADLY DIPHTHERIA!
THOUSANDS OF HOMES ARE BEING
ROBBED OF THEIR CHILDREN
BY THE GRIM DEATH AS
IF SWEEPED AWAY BY
THE INVISIBLE!**

It is said that men forget their very souls at the prospect of great wealth. Perhaps the Broker and the Doctor had forgotten theirs for they passed over this terrible announcement and the mortality report following it to read with considerable gratification that the epidemic had extended to the Mexican border and to the Pacific coast. Possibly they would not even have been interested to know that on this same morning Teddy, delirious with fever and ousted by his sister's husband, had been picked up on the street by an ambulance.

The two manipulators were at the top of their bent—tense with the thirst of battle and selfish with the greed of money; they had not a single idle moment. Quite suddenly, when they felt most secure, they found themselves plunged into a very awkward dilemma by a cipher message from the Philadelphia laboratory, threatening to break their contract if the price was not reduced to the public.

"We ought to have bought those laboratories outright instead of contracting for their output," growled the Broker.

"What are we to do about it?" asked the Doctor in alarm.

"We'll see these people in person and make them stick to their contract."

They went together to interview the protesting firm. The Broker opened the subject tersely and without prelude.

"You get your price, why do you want us to reduce ours?" he asked.

"Our reasons are purely humane," said the manager. "The price is now exorbitant beyond all reason."

"Humane fiddlesticks!" sneered the Broker. "It's an advertising scheme of yours at our expense."

"Have either of you read this morning's paper?" the manager asked quietly.

"No," they replied.

They were handed the latest edition, and in startling "scare-heads," they read:—

**THE MOST DASTARDLY CRIME
OF HISTORY!**

A "CORNER" IN ANTITOXIN.

Last night, in the charity ward of the Good Samaritan Hospital, through the delirium of a little waif, smitten with the dread diphtheria, the first inkling of a "corner" in antitoxin was brought to light. The interne and the nurse of the ward were regretting aloud that they had no antitoxin to give to their suffering charges, when the boy, as if in a lucid moment asked:—

"What's antitoxin, doctor?"

"A cure for diphtheria," the interne answered.

"Oh!" cried the boy "then that's what they've cornered!"

Then he grew delirious again and nothing more could be learned, but every effort—

The Broker suddenly clutched the Doctor's arm as if in agony and cried—

"Oh, Doctor, it's Teddy!"

And the Doctor repeated in a whisper:—

"Teddy!"

Then these two men, who had strode into the office as if clothed with power

and authority, hurriedly stole away, silent with a horrible, terrible misery. On reaching the hospital their first inquiry was for Teddy and they went to him at once. Their souls quivered as they looked down upon the child's wasted, shrunken form. Death did not seem far away.

"What have you done for him?" asked the Doctor of the nurse.

"All that we could," said the nurse coldly.

"Antitoxin" the Doctor questioned. "We could not obtain it—this is a charity ward," said the nurse.

The Doctor drew out some tubes of the serum that he happened to have in his pocket, and he gave them to her.

"Too late," she said in a tone of condemnation.



**In 1912—resolve it men,
You're early in the fields—Big Ben.**

No one should be blamed for over sleeping any more than blamed for walking in his sleep.—Man is only partly conscious when he first opens up his eyes after a heavy sleep. He needs help to get him wide awake at once. Most men would get up on time if they only realized the time.

Big Ben makes them realize it. Thus all who have his help get up. Try it on yourself. Try it on the farm hands, too.

Note how you all get out to the fields on time, and how you all enjoy it—with the help of Big Ben.

Go to your jeweler's store today and see Big Ben. His face reminds you of a pleasant sunrise. A big

bright, smiling face—much like Old Sol's. His cheerful voice sings out a merry tune. His steel "clothes" make him strong and lasting. His works keep time. His big keys are easy to wind and his large hands and figures are easy to read.

Now Farmer-Men, if you sleep heavily—and you do if you work as a good farmer should—you need Big Ben.

Ask your dealer for him; the price is \$3.00 everywhere. It could easily be more and you'd willingly pay it. If you cannot find him at your dealer, a money order addressed to Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you duty charges paid.



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No. 4 PLANET JR Combined Hill and Drill Seeder, Wheel Hoe, Cultivator, and Plow sows seed accurately and works quickly, easily, thoroughly. Wonderful all-round garden tool and money-saver.

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London, Ont.

"Intubation been tried?"
"Yes; it was a failure."
"Why not tracheotomy?"
"Useless the surgeon said so and he ought to know," she said spitefully.
"But it is the one thing that might save his life said the Doctor."
"Then do it," begged the Broker, "do it, Doctor, we must save his life, he must not suffer for what we have done."
"The surgeon isn't here, and he left orders to let the boy alone," said the nurse stiffly.
The Doctor's eyes narrowed swiftly and his lips tightened.
Get me the necessary instruments and prepare the patient for a tracheotomy at once," he ordered.
The nurse hesitated but the Doctor's frown and the look he gave sent her away.
The preparations and the unusual scenes of the hospital unnerved the Broker.
"Doctor I am going I can't stand it any longer," he whispered, white lipped.
"Send me word of the—the—result."
The Doctor nodded, he could not trust

himself to speak.
"Is there anything I can do?" asked the Broker at the door.
"Yes, we can save thousands of children yet, by turning the antitoxin free to the public," said the Doctor.
"Free—yes, that's it, free—I never thought of it," said the Broker, a hopeful light coming into his dull, tired eyes.
"Be quick about it," the Doctor's voice had a note of command in it—he had come back to his own.
"I'll wire," said the Broker.
Then he was gone and the Doctor turned to the operation, cool and decisive.
There was a gush of dark, carbonized blood into the Doctor's face and a swift glad rush of air into the choking lungs; then the tubes were soon put in place and Teddy breathed again.
The Broker had finished his telegrams and sat in his office waiting for a message from the hospital, as a murderer awaits his sentence. Then it came:—"Teddy reviving. Have used the antitoxin. Hope for recovery."
The Doctor.

The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

1911, with all its discouragements and hopes and fears, is over, and one cannot help hoping that 1912 will prove a more perfect number! Speaking of the country as a whole, in spite of bad weather, frost, untimely snow, and other drawbacks, the year has been a very prosperous one. It is the individual who has suffered intensely from the freaks of the climate. The men and women on new homesteads have felt the pinch—many of them in a marked degree. An enquiry from the Department of Agriculture of Saskatchewan, and another through the Mounted Police—those guardians of the plain—reveals the fact that comparatively little actual need has been reported to official sources. This is very gratifying, but it does not do away with the fact that there are many cases where the want and the suffering have been bitter, and no complaint has been made. It is to the women in the small shack on the prairie, with two or three little children to care for, that my heart goes out, in the winter months. I would like, if it were possible, to say something that would seem to fit her need: and to encourage her to hold on. And yet it is hard to do this, because when you are discouraged and alone you feel that no trouble can have been quite so bad or so bitter as your own. I can say this, however, for the encouragement of the woman who is new in the country and who is suffering the want of many things because the crop has failed, that in a residence of nearly 30 years in the Canadian West, the percentage of actual failures—people who, having striven their best, have yet been overcome by circumstances—is very small. Not long ago I was speaking to a woman whose first winter in the West was the winter of 1888-9—the year when the crop failure had been so complete as to prevent even the government officials keeping any record of it. She told me of the awfully bitter struggle it had been through that winter, and how her heart was aching for the old home in England; how she had hated the sight of the prairie, and felt that she could never see any beauty in it. To-day she is the mistress of one of the finest farm homes in the Canadian West. They have prospered abundantly, and her word to other Canadian women was: "Hold on. For the sake of your children it is worth while."

I would like to wish every one of my readers a truly happy New Year.

Miss Laura Rose, the farm dairy expert at Guelph, whose book on dairying I spoke of at some length in these columns a few months ago, and which

was pronounced by no less an authority than Dairy Commissioner Ruddick, the best book on dairying which has yet been printed on the American continent. By the time this is in the hands of my readers Miss Rose will be Mrs. George Stephenson, of Huntingdon, Que. I am sure the many women, especially in Alberta and British Columbia, who have had the privilege of meeting Miss Rose and listening to her lectures, will join very heartily in good wishes for her happiness in her new home. She will give up travelling and lecturing, but she will continue to write on dairy subjects for a number of publications. She and her husband have one very strong mutual interest. Mr. Stephenson is the official secretary of the Ayrshire Breeders, and has for many years had a most successful dairy farm in Huntingdon, Que., and one of the finest Ayrshire herds in Canada. The work of the Ayrshire Society has developed so rapidly that Mr. Stephenson has decided to devote his whole time to it, and has therefore given up the active work of his farm. It is quite possible that in Ontario and Quebec his wife will travel with him, and she may occasionally deliver lectures. I had the privilege last month of standing in the room at Guelph where for the past 15 years she has given instruction during the winter months in the best methods of dairying on the farm. As we stood looking over the exquisitely clean churns and butter workers, she said: "It seems like a dream when I think of all the hundreds of young men and young women who have passed through my classes in the last fifteen years." It is a great thing to write a good book, to paint a beautiful picture, or carve marble into forms of grace; but if we have not the talent to do that, it is a great work to have instructed hundreds of young men and women in the art of making, in the most economical and cleanly way, wholesome food. A young man who was a cheese-maker and who aspired to be an Anglican minister asked a friend of mine upon one occasion what he thought of his change of occupation. My friend looked him over, and finally said: "Well, Bob, I would rather be a first-rate cheese-maker than a third-rate parson."

While in Guelph I visited Macdonald College, the gift of Senator Macdonald to the young women of Ontario; or, indeed, to the young women of Canada, for any young woman may go to Guelph and avail herself of the benefits and privileges of that college. There are two magnificent

I Quickly Cured My Superfluous Hair

You May Cure Yours Too by a Simple Remedy Learned From the Japanese

I Will Give the Benefit of My Experience to Anyone Free of Charge

Ever since I was a little girl, I was cursed with a growth of Superfluous Hair. I didn't mind it so much then, but when I grew to young womanhood, the humiliation grew upon me until it became almost a nightmare. It finally got to the point where I was ashamed to go out of the house, and at the coming of a stranger, I wanted to run and hide my face. The thing preyed on my mind until there were times when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, and I often thought life a burden.

I tried every sort of powder, paste, cream, lotion and remedy that I could lay hold of—even the painful electric needle—but to no avail. The hair not only would not leave, but it grew worse. What I suffered under the needle, I can't describe.



One day a friend, who had travelled much, recommended a simple little remedy learned from the Japanese. It removed the hair at once and without pain, and in a few days I was the happiest girl in America. The hair had disappeared. It left no scar, and it didn't hurt at all. To-day my face is still free from any trace of it.

I am so happy at my own success that I want every other woman to have the chance to remove the ugly disfiguring hair from her face, neck and arms, so that they can go into society or to business, free from embarrassment, able to wear short sleeves, and go without a veil. All who want to destroy their growth as I did may secure full particulars to enable them to do likewise, free of charge, by just sending me a two-cent stamp—that's all I ask—just to pay actual postage for reply in plain sealed envelope. Address, Mrs. Caroline Osgood, Suite 991 B.L. 118 East 28th St., New York City.

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buildings of red brick. One contains the lecture halls, assembly halls, gymnasium; the other is the residence building, with its beautiful drawing rooms, library and dining rooms. These buildings stand on a splendid campus, dotted with fine trees, and from the upper stories it is possible to look out over a wide stretch of the rich farming country of Ontario, with its fine stone and brick farmhouses, big bank barns, and splendid trees. I had the privilege of a few moments' chat with Miss Watson, the lady principal, and was much struck, not only with her sweet, womanly appearance, but with the air of culture and refinement which she seems to fairly radiate. She is a small, slight woman, with white hair, but no one would for a moment think that she was either too small or too frail to command the respect and devotion of the young women over whom she has the control. "A born leader" is written in her whole aspect, and the success that she has attained at Macdonald College proves it, if any proof were needed.

It is part of the training of every girl at Macdonald to keep house for the principal for a week. Miss Watson has a complete flat of her own. It is properly and conveniently equipped, and there is nothing in it that cannot be found in any moderate-ly well-to-do country home. Each girl in turn goes into

tremely practical, and, in addition, the girls have the opportunity of studying that course in an atmosphere of refinement which must make an impression upon them for the rest of their lives.

At the time of our visit one of the three-month courses had just been concluded, and we were shown the result of the labors of the girls who had specialized on dressmaking, making and millinery. The lady in charge told us that everything that we saw had actually been made by the girls themselves. They were given a certain amount of instruction during the first two or three weeks of their course, and then were largely thrown upon their own resources. They were furnished with a pattern and scale, and were permitted to use each other as models for their work. I counted in the room twelve gowns, some for street and afternoon wear, and some for evening wear; and I am sure that had they been shown on models in any fashionable store in Toronto, with the sign—"Made in Paris"—no passer-by would have questioned the truth of it for a moment. Simplicity of design but perfection of line and finish seemed to be the three things insisted upon, and certainly the success achieved was phenomenal.

While at Guelph I saw the famous collection of wax fruit and vegetables



Summer Joys.

this flat and does the house-keeping for a week. She must do the ordering, attend to the laundry—in fact, do everything that she would do if she were keeping house for herself, with the exception that she is subject to the kindly criticism of the principal—herself a most accomplished housekeeper. The girls regard this week of special training as very much in the light of an ordeal, but when it is over each girl admits that she would not have missed the training on any consideration.

Guelph, I imagine, is unlike almost any other college where young women are gathered together—in one respect—and that is the quality of the food. It was nearly time for the evening meal when I was there, and we were allowed to go through the kitchens and see the preparations being made for the benefit of scores of hungry girls. There was, first of all, the most beautiful home-made bread, the freshest of butter from the dairy school, cold roast beef that looked as though it might melt in your mouth, and pans of fried potatoes, crisp and brown, that looked quite as if they might be intended for an army. By way of dessert I counted ten gallon self-sealers of home-made strawberry preserves, ready to be served out, and deliciously light sponge cake, which seemed to be made by the square yard. There was an appetizing odor of tea from the huge urns, and gallons of rich milk in big glass pitchers, just ready to carry to the table. The dining room is light, splendidly ventilated, and has an open fireplace at one end. The course at Guelph is ex-

which has a reputation from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It occupies one large room in, I think it is, the Science Building of the Agricultural College. Here are sections of apples, for example, all varieties, modelled from the living fruit, every detail, absolutely to the blemishes, reproduced. There are also the sections of apples that have been subject to special diseases. For example, half an apple showed the development of the codlin moth. So perfect are these specimens that, as a test, two or three of the wax apples were placed with a number of real apples in a drawer. A little girl of six or seven was sent to this drawer and told to bring the three nicest apples that she saw. She came back with three wax apples, and was very much surprised when she was told that she could not eat them. All the fruits that can be grown in Canada were represented in this collection. There is also a collection of tropical fruits, and a most extensive collection of vegetables—almost everything that can be produced on the North American continent. The value of this collection lies in the fact that, during the long winters of Canada, when it is impossible to get natural specimens to lecture from, the students have the advantage of using these absolutely perfect models, and working from them. All this work was done for Guelph by one woman, who has now removed to New York State. She did this work for years. No matter what was furnished her to make a model of, she never refused it, and

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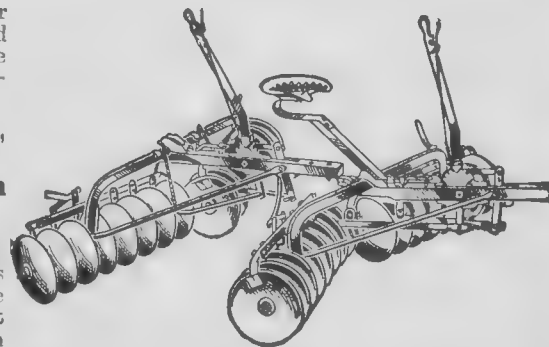
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never failed to reproduce it absolutely. I thought, however, that it was a striking comment on the low value which Canada sets on real merit when she was obliged to leave Guelph and cross the line in order to secure anything like adequate return for her work.

Guelph has now the finest poultry show which is held on the continent of America, having out-distanced both Boston and York, not only in the number of exhibits, but in the quality of the birds shown. This year they had 5,110 domestic fowl on exhibition, besides scores of fancy pigeons and game birds. The strongest exhibit in the show was the white wyandottes. The white leghorns came next; and third, the barred rocks. I had a long talk with Mr. McNeely, who is one of the greatest poultry experts in Canada, and he told me he thought the popularity of the white wyandottes was due to the fact that they were perhaps the best all-round bird which was being offered. They were excellent for the table, prolific and persistent layers of large eggs, and were not difficult to raise. The exhibit of barred rocks, though numerically not quite as strong as that of the white Leghorns, was, to my thinking, the best thing of the kind I have ever seen, and in spite of the present popularity in Ontario of the white wyandotte, I fancy the barred rocks will continue to hold their own in the Canadian West.

Guelph Winter Fair is famous for its dressed poultry exhibit, and this year it was larger and better than ever. That is, there was a better percentage of birds shown in the best dressed possible shape for commercial purposes. They were arranged in shallow boxes, just deep enough to hold the birds without the breasts being crushed. There was a perfection of detail about the way these fowl were plucked and packed that appealed very strongly to anyone who has had for many years to put up with the unsightly fowl so frequently offered on the Winnipeg markets. I was told that trussed fowl, which was shown at Guelph, whether or not it secured a prize, could always be sold for from two to three cents a pound over the market, the fame of the product having gone abroad to that extent.

Swan Lake Home Economic Society

The meeting of the Home Economic Society last month was almost entirely devoted to business; the election of officers for the coming year being the most important matter before the meeting. Mrs. Gardiner kindly occupied the chair during the election.

As was expected, Mrs. G. B. Gordon was unanimously re-elected president.

The position of president is no easy one, calling as it does for patience, tact and executive ability, and the few words of thanks spoken by Mrs. N. Armstrong in reference to Mrs. Gordon's past services to the Home Economics were endorsed by every member, and the society is to be heartily congratulated on having obtained her consent to act for the coming year.

Another unanimous re-election was that of Mrs. Hartwell as secretary-treasurer, and there again the society is to be congratulated on being able to retain so capable an officer. The minutes are most carefully kept, and Mrs. Hartwell always works hand in glove with the president in the best interests of the society.

With that important business finished, the following ladies were elected to office:—Vice-presidents, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Gardiner, Mrs. Downey; board of directors—town, Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. M. Simpson, Mrs. Hodgson, country, Mrs. Couch, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Penniston; literary and corresponding secretary, Mrs. Langridge.

An excellent programme was then outlined, it being understood that it was subject to change if necessary, and it

was a pleasing circumstance to note the genuine interest taken in the discussion by all the members.

It is not always easy to keep alive the individual interest in such a society as this, but where each member shows herself so anxious to take her share in helping, it cannot but be a great success.

A society formed on the lines of the Swan Lake Home Economics can mean so much to the ladies in a small community; it is not only educative, but it takes the place of a social club; it is helpful in that each member talks, or demonstrates on the subject in which she has made herself proficient and so can aid others and smooths away the difficulties which they have encountered, and above all it is designed to further the true interests of the community and to enable everyone to get the best and highest out of the surroundings in which she is placed.

As it was the annual meeting no settled programme had been arranged, but Miss McCrear, of Treherne, gave a recitation, which was charmingly rendered and much appreciated. After the secretary had read the roll call, the Doxology was sung, and lunch brought a very interesting meeting to a close.

Sunday Reading.

"The Lord Shall be Thy Confidence."

Proverbs III., 26.

Specially written for the Western Home Monthly by Chas. W. McGee.

The Lord shall be thy confidence,
Through every day and year,
His love will guard and strengthen thee,
His blessed presence cheer;
Thy path may be a rugged one,
With many an "up and down,"
But His unflinching faithfulness,
Thine earthly days will crown.

The Lord will be thy confidence,
For other help will fail,
And oft thy true and trusted friends,
Prove all of no avail:
Only to God's eternal Christ,
For succour canst thou flee,
In Him thy needs will be supplied,
He cares, He cares for thee.

The Lord shall be thy confidence,
Midst sore perplexing ways,
When clouds obscure the light of life,
And darken all thy days;
When thou with numerous duties,
Art laden and oppressed,
Thy weary heart is comforted,
To find in Him its rest.

The Lord shall be thy confidence,
It matters little when,
The tempter with his subtle power,
Would fain beguile thee then;
For, armed with God's omnipotence,
The battle thou must win!
'Tis thine to shout the triumph song,
A conquerer over sin.

The Lord shall be thy confidence,

In every change of life,

In hours of joyful happiness,

Or in conflicting strife;

Amidst the peaceful summer-time,

When everything seems bright,

And still thy trust when autumn's wind

Leaves nothing but a blight.

The Lord shall be thy confidence,

If thou art called to part,

With that which is most dear to thee—

The treasure of thine heart:

But He remains, He faileth not,

No love is like His love,

And with the restfulness of faith,

Thy heart is fixed above.

"The Religion of Benjamin Johns."

By "Frances."

"I'm afraid that mother has backslid considerably," remarked Farmer Johns to his wife one Sunday morning; "she paid no attention when I was reading the Bible aloud a while ago, but just went around with broom and dust pan without stopping; then I saw her goin' off down towards the river, in her bare head, like some giddy young girl; folks that go away to live in those big towns get unsettled in their beliefs I've heard, but I would never have believed it of Mother; a woman as old as she is ought to be a little more serious minded." Mrs. Johns was dressing one of the children. She bent her head over an unwilling button, perhaps to hide a smile, for in a quiet way she was a humorist; that saving sense had tided her over rough waters on many an occasion. "Your mother is not old," she said, "and since she went away to keep house for Nathalie, she has grown younger; she knows the Bible nearly all by heart, and you are a poor reader Benjamin."

At this plain speaking the farmer glared at his wife, and we might almost imagine that he snorted indignantly but the "Good Word" was in his hands, so we will say we were mistaken.

"She sewed a button on Willie's clean suit a few minutes ago," placidly remarked Mrs. Johns, her head still bent over the child, but was that a shake in her voice?

"Sarah!" exclaimed her husband aghast, "that is sinful! such work could be done upon a week day." "I know," his wife went on, "but that button got overlooked somehow, and Willie would have had to remain from church, so what could we do?"

Mr. Johns sighed deeply and returned to the perusal of Holy Writ.

Presently a cheerful looking old lady came in through the open porch door, and the very spirit of sunshine seemed to enter with her, while a blessed contentment sat enthroned upon her brow.



Breakfast Time.

"Such a morning!" she said, breathlessly exultant, "I can scarcely pull myself away from that river, it does look so good after six years."

Her son made no reply; his eyes were bent downward; his lips moved silently; he was wholly absorbed.

His wife had gone into the kitchen, from there her voice came floating out: "Benjamin! Do go to the pump for fresh cold water, I am so thirsty."

The farmer arose, hurriedly placed his Book upon a chair from whence it slipped off upon the floor; unheeding, he stalked out to where his wife was waiting. "This is desecrating the Sabbath day!" he growled, as he caught up a bucket and went out.

His mother picked up the fallen Book; straightened out a crumpled leaf and carefully replaced it, while a grim smile hovered round her lips. "Benjamin's religion is eating him up," she muttered to herself. "A man who feels too pious to draw fresh water for his family to drink, because it is Sunday, is in a bad way; if Sarah was some woman she would fret about it, but she looks away and beyond it, lucky for her." When her son returned to his reading, he little dreamed of the thoughts that were whirling through his mother's brain. I verily believe she saw visions of days gone by, and a slender birch rod that used to stand behind the kitchen stove. Benjamin Johns would have been doubly horrified could he have guessed his mother's yearnings. "Sarah!" she called to her daughter-in-law, "you go to church, I will get dinner and look after the wee ones;" and Sarah protesting feebly, went off to dress.

At dinner that day the farmer said: "Mother, you missed a treat; Lottie Williams sang two solos this morning at church; it was real upliftin' to hear her."

"I heard her sing on last Sunday," answered she. "I wish I could hear some good, old-fashioned singing; this modern way makes me feel lost; I almost feel like crying for the dear old-fashioned hymns." A long, deep sigh was the only response.

Dinner over, Mr. Johns said to the children: "Now, remember this is the Lord's day; don't let me hear any noise."

"Ain't Sunday the dreadfulest!" wailed Willie, coming into the kitchen where grandma was finishing up dinner dishes. "Sakes!" she exclaimed cheerfully, "no indeed, I guess not Sonny, you just get your hat and we will go down and hear what the river says about it." I wish I had the space to tell you of all the nice things they talked about on that peaceful Sunday afternoon, sitting by the rushing water, while all the green trees nodded around them. Willie is a man now; he always speaks of his grandmother as "the best Christian I ever knew of."

One by one, Mrs. Johns had seen both sons and daughters drift away out of the home-nest. Then grandma was called beyond and she, refusing all offers of a home with any one of them, kept on in her old, independent way of living. Then the call came from Nathalie, the only unmarried child, who was establishing herself as a nurse in a distant city.

"My training is over mother and I need you badly; I want a home to fly to when off duty; when tired and worn. A friend and I have taken two or three rooms; she writes in an office by day and is always home at night; don't refuse, it is your plain duty!"

Mrs. Johns did not hesitate; she packed what she needed, closed the old home, to follow Nathalie and her fortunes. Five or six years passed swiftly away. A busy life it was for the patient and tireless nurse. Then, one spring, she found herself losing nerve and ambition, two fateful warnings, and she was wise enough to heed the signs.

"We will take a trip down home," she said, "and see what the air of the old place will do for me." And Mrs. Johns was only too glad to go.

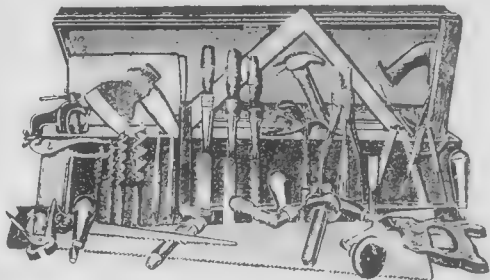
On the route Nathalie was persuaded to remain a week or two with some friends, but Mrs. Johns went straight on to her son Benjamin, settled on a farm near the old homestead. And every one of the Benjamin Johns, little and big, rejoiced and made much of her, with the exception of the farmer himself, and he was so worried over her spiritual state of mind that he was con-

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tinually on the rack of anxiety.

Several days after the Sunday's happenings that I have just related, Farmer Johns struck a new spring of "troubled waters." To his patient wife he unburdened his doubts and fears. "I don't know what to make of mother. She was reading a book out there in the garden to-day and she was laughing to herself over it; she left it on the seat and I picked it up to see what it was all about; it was a nasty old lot of sea-yarns by a man who calls himself W. W. Jacobs. It was "Many Cargoes" or "More Cargoes," or some such foolish title. Why, my pigs wouldn't read such stuff."

"A hog is a splendid example," solemnly replied Mrs. Johns, and her husband gave her a quick, suspicious look, but she went on in a placid manner: "Your mother always was a reader; but she never could get many books until she went away; the free libraries are such a splendid thing. We can't live on bread alone Benjamin; cake is real nice too."

The farmer sniffed wrathfully: "Modern books are a delusion and a snare, Sarah; they are no help to the Christian."

"Just according to the kind of Christian," answered she, sharply. "Your mother makes few mistakes: 'to the pure all things are pure.' 'Don't go quoting scripture in an evil cause!' snapped her husband; "Satin could find

texts to justify plenty of his capers."

"I know this much," replied Mrs. Johns spiritedly, "I can see the bottom of my mending basket since grandma came: the children have never been so little trouble and I have not felt so rested for years; if books have anything to do with it let us all try and find time to read." Mr. Johns was so amazed that speech actually failed him; he could not think of anything crushing enough to quench this flat rebellion; he opened his mouth but shut it again and stalked off to his work. His hope lay now in Nathalie. Such a state of depravity in their mother must surely worry her too. They would discuss it together and weave plans for her redemption. Nathalie's profession was a very serious one. She had stood by many a death-bed while the soul launched forth into the unknown. Nathalie must feel religion deeply, as becomes a good woman who had encountered much pain and suffering.

Nathalie arrived in due time. For a few days no opportunity offered itself, for Benjamin Johns to pour into the ears of his sister the dark doubts regarding the mother's welfare. Then one morning he came into the orchard, where a joyous and care-free Nathalie was careening her head among the apple boughs to discover the forming fruit. How she was revelling in her days of freedom! She was in the thrall of the

daisy-starred fields and the riotous bloom of the gardens. She was drinking in and storing up new health, fresh vitality with every breath she drew. And the farmer plunged without preface into this matter that lay so near his heart. To his intense surprise, we won't say mortification, Nathalie stared at him as though he had two heads. But she finally got his meaning and she found her truant wits and her voice at the same time. "What! Mother not a Christian!" she said, her voice shrill with hurt feeling. "Well, Benjamin Johns! I never! Mother will go marching in through the golden gates to the music of the whole heavenly orchestra; the most helpful person in this wide world; and the most unselfish. How can you grow so narrow here among all these growing things? A man should expand into the broadest and noblest of human beings when living in the midst of this. Mother, indeed! Don't you worry about her, I wish that you and I were as sure of a better world; it would pay to take a leaf or two from her book of 'daily living.' She was gone and Farmer Johns raised his jolted eyes in time to note the indignant manner in which her linen skirt flitted around the corner of the house. Then he sat down heavily upon a friendly rustic seat. He took off his straw hat and fanned himself in a weak uncertain way for the bottom had fallen out of his religion.

Cowardice and the Business Girl.

If you want to have a truly miserable time as a worker be a coward. It matters not whether that cowardice be of the moral or physical order, you are marked for happiness and embroilments.

The physical coward has the better of it, as her failing only hurts herself. The interest of the company cannot suffer because she is in constant terror of mice, water bugs, or roaches that too often infest even well kept office buildings. Indeed, if her fears are intense enough to make her a force for precautionary methods the office may even benefit.

The girl of this sort has a bad time of it when her duty calls her to stay in the office after hours. She is in terror of being molested, and her vivid imagination conjures up a probable robber in every squeaking board or banging door, while her heart stands still at a footstep in the corridor.

Reason has little to do with such cowardice. The girl may know she is safe, that the janitor will not permit intruders without a pass, but she tortures herself none the less as she sees herself found murdered at her desk, or scared into imbecility.

The only course for such cowardice is to cultivate such spryness in work that overtime duties are unnecessary, or to bribe a friend to stay after office hours as a protection.

Daily Work the Sufferer.

There is that miserable cowardice—a fear of thunder storms. This is a great work stopper in the summer time, as not only would nothing induce the fearful one to wield a pen, lest its point lure lightning, but each cloudy day hours will be wasted in surreptitious looks out of the window in search of a coming storm.

Often such fear is a matter of weak nerves, and will disappear with vigorous efforts to build up the health; sometimes it is due to silly nurses in youth; again it is constitutional, and the least approach of electricity in the air causes actual nausea.

Whatever the cause the worker should fight against it, both for her own peace of mind and in the interest of her daily work. No one can give her best efforts when oppressed by a sickening fear.

Woe betide the coward if she lets her office mates know of her fears. There are always bullies who think it sport to bait the timid, and she will be treated to horrid practical jokes that play upon her cowardice and aggravate it into nervousness.

Put up a brave front you cowards, no matter how you tremble in your boots. There is nowhere that bluff counts more than in routing imaginary harms. Many a robber has been put to flight by a simulated pistol or an unloaded one; thus will phantoms of the imagination flee before boosted courage.

Moral Coward to be Pitied.

It is the moral coward in the office who is to be pitied, yes, dreaded. One never knows where to find her. She is afraid to be true, straightforward, and frank, and her failing usually drives her into crooked ways, though she is not naturally deceitful.

A girl of this type will be asked by a superior to do something in the line of her business of which her conscience does not approve. There may be nothing actually wrong in it, but it is contrary to strict business dealing.

The girl does not want to comply, in fact, hates doing so, but she fears the influence of the man or woman above her, and so gives in, only to learn too late that she has put herself in another's power. Her first false step leads her into a mesh of deceit which eventually tangles her career and ruins her reputation for honesty.

There is the moral coward who knows things are going wrong in the office, yet is afraid to set them straight. She dreads to lose her popularity or hates the unpleasantness of a mixup. Too often when the explosion comes the girl finds herself regarded as an accomplice when she was only a coward.

Who does not know the girl who is cowardly through a love of peace, or dislike of rows? She will give in when she knows she should stand firm, be-

cause the more courageous course entails unpleasantness. Such cowards get all that is coming to them in the way of punishment. The unpleasantness that eventually arrives from their weak ways is to that which would have followed a first brave stand as a devastating cyclone to a summer thunder gust.

Position at Price of Respect.

And what of the coward who is afraid to take a firm stand for her rights lest she lose her position. The only thing she does lose by her weakness is the respect of her employers and her mates. They think her easy, and work her accordingly. Too late she learns the folly of her cowardice, but the only remedy in that place is to get out.

And that other girl who fears to snub personal attentions of her superiors—if men—lest she lose her job. She knows there should be a distinct line drawn between her business and social relations; resents little familiarities; and rages inwardly when she accepts favors; but she is afraid to use her woman's privilege of choosing her friends and frowning on unwelcome attentions.

Too late she learns that her cowardice has lost her reputation, and her "job" generally gets lost as well, in the general upheaval.

Don't be cowards, you girls who must work your way through life. You will find more profit, not to mention respect and peace of mind, in taking the brave stand each time there is a question of courses.

If you are a coward, and know it, make a strong fight against it. It will take time, there will be many relapses, but courage will come if you but fight long enough and hard enough. Remember, the bravest girl is not she who has no fears, but she who, fearing, rises above them.

being met partly by manual training and gardening for the boys, and by sewing and domestic science work for the girls. School gardening has been the only attempt until lately to solve the difficulty for the rural schools.

The Department of Education is endeavoring to encourage this class of work by giving the teachers in training a special course at the Agricultural College and also by giving a special grant of twenty-five dollars to the graduate who takes up the work successfully in her school. Some teachers are doing this. One of the Inspectors on his annual visit found the teacher and pupils preparing a dinner from the fruits of their school garden. Needless to say this teacher received her special grant upon the recommendation of the Inspector.

If the interest of the pupil can be aroused in gardening for itself it will naturally develop a greater delight in nature study. This in itself is a result well worth the trouble that may be taken. To be able to see and enjoy the beautiful things of nature is one of the greatest blessings that a child can have and will make him appreciate more his privilege of living in the country.

Another result which may be obtained is experimental work leading up to the formal study of Agriculture, such as the testing of the different kinds of soils as to their ability to retain moisture; how to destroy weeds; the proper conditions for the germination of seeds, etc.

This feature of school work should be encouraged by the farmer himself even if his children do not learn much that is practical. The interest aroused is ample return for the time spent and it will also react on the other studies.

This work may be fostered also by the local Agricultural Societies or by the municipal councils, in some such way as



A School Garden Display.

School Gardening.

By J. H. Plewes, Birtle.

There is a phase of school work that has created a good deal of interest all over the land for the last few years, namely school gardening. In many places flower and vegetable gardens are planted and cared for by the children with a great measure of success. Where possible vacant lots have been secured near the school and divided into small plots to serve as individual gardens. Sometimes, however, the land suitable is at a considerable distance from the school yet the interest aroused is sufficient to cause the pupils to do their work voluntarily.

Strange to say, this work has been done most successfully so far by the town and city schools. It may be the country pupil has enough work at home to satisfy him, but it will be found that he will take greater interest in the home garden if similar work is being done by all the pupils at the school.

The work of the child at school seems to be something so entirely apart from the home life that it often fails to interest him and many boys willingly remain at home to drive a team or engage in any other kind of work. In the cities this lack of co-relation between the work of the home and the school is

the following. A special grant may be made to the work of the schools in the municipality. Prizes may be offered for the best kept school gardens and for the best gardens of the pupils at their homes (to be judged in August), for the best collection of garden produce, for the best of any one kind of vegetable, for the best exhibit of garden flowers and also of wild flowers, etc. An exhibition may be held in some central place, say on the second Saturday in September, after school has opened and before the frosts come.

This work might be looked after altogether by the local school teachers but owing to the frequent changes it is best to have it under the direction and control of some permanent body. A plan similar to the above will be followed, I believe, in one municipality at least during the coming year. I am enclosing a photograph of the result of a beginning made last year along these lines.

Courtesy in Correspondence

Curious are the ways of the world; this is an axiom that goes without saying, an example of which is shown even in the trivial matter of correspondence by letter. People who are the most courteous in nearly every branch of life often fail miserably to keep their

name for politeness and consideration when it comes to dealing with correspondence. A letter comes from a friend inviting them to a certain grand function for which he has tickets. The recipient thinks, "Hum! I'm expecting an invite to Mr. A's dinner party that night. I'll wait to hear for certain."

In the meantime the friend is anxiously awaiting a reply. Finally the one he has invited writes regretting inability to accept, owing to another engagement. Ten chances to one his friend finds it too late to arrange with anyone else, and the ticket is useless.

This is a similar case to many that happen every day, showing the laxity of answering private letters.

A good plan, and one that will assure you a reputation for promptness and consideration is to answer a letter on the day of its receipt, and not leave it till the letter-writing mood comes on.

Good To Remember.

If you get a piece of cinder or other foreign matter in your eye, don't rub it. Close both eyes and gently rub the unaffected one. This will cause the other to water in sympathy, and the cinder will probably wash out.

Should a fish bone lodge in the throat, swallow a piece of soft bread-crust at once. It will remove the obstruction.

Before drinking boiled water as a beverage, pour it several times from one pitcher to another. This will aerate it and remove the insipid taste.

It is said that great comfort to the feet is secured by weekly sponging the inside of one's shoes with a solution of equal parts ammonia and water.

If glue is soaked in water till just soft and then dissolved in slightly heated linseed oil, water or damp will not affect it.

Age, Its Characteristics And Claims

The mind of our day seems to be tainted with the scorn of age. The old grandmother is not wanted unless she can dispense "goodies" and gingerbread. It ought to be no source of surprise to us that people dread to grow old, for they so often know that they face the time when they will not be wanted. It is pathetic enough to see how old men and women are not wanted in business and the professions, but pathos becomes tragedy when they are not wanted in the home.

There was never a time when everyone was more concerned about his own interests. If old people cannot "keep up with the procession," they must stand aside, and even then they must not get in anyone's way. We count them an encumbrance if they require care and attention.

But such a feeling is fundamentally wrong. The men and women who have borne the brunt of life for a half-century or more are worthy of our utmost gratitude.

There are some characteristics of age that we ought always to keep in mind. It is the time of physical decline. We must not expect the old mother to keep step with our vigorous stride. Our step must be measured by hers. We mustn't expect the old father to read small print at a great distance from the light. He ought to be allowed to choose his own place near the table. Buoyancy passes with youth, but keenness of appreciation does not. The old heart is quick to feel the touch of love.

Envy.

A glowworm sat in the grass;
As I passed through the wood I found it;
Bright as a diamond it shone,
With a halo of light around it.

A toad came up from the fen;
It was ugly in every feature;
Like a thief it crept to the form,
And spat on the shining creature.

"What have I done," said the worm,
"As I sat here in silence nightly?"
"Nothing," replied t'e toad;
"But why did you shine so brightly?"



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Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander.
The longsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Aye naught to me when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Aranteneie!

Paisley is being beautified and improved. Many old, unsightly and insanitary rookeries are getting pulled down. The sentimental complaint is made that Paisley is losing all its "picturesqueness."

The herring fishing at Wick is fairly prosperous this season. The "take" is good.

Geordie Purdy, after being at the "Zoo," and seeing the monkeys, etc., thus expressed himself to a friend:

"Weel it was worth while comin' here if only to learn ae use mair o' beast's tails. Coos' and horses' tails are needit to whusk awa flees an' glegs in warm weather. Swine's tails are gude for takin' agrup o' when ye want to whammle them ower on their backs to cut their thrapple; birds' tails help them tae steer; dogs wag their tails when they are pleased, and stuff them awa doon atween their hint legs when they are in the dumps; but wha wad ever hae thoct o' seein' beasts able to wupp the ends o' their tails roond ropes and spars, and hing there wi' their heids doon, as cannillie as a pat on the cleek o' a cruck! Gorrie!"

The Man in the Moon. "Peggy," said one gossip to another one evening, look-

ing at the moon, "they say there's a man in the moon."

"Aye, I've heard o' him. But he canna think muckle o' his ain wife, for he's aye glowerin' this way!"

Different tastes. The girl who said this did not intend to be funny:

"I wonder," said she, "what oor Jock sees in the lassies to gar him like them sae weel! For my part, I wadna gie ae lad for a' the lassies that ever I saw!"

You see the tastes o' Jock and his sister differed.

Henry Scott Riddell, speaking of his boyhood days, says "In these years of unencumbered and careless existence, I could, on hearing a song, or even a ballad, sung twice, have fixed it on my mind, word for word."

Since Charles I, eight out of twelve coronations have been on Thursday.

Admiral Togo, of Japan, before he came to the United States and Canada, had a pleasant visit in Scotland.

Two bronze panels have been placed above the central arch of the "Auld Brig" of Ayr, to commemorate its history and recent restoration.

The carpet used at Westminster Abbey at the Coronation was made in Glasgow (Jas. Templeton & Co.) It is of richest, Royal blue, with various ornaments in pale "Garter bleu." It is made of Axminster pile of the finest quality. There are 288 stitches to every square inch; and every square foot weighs 12 ounces.

A young philosopher. A little boy fell over some rocks when all alone. He was not seriously hurt, though much frightened. Telling his adventure at home, his sister asked him "if he grat?" "What's the use of greetin'?" the wee philosopher said, "when there was nae-body to hear me."

"Kail." "Will ye hae a sowp kail?" said the hospitable matron. "Ou aye, mem, thank ye. I aye like a pickle kail. If they're gude 'kail, they're worth suppin'; and if they're no gude, it's a sign there's no muckle to come eftir."

Alexander Livesey, a Scot, of over 50 returned in July from a trip, in which he had wheeled a barrow to Johnny Groat's House, the northern point of Scotland; and then from there to Land's End, at the south of England; and back to Ayr. He missed no lawful day, whatever the weather was. What he gained out of his four months' tramp, except a little "glory," the Scotch papers do not say.

In suspense. The audience was kept in suspense for a while; their patience was nearly out at the elbows, and their expective was on stilts. Scotch report.

The "Dr. Fornbook" of Burns was a John Wilson, who kept a shop in Tarbolton, Ayrshire, and offered to give advice in ordinary cases of illness to those who purchased drugs from him. He was described as a respectable man, even if he had incurred Burn's displeasure. He died in Laurieston, January, 1839.

An Aberdeen Laddie. "Stop, driver! stop! your wheel's rinnin' roond!" And the cab-driver stopped, and jumped down to see what was the matter. "Ye needna look noo; it's stoppit!" called out the lad, as he vanished round the corner.

Oh, that was a sweet happy time, Mary White,
I've ne'er had sic momen's since syne,
Mary White,
When we look'd at ilk ither, and
lauch'd wi' delight,
And hardy kent what for, my dear
Mary White!

We were young, we were happy, indeed, Mary White;
Noo care's strewn grey hairs on my
heid, Mary White;
My hopes hae a' wither'd wi' sorrowfu'
blight.
But still ye are green in my heart,
Mary White!

The above is part of poem by Alexander McLachlan, the Scottish Canadian bard. He did not mention "Mary White" when I stayed once overnight in his house; but another friend told me that when McLachlan was over in Scotland, "he hunted up Mary White," and she did not recollect him. There are many stage plays in real life.

Scotch Proverbs.

Your tongue wags like a lamb's tail.
Tak a man by his word, and a cow by her horn.

Mony a ane kens the gude fellow,
wha dis'na ken the gude fellow's wife.

Choose your wife on Saturday, no' on Sunday.

He was scant o' news wha tauld his
faither was hang'd.

Remove an auld tree, and it 'll wither.

You're welcome, but ye'll no win ben.

Liars should hae gude memories.

I'll ne'er keep a dog and bark mysel'.
Tell the truth, and shame the deil.
Like the wife's mony dochters—the
best ane hindmost.

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Land Taxation. At a representative conference in Glasgow, the Government was urged to lay a "Budget Tax" on all land values, for revenue, which would lessen the burdens now borne by the local rates for education, police, roads, and poor relief, and the like.

A London Boy, down in Scotland for an outing, and spieing about the farm, came to a very neatly-finished hay-stack. It looked very like a cottage, with its gables and peaked roof, etc. "What is that?" said the boy. He was told it was a hay-stack. "Ha" exclaimed the smart boy, "You must not think you can get one on me that way! Hay don't grow in 'lumps' like that!"

"Well, you will admit," said an Englishman, in an heated argument, "that England is larger than Scotland."

"I don't know about that," said the Scotsman: "if all our mountains were flattened out, it would be as big as England."

The conductor of this column had an old friend, himself descended from the Germans, who used sometimes to say, "O, if I could only have the head of a Scotsman, and the tongue of an Irishman, the heart of an Englishman, and the body of a Dutchman, I'd be a perfect man!"

They were blest beyond compare,
When they held their trystings there,
Among the greenest hills shone on by the sun;

And then they won a rest,
The lownest and the best,
In Traquair Kirkyard when a' was dune!

Prof. Shaipr.

According to Scots law, the eldest son is heir to the real estate of the father, and the movable estate is equally divided among the children. The funeral expenses are payable from the movable estate.

The Englishers are the noblest race o' leevin' men—except the Scots. James Hogg.

His Turn Coming. This story I had from my mother (born 1799) and she had it from her mother. A Scotsman got tired of keeping his old father, and, cutting a "double" Scots blanket in two, he put the half of it round the old man's shoulders, and sent him off. He stood looking at the old man, as he tottered down the glen. When turning round, he saw his young son stuffing something under a cupboard.

"What are you doing?" he said.
Said the boy, with tears in his eyes, "I'm putting away the other half of that blanket, and when I get to be a big man, and you get to be an old man like grandfather, I'm going to put it round your shoulders and send you away!" And the man ran after his old father and brought him back.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' aye anither.

Now we maun totter doon, John,
But hand-in-hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the fit,
John Anderson, my jo!

Burns.

"They biggit better than they kent!" (Emerson.) Jaucob did'na ken he was howkin' a waal for his Lord to drink oot o'. Note, Scots Testament. John, 4: 6

At a Highland Gathering in Greenock the chairman said the English notion of a Highlander was that of a man who knew the Gaelic language, was fond of the bagpipes, and who wore the kilt. He also said he was very sorry that so many Highlanders who were able to speak Gaelic, did not take the trouble to be thoroughly instructed in the reading of it, so as to get acquainted with the literature of the Gael.

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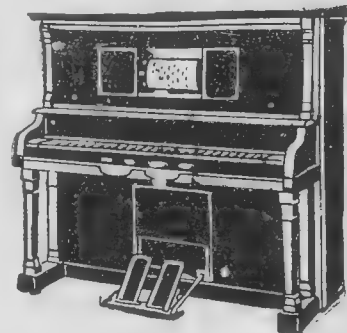
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Bridge, the greatest railway bridge in the world, was opened by King Edward, then Prince of Wales.

Burns.

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood and in youth,
Pride of his fellow men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,

A hate of tyrant and of knave;

A love of right, a scorn of wrong,

Of coward and of slave!

Fitz Greene Halleck.

"We have a great many immigrants come to the United States," said Hon. Mr. Phelps, U. S. Minister to Great Britain, to Prof. Blackie, "and some of the immigrants succeed, and some don't succeed; but a Scotsman always succeeds!"

Wersh. Wersh is a descriptive Scots word: a little different from wauch (which is insipid from weakness). Wersh is insipid from want of seasoning—as porridge without salt. "Eh, thae porridge are unco 'wersh' the day," said Jenny to Kirsty in the harvest

field, over their frugal dinner.

"Aye are they! They're awfu' 'wersh!" said Kirsty.

"I'll tell ye what they're like," said Jenny. "They're like a kiss frae ane ye dinna like."

That would be "unco wersh!"

His touch was universal birth;

He set his native streams to tune:

And every corner of the earth

Knows Nith and Lugar, Ayr and

Doone!

Robert Leighton.

Toryism is an innate principle o' human nature—Whiggery is but an evil habit. James Hogg.

People may or may not "carry coals to Newcastle," but a Norwegian ship of this season brought a load of granite to the "Granite City"—Aberdeen.

When gossiping wives meet, the deil gangs till his dinner. Scots Proverb.

But gloamin' fa's a last

On the dour, dreich, dinsome day,
And the trouble through whilk we hae safely passed

Hae left us weary and wae,

Hae left us weary and wae,

And fain to be laid, limb-free.

In a dreamless dwan to be airt away

To the shores o' the Chrystal Sea;

Far frae the toil, and the moil, and the murk.

And the tyrant's cursed pride,

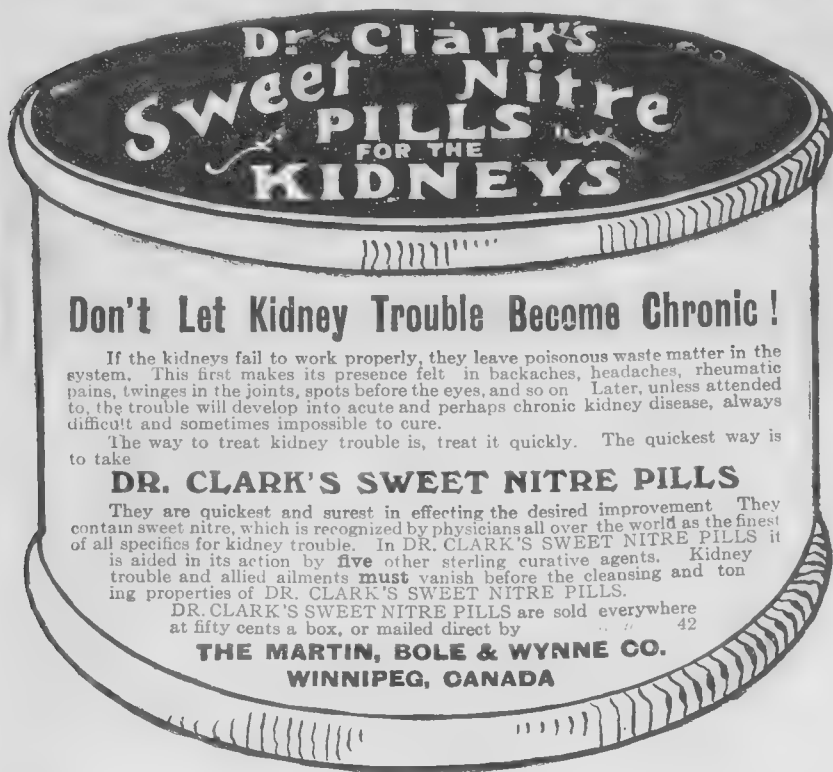
Row'd in the wreath o' the mists that lurk

Heaven-sent, aboot auld Kirkbride!

Robert Reid, Montreal

Strikes are infectious. Six large schools in London struck. A Wednesday half-holiday, a penny a week for scholars who acted as monitors, and a "sparing of the rod" were their demands. And several places in England and also in Scotland, as in Leith, Glasgow and Greenock had strikes in the schools, and parades on the streets, with their demands on banners; while old Grannie McWharg exclaimed, "The mice 'll overgang the rats!"

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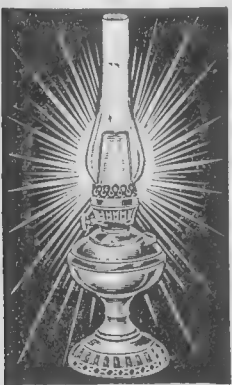
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The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

An Increase in Salary.

At the beginning of the new year I find this problem facing me for solution: What method should a girl use when she thinks she deserves an increase in salary?

One girl tells me that other stenographers say she is foolish to work for her present salary. Another urges her not to ask for a raise—that her employer will give it to her when he thinks she deserves it.

A second young woman informs me that she went to her employer and said she had accepted another position. He wanted to know the reason and she replied: "I will be paid fifteen a week there whereas I am now getting only twelve." Her employer answered: "Why did you not ask me for a raise? I did not know you wanted it. I would have given you fifteen a week."

Others tell me that they could work on till "doom's day" and their employer would never think of advancing them unless they demanded an increase.

In fact young women have advanced so many arguments that the solution seems somewhat difficult.

First—I find, generally speaking, that managers in Winnipeg are very considerate. They watch a girl's work more carefully than she realizes and I believe in most cases she will get an increase when she deserves it. Girls who work most conscientiously are not forever thinking of their pay. Last week I talked with a girl about her work. She said: "I feel that I do not accomplish as much as my position requires." The week before her manager exclaimed enthusiastically in answer to my inquiry about her work: "She is a wonder! I did not think it possible for a woman to accomplish so much. This business could not afford to do without her services. Whatever I give her to do I know it will be done and done well. I can depend on her." Now I know that this young woman draws considerably more than a hundred dollars a month. About three years ago she had her discouraging period—the same as most girls have, but she never worried over an increase in salary. She determined to get conditions in such shape that she would be master of her work. When she discussed with me at that time her problems her greatest anxiety was to shape her complicated work in a masterful way. She accomplished her aim and while keeping always paramount in her mind the idea of proficiency, her salary was raised from time to time and will be from now on. She has made her services valuable to the business.

I believe every girl with determination will have her salary increased accordingly as she increases the value of her work every year.

A manager told me this week that a certain girl in his office always finished her piece of work before she leaves the office. It sometimes takes half an hour. She watches her work—not the time. Now that girl's salary will be increased and I believe she is wholly unconscious of the fact. Margaret Fuller Osoli said when she was a young lady: "I am determined on distinction, which formerly I thought to win at an easy rate; but now I see that long years of labor must be given." That is the secret of most prominent lives. The majority in this world will always be mediocre, because they lack high-minded ambition and the willingness to work.

The Servant Girl Problem.

There are two sides to every question and I believe in the case of the "servant girl problem" that the side of the servant girl is the weightier. Last month a very worthy girl who is alone in the city went to work in one of our good homes here. The mistress promised her a fair wage and the girl began her work with good courage. The lady of the

house required her to buy a black blouse and aprons—in fact the necessary uniform for her position in that particular house. Although the girl had little money she bought what her mistress required, spending over ten dollars for the outfit. In three days' time the woman heard of another girl that she preferred and dismissed the girl already employed. When the girl came to me her heart was broken—alone in this country with all her loved ones in far-away Scotland and her money invested in uniforms, she sobbed and seemed almost ready to give up. But that good old Scotch courage that has given Scotland's men and women their enviable strength of character, came to her rescue and she determined, in the spirit of her forefathers, to "try again." She is now in a good home earning a splendid salary and what is more she is appreciated for her services. She is one of the finest girls I know. But her case is only one of many who are less fortunate. Another girl was thrown out of a home at the age of fifteen. She was an innocent girl who had to fight her way alone in this city. I shall not tell you where she is to-day. In this case the woman who turned the girl out was responsible for bringing her to the city.

There are women in this city who, during the holiday season, will give generous baskets to the poor and will worship in churches where their purses have swelled the fund for charity and church music, while their domestics, after the tedious toil of a big dinner, will be forced to entertain their company in a cold, cheerless kitchen or seek perhaps the cozy comfort of a midnight supper at a little table back of green curtains in a cafe. The girl will return to pack her grip at the merciless dismissal of an unreasonable mistress who is disgusted because "her maid was out too late the night before." And then women will say to me when I am trying to find a position for a girl: "Why doesn't she do housework?"

The American Grunt

There is not a place on the American continent where clerks are more courteous than in Winnipeg, I believe. When in the States last summer it seemed to be the fashion among clerks to answer a customer in that vocalization which some foreign people have termed "The American grunt"—in other words a sound I cannot spell, but you may get my meaning from this—"uh huh!"

On the other side of the line in the middle West that answer is about all a customer can get just now unless it be the negative derived from the same root. At first I stared at a clerk who grunted this while she was not chewing gum. I went on to another clerk but she had the same disease. I really was glad to trade in my own city again where our clerks serve us so courteously and kindly.

Imagine my surprise, however, when I stopped the other day at a certain department of a store here to find one of these beings facing me. There she served me chewing gum and grunting answers in the same identical manner. I could scarce realize at first that I was in Winnipeg. At first I wanted to ask her if she were lost—that this was Canada. A clerk who has the gum and grunt habit is too indifferent to please a customer and she is in the wrong city to succeed, for we have enough of that fine old country courtesy here to expect gentle consideration from others.

Our girls across the line may come over with a flattered feeling of push and ambition but unless they be guided by good manners, their path will be full of difficulties. There is a duty demanded of girls who cross our border line—a duty not in the customs list, but it is custom nevertheless that Canada requires—the duty of courtesy.

Lost.

In the daily paper I notice a long column of advertisements for lost articles, such as this: "Lost—a leather purse in street car, between — and — street." Many girls are very careless with their money and their pocket-books. Last month a girl who earns about twenty dollars a month had saved fifty dollars and she had it in her purse. She left her purse hanging on the back of a rocker in the waiting-room of a boarding-house and went up to her room. Then she suddenly remembered her money and hurried down for the purse. Of course it was gone. There are some people who have a charitable turn of mind for a lonely purse. It is a mistake for a girl to carry much money in her purse. A little necessary change is all she should carry in this way. A very good plan is to make a chamois bag pocket—sew ribbon to it and wear it around the neck. Fasten it securely and low enough to be perfectly safe. Other girls wear a chamois pocket a little below the waist. If a girl finds she needs a little extra it is no trouble to go to the dressing room and get the extra amount from the secret pocket. It is a common occurrence for girls to lose money. Men seldom lose money that they carry about them. Have you ever watched men and women at the cashier's window in a bank? The men always count carefully the bills received; while most women double up the rolls and put them in their pocket-books without counting. The same is true in the stores. I have watched women this year during the Christmas shopping. Women seldom count their change—men always do. It is surprising how many mistakes are made in returning change, especially among inexperienced clerks. Two mistakes in change were made this year in my own experience during the Christmas rush.

There are people who make considerable by short-changing a customer. I had this experienced in a little store where business was slow. Therefore I advise girls to carry their money where there is no danger of forgetting or losing it, and be sure to count all change. It is a little lesson in economy.

A Responsibility.

A girl may place her benefactor in an embarrassing position. For example: I secured a position for a girl last month. After a few days she wanted to leave. Now had she left I could not have gone to her employer again with another girl. In this way she was responsible for the welfare of other girls. He might have said: "The last girl you brought me was not responsible. She did not make good." He would have been justified in telling me that; the same girl wanted me to ask her manager to increase her salary. Had I acted as she requested he would have been justified in telling me that I was interfering with his business. A girl who accepts help in securing a position has a double responsibility. She should try to work up to the expectations of her benefactors as well as to the requirements of her employer.

Respect for the Girl who Works.

During a recent "tag day" held in this city several girls tried to persuade a certain man to give a coin for charity's sake. Finally the most attractive girl in the group was sent to plead their cause. He looked at her admiringly for a moment and then said: "If you can put in that box one copper that you have ever earned I will drop in it a ten-dollar bill." The girl stood amazed. She could not give one copper that she had earned and she turned away pondering over this unusual request.

Since many girls who work have told me that men do not have respect for the wage-earning girl, I give this illustration to show that they do honor the working-girl. More and more are the girls in the higher walks of life taking up work of some kind because they feel that they have no right to be idle. This feeling is growing fast in England. Girls occupying high social positions are fitting themselves to do all sorts of useful things. The daughter of one of the wealthiest of the London society leaders took up the study of gymnastics in every

detail and became so efficient that she won several medals at five London gymnasiums. The daughter of the late Lord Henniker took up the study of shorthand and typewriting and fitted herself for a business career because she thought it was a good thing for a girl to know something about business.

There is a great army of girls who are not obliged to work but who are just as busy as they can be along some line of usefulness.

Office Influence.

Young women have a wonderful influence for good or evil over the staff of men in the office in which they work. The other day while speaking of stenographers in general, a young man said: "We have a young woman in our office who would make any office staff better." She says little but her personality is so genteel that no one would dare to be rude and coarse in that office. After hearing this remark I wondered if this idea were true—that we may judge the morality of the men in an office from the personality of the young women there? Is it true? It is worth thinking about.

Last week a stenographer left her position to be married. The entire office staff felt keen disappointment because of her departure. The manager said he wondered if it were possible to find another like her. She had performed her work so well that she had set a standard for the entire office, and her manner had been so cheerful that she had lightened many a load and brightened many a day for the staff of workers. "How far loving thought for others goes toward turning life and effort into one grand sweet song."

More Opportunities.

There are too many girls coming to the city at the sacrifice of larger opportunities in the country. This western country has opportunities for all young women who want to come but the best opportunities are not centered in the city. In the great productive country there are large chances for women, and many are taking advantages of them. The 'back to the farm' cry has taken effect in the States. I quote this from a magazine to show what some women are doing across the line. It can be followed out to greater success I believe in our own country:

"Mrs. Charlotte B. Ware, of Norfolk, Massachusetts, was a school teacher and always had dreams of 'a life in the open.' As a wedding present she received a Jersey calf and that was the beginning of the now famous Warelands dairy. Mrs. Ware has gone a step further, however. Last summer she opened a school where students from Harvard, Wellesley, Clark, Cornell, and the Carnegie Technical Schools attended for the purpose of studying the milk question and its relation to infant mortality. This unique summer school is the only one of its kind in the country.

There is a Mrs. Strong in Whittier, California, who commenced with a few walnut trees and who now is about the largest walnut grower in the country. A great portion of our olive supply comes from Sacramento Valley and the head of a large ranch there is Mrs. Freda Elinmann, a woman who, finding herself dependent on her own resources, went in for olive growing. Some women have found it profitable to specialize in cabbages; others in onions; and there are still others who make money in poultry."

In Western Canada there are good opportunities for women horticulturists to go into partnership with landscape gardeners—one for artistic results and the other to study materials.

Interesting Girls.

The girls of the Bible are very human. Florence Bone has recently written a book in which she convinces the reader that the girls of the Bible are much like the girls of to-day. She accuses Rebekah of having a low ideal.

An ideal she says is something that we form for ourselves in our minds and hearts, that we cannot see, and cannot always describe, but that is luring us

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on all through our lives. She says, "for a handful of jewels and a great place in her social world, she went away with a stranger and her people knew her no more. Though her choice was wise her motive was selfish. Through her whole life we can trace the influence of her girlhood's ideal, and we can see her soul dwindle every day, until it becomes a very, very little one with nothing left to satisfy it."

Then the author delineates Rachel as the girl who has an inspiration. "She remained an inspiration to Jacob to the end. His love for her was the highest kind of love, because it inspired him to serve. The inspiration that comes from a great love always results in deeds, if it is real. Nothing else can make such a grand symphony out of the jarring notes of life. Radiance comes ever from quiet places, and its aureole of light is made by what a person is, rather than what she does. There are those out of whose presence we come, living for the moment upon our highest plane, and it is their atmosphere far more than their words that has led us there. The woman who lowers her standard can never be an inspiration."

Miriam was the girl who deteriorated, the author states. "Every life has something given it to watch, to make the most of, to raise out of a tiny germ into something good, and perhaps great. The first and greatest thing that is entrusted to us is our own character, to be made, marred or moulded by the influences among which we move. God has given us a will and an intellect, and we are to bring both to bear upon those weak places in ourselves which if we have not seen it is our own fault. He will not make of us, without our help, that which we will not take the trouble to become. We grow like that we admire, and the nobler its nature, the bigger our own becomes. That woman will never deteriorate who has seen the dignity as well as the end of service." In the study of Jephthah's daughter, the author says: "She is always to me a picture of the woman whose nature becomes fine and rare, whose work is achieved, in spite of terrible odds. When faced with an awful situation, it was not dismay that arose in her heart. She had not thought of being daunted, and there was absolutely nothing in her character of the disposition to whine and pity herself. She was entirely brave."

Of course Ruth is mentioned as the faithful girl. The author says that Ruth is an inspiration to those women whose lives are passed in small, quiet places, in spheres where they seem to have no scope and where their days are full of little duties and big desires. But it is not in the crowd that we learn most about human nature, and it is not where we consider ourselves landed that we grow. Nothing exists that cannot be shared—even a song."

Emerson coined a phrase—the rose of joy. "It grows in the humble gardens of those whose plain lives are illuminated by a hidden radiance of meaning and beauty that hardly knows anything to be commonplace, because of the halo that it wears."

In reviewing the king's daughter as the glorious girl, we have this quotation: "As a woman grows out of girlhood it is her expression that counts. The his-

tory of her life is written in her face. The woman who becomes glorious must begin early to train her desires, to watch her outlook, and herself. She can never grow old or uninteresting. She is more charming as the years pass, because her soul has discovered the secret of perpetual youth." The last chapter of the book is entitled Girls who are Poems, and I take this quotation from it: "The life of every girl who is making of herself a poem should be a picture of eternal hope, first to herself and then to all the lives that touch hers." The book is rich in beautiful thoughts for girls; the girls of the Bible are interesting girls; a study of their biographies affords a rare treat.

I know a club of young women who have studied the biographies of great women in history and literature and they all ask for more talks on the Biblical women as they say they are the most interesting of all.



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Breaking a Broncho.

By Arthur Patterson.

It was the early afternoon of a warm day in August, and business was to begin in a few minutes. I stood on the box of an old lumber-wagon, peeping into the corral of Colonel Jensen, a breeder of horses in New Mexico. Colonel Jensen's foreman stood beside me in the wagon, and half a dozen cowboys were perched on the stable roof opposite. Below us was the corral, an inclosure about fifty yards square, and in the corral was the horse which was to receive its first lesson in obedience this day.

I was very sceptical as to the interest of the event. The broncho was not very big, nor very beautiful. He only stood fifteen hands, and was lightly built—anything but a formidable beast to look at; the only distinctive points about him being a Roman nose and a restless eye.

I could not help remarking upon his mild appearance to Ezekiel Yates, the foreman. Ezekiel was a short, bow-legged man, with a wizened, clean-shaven face, sharp as a weasel's, round as an oak-apple, and nearly as brown. When I made my observations in the dignified tone of assurance natural to

a man who had only been out West four weeks, Ezekiel's bright little eyes gleamed with amusement.

"Quiet? That is so. It is the way of every specie of devil in this country. You would get inside the gate, would ye, to improve your acquaintance with him? I desay you would. Nay, nay, do not hold back. I would not spoil the chance of a man findin' a short road to heaven for a gold dollar, as long as he tells 'em that he hoisted himself. See here; a grizzly—do ye know what a grizzly is?—well, a grizzly with his head singed is a safer critter to interview by about a mile and a half than an unbroke broncho at loose ends in a corral."

I coughed and subsided. No doubt Ezekiel was chaffing me. Was there not a grin upon the face of every man on the stable roof? Still, I did not go into the corral, and refrained from venturing another opinion upon the qualities of the horse. After a pause Ezekiel said, mournfully: "I hed counted upon putting this job through myself; but the boss blocked me. He said we'd worked together too many years for me to take chances. Mebbe he's right. But it is tough to see another man step in—ain't it?"

I murmured a polite assent, and then racked my brain to discover his meaning, for I had been told by Jensen that no better rough-rider lived than Ezekiel Yates. At last, in desperation, I hazarded a question. A smile of ineffable contempt came into the face of the little man, and he swore softly to himself. Finally he answered: "What dew they teach folk where you come from? I'll try again. This broncho will be broke to-day, or killed. Two boys have tried; one was laid out in ten minutes, with his chest like a apple-pudding 'cos the pony danced on him. The other stuck to it longer, but were chucked at last, and his skull flattened again the piling there like a bit of soft lead. Now ye see the chances. It's a job for an old hand, and even a man who knows may be tripped by such a demon. So the boss sent for Joe Starling, to make it sure, slapped down double stakes, fifty dollars, and there the matter lays."

I began to feel a little excited. Ezekiel was in earnest, and his words were suggestive. And now, to set all doubt at rest, a horseman, whom I recognized as the person in question, trotted in from the west, and in a very short time appeared with Colonel Jensen, stripped to shirt and trousers, and ready for the fray.

I had heard of Joe Starling. He was one of the wildest characters in the settlement; a dare-devil, reckless customer, the hero and god of lawless men, and the dread—except when wanted—of all settlers fond of peace and property. We left our places, and I was introduced to the famous Joe, whom I found to be a slender, long-limbed personage, with sandy beard and keen eyes, a modest, unassuming manner, and very sparing of speech. I noticed that Johnson, the burliest and most jovial of men, treated Joe with a deference which struck me as odd until I learnt from actual observation what kind of business this man had agreed to undertake.

The broncho colt was interested by the proximity of a powerful roan mare held by Joe, and now came close up to the gate and sniffed at us. Joe observed the animal attentively.

"How many hev tried him, Kunnel?"

"Two—smashed!"

"Likely. It is in his eye. Shall we make a start?"

He mounted his mare as he spoke, and uncoiled a raw-hide lariat. Then he looked critically round upon us all.

"I want three—Seth Sincup, Bill Corse and Ezekiel. Put 'em down, boys."

The bars of the corral gate were drawn back, and Joe paced in. I had returned to the wagon by this time, with Colonel Jensen, and we had a capital view of the interior of the corral.

Joe held his lasso in both hands, his bridle hanging loosely on the mare's neck. She was perfectly trained, and required neither guidance nor restraint. Slowly she approached the colt, he retreating to the furthest corner of the corral, showing that he well knew the significance of this thin brown rope, and what it could do. The mare drew nearer, step by step, and I fancied that I could see a mocking smile upon her face. Nearer and nearer, until, with a snort and a shake of the head, the broncho sprang forward. Joe rose in his stirrups at the same moment, and swept the noose once round his head. A quick turn of the mare, a cloud of dust and a heavy fall, and then the colt was on the ground, half-choked and helpless. Down went the bars again, and the three chosen men rushed in. Two at once sat down in a firm unconcerned manner upon the head of the fallen one, while Joe and Ezekiel Yates proceeded to strap upon his back a saddle and bridle, brought in by the latter. This operation was a delicate one, for the prostrate colt struggled and lashed out desperately. But the men seemed utterly indifferent to the prospect of being kicked into eternity, and accomplished their work in a very few minutes. Joe tightened his belt.

"Git boys!"

Away they went, scurrying across the corral and through the gate like rabbits to a hole, the mare having trotted out before this of her own accord.

I watched Joe breathlessly. The broncho, free now of lasso and men, lay still a moment, then raised his head and sneezed. Two seconds passed; he did not move, but sneezed again. Was he hurt? Not he. Now, with a sound like the scream of a maniac, he leaped to his feet in one bound and spun around open-mouthed to find the man, and seize him in teeth. But Joe was not to caught, and when the dust raised by the colt's quick movement had subsided, we saw him firmly planted in the saddle as if he meant to stay.

Ezekiel rejoined me now, and laid a hand upon my shoulder.

"Yer have 'em before ye, lad. Two devils. Which is the stickiest? Ah, ah! bet on the man this time."

I cannot give a just idea in pen and ink of the excitement of the scene.

The little horse, with a wild eye and a big head, was now a fiend incarnate. He was not trying to rid himself of his rider, so much as to destroy him. His eyes glowed like live coals, and at intervals he repeated his shrill scream of rage—a challenge to the man. His first movement, when he felt the pressure of Joe's limbs, was to rear erect, and attempt to throw himself backward. A blow between the ears with the butt end of a quirt (Mexican riding whip) brought him quickly down again. Then he arched his back like an angry cat, gathered his feet under him and "let fly"—as I never saw a horse buck before or since. The strain upon the girths of the saddle was tremendous, but they were new and bore it well, while the rider, resting lightly in his stirrups, held his balance with beautiful skill and coolness, and throughout every twist and turn of the broncho kept a firm grip upon the bridle, which he wound round the horn of the saddle as sailors secure a rope to a belaying-pin. The bucking continued without respite for several minutes, and ended by the horse rearing a second time, and falling heavily backward.

"Trick number one," muttered Ezekiel, in a grim whisper, while I shuddered and cried out, expecting to see Joe crushed by the fall. He had slipped aside in time, however, and was on his feet in a moment. The colt was unhurt also, and, rolling over the ground, set Joe dancing this way and that, to escape his heels. Another moment passed, and then the broncho was upon his

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feet again, and for the second time the man just saved his life by extreme agility. More kicking now ensued, and clouds of dust rose up which made it very difficult to see exactly what was happening. All at once I heard Ezekiel give an exclamation and swear a deep and vigorous oath; and presently I saw that one of the girths, the thinner of the two, had split across. The dangling ends at the broncho's sides seemed to infuriate him, and his leaps and kicks sensibly increased. Now came a sharp click on either side of me and Colonel Jensen spoke.

"Draw, boys, and cover him. We must not lose another life. Fire when I give the word, every one."

There was a quick movement on the stable-roof, and ten revolvers flashed out of their sheaths, and ten fingers were pressed upon the trigger, waiting for the word.

It was a death-struggle now. If there were a flaw in the remaining girth, if strap or buckle failed, the saddle would go, and Joe be at the broncho's mercy, unless these pistols did their work in time. But the girth held gallantly, and at last the broncho began to tire and we began to breathe again. I could see Joe clearly now. The signs of battle had begun to appear. He was one mass of dirt from top to toe. His right arm had received a deep gash, either from the colt's teeth or heels, and was smeared with blood from elbow to wrist. His face was pale and worn, his head bent wearily, as if he were in pain; but his eyes were clear and vigilant, and he sat the enemy as firmly as ever. I began to hope that the worst part of the struggle was over, for Joe had gained a tighter hold upon the bridle and the broncho's head was well drawn in, as if yielding to control. He paced backward, slowly, until he touched one side of the corral, and there he stood a moment, panting—as if exhausted.

This was magnificent, and I was just about to say so to Ezekiel Yates, when the wretched creature threw up his head with one of his horrid screams, drew himself together, and bounded forward a tearing gallop. The walls of the corral were six feet high, made of strong cedar posts planted side by side in a deep trench, stout saplings lashed across them with tough raw-hide. Was the colt going to leap the corral in a fit of despair, or would he dash himself bodily against it? On he went, his speed increasing at every bound, until he reached a point from whence with another leap he would have impaled himself upon the top of the corral. Here he stopped dead in his tracks, his feet thrown out in front of him stiffly, plowing up the earth, and his nose almost touching the ground.

"Another trick," growled Ezekiel. "It was that way he sent Bob scootin', to dash his brains agin that hard log wall."

Joe Starling never moved. He had lost all hold of the pony's head, but he clung to him with long, powerful limbs, and held on like a barnacle.

At this piece of horsemanship we all vociferously cheered. The sound seemed to raise the horse afresh. His head sank lower, and he lifted his heels with a sudden extraordinary jerk, which very near unseated Joe. But for the horn of his saddle he must have gone. This saved him, and he slipped back securely into his seat. Now a new phase in the struggle began. All this time Joe had played a passive part, allowing the broncho to take him where he would, and how he would, feeling at the bridle now and then, but without making any determined attempt to check his mad frolics. At this point, however, he suddenly seemed to wake into life and action. He drew in the bridle with a powerful wrench, twisted the broncho's head from the wall of the corral, and then, for the first time, drove in his spurs with a will. The answer was a violent fit of bucking, and I expected every moment to see the second girth split. It held, however, and the bucking presently subsided. But there was to be no rest now. In went the spurs again, and away went broncho, capering, twisting, spinning round this way and that; leaping, kicking, rearing, as actively as ever. The same process was repeated several

times, and after each bout Joe's head bent lower over his saddle-bow, and a look of weariness and pallor crept into his face, very painful to see. But he never faltered, and at length the time came when the touch of the spur drove the colt round the corral instead of into the air, and we began to feel that an end would come some time. Once even Joe stooped to stroke the foam-flecked neck of the pony caressingly; and, as he did so, the animal stood still, his ears pricked forward, his eyes free from vicious devilment. Soon after this, when the colt had been guided right round the corral without bucking once, Joe turned to look at us, and spoke for the first time. His voice was so weak and faint that it made me start.

"He'll do. Drop the bars."

There was a rush and scramble of cowboys to the gate, and a clear way was made. The last critical moment was now at hand. Joe guided the broncho gently toward the gate. At first the animal swerved from it perversely, but once through a new life seemed to rush into his limbs, and he began to prance and chafe at the bit. Once again Joe drew himself together, a spasm of pain passing over his face, as he straightened his back; then he loosened the bridle and lightly flicked the broncho on the flank. The pony shook himself and bounded forward; he did not try to lower his head and buck. Another touch of the quirt and a word of encouragement. He reared, gave one last caper, and then he swept into a long stretching gallop. The cowboys gave a loud cheer. Joe waved his hand as he sped away, and in a few minutes horse and rider had disappeared behind a roll of prairie.

Colonel Jensen heaved a huge sigh of relief.

"Off now for twenty miles, and the job well done. By thunder! that cuss is sandy to the backbone! What say to it, friend?" turning to me. "Two hours ago I'd ha' took ten dollars for that pony, and given boot. Now he's worth a hundred. Come in, the whole crowd of ye, we'll have drinks round for this!"

We spent a merry time for a couple of hours, and then sallied out in a body to meet the hero on his return. We had not far to go. Joe had run the broncho until his pace was spent, and was now retracing his steps at a walk. He said he was not hurt, but when questioned owned that every joint and muscle of his back and limbs seemed to have been twisted out of shape. Ezekiel described the sensation to me afterward:

"It is," he said, "as if all yer nerves had been laid out one by one upon a wire and grilled. A queer feelin'!"

As for the broncho, when Joe had ridden to the ranch, and had been lifted off and carried into bed, for he could not walk, I was ordered to mount—being the worst horseman present—and ride to the stable. This I did with fearful inward qualms, and no cab-horse could have been quieter than our demon of the afternoon.

It must not be supposed, however, that with this the breaking was completed. The broncho was ridden daily for many weeks by an experienced rough-rider, and more than once the old spirit of devilment flashed out and endangered his rider's life. But Joe Starling earned his fifty dollars well. Before six months had gone that broncho was the best saddle-pony in Jack Jensen's stable.

The whole creation groans in anguish sore;

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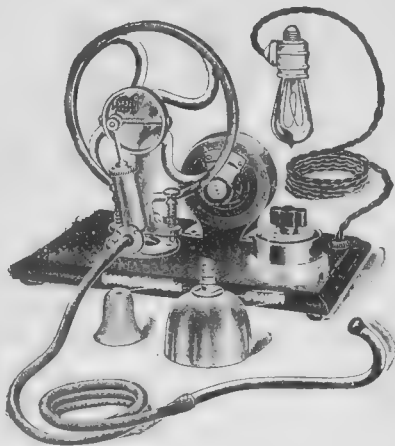
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The Story of a Sealskin Sacque.

An Account of Its Origin and Manufacture.

What woman is there in the land whose eyes do not brighten at the sight of a sealskin coat? The extra brilliance in her gaze may be a mixture of envy and admiration, but there is an evident appreciation of the silky beauty of such a mantle. Lucky the woman on whom Santa Claus has bestowed such a lavish gift!

The French, who have so many wise sayings, have declared that "il faut souffrir pour être belle"—one must suffer in order to be beautiful. We women all realize that eternal vigilance is the price one must pay for even passable looks. Skin foods, regular exercise, massage and constant care are needed to keep that impertinent Old Time at a respectful distance. However, it seems exacting when one reflects that even what we call the lower creation must surrender life, in order that woman may be softly and richly clad. One does not like to reflect when eating spring lamb and mint sauce that a gay little animal gave up its frisky existence in order to contribute the delectable roast—but such is the relentless fact.

The story of the kid glove or the sealskin sacque takes one far away from the shop, in which one bends over a box of the very latest Paris styles in gloves or admire the rich gloss of the furs which have come all the way from Behring Straits or Russian forests, in order to clothe fashionable femininity.

There are seals—and seals. There is the Hudson, for instance, which really looks almost like the true and only Alaska and of which you can buy a handsome, "inexpensive" coat for two hundred and fifty dollars. The Alaska, however, is the ideal unto which every woman who aspires to a sealskin sacque hopes to attain. And such times as the Governments of the world have had over this very matter of the seal fisheries! Uncle Sam watches John Bull and also his friend, the Czar, that there shall be no encroachments on what he considers "American" fishing territory, away off beyond the most Northern possession of the United States. In fact, there is not a nation of Northern Europe or America which does not take an interest in those meek brown animals of the Behring Sea, which are the prize of the sealing vessels.

The Alaska seals live in the northern part of the Behring Sea. During the month of June they come down to the Pribiloff Islands for breeding purpose, and it is at this time that they are taken for their skins. The animals come ashore where the young seals are born. The young males are herded together by the older bull seals, and they are the ones killed for their skins, being known as the "Bachelor seals." They are driven off to one side, and are easily killed by being struck on the head with a club. The Northwest Coast seals that live in the Northern Pacific Ocean, are killed in the open sea, and, after killing, only about one out of three can be taken. When this is recovered, the other two sink in the water and are lost.

In former years, the Indian used to go after these seals in a canoe and they were killed by a spear; so that not many were killed each year. In recent times, the white man has sent out steamers equipped with steam launches. The men on these expeditions made a business of hunting seals, which they killed with rifles. The slaughter and loss of life was so great that the United States Government prohibited these skins from entering the country. The Copper Island seals are taken from the Kommandorski Islands, under the supervision of the Russian Government, in much the same manner as is done on the Pribiloff Islands.

After the pelts are taken, they are salted and packed in barrels and taken to the London markets. London, the centre of so much of the world's commerce, is also the greatest seal market in the world. There are certain firms which hold the secret of dyeing

the skins and this process is used more than once before the skins are ready for open sale. The rich velvety brown, which is so much admired by all those who are interested in fur, is an acquired, not a natural tint. The lots which are sold in auction vary in quantity, from sixty to one hundred skins. These auctions are eagerly attended by the great buyers and thence despatched to various firms for distribution. All nationalities are represented at these sales, and only one city in Russia can compare with London as a market for these much-prized skins.

The making of a sealskin sacque is by no means a commonplace manufacture. A cloth coat or fur-lined sacque is a small undertaking, in comparison with the making of this garment, which, when complete, is fit for any queen. The Eskimo away in the Arctic regions, needs to give little thought to such details as blocking and fitting. His is indeed, the simple life, though he is filled with seal and covered with seal. But the modern sealskin sacque of fashionable life is a complex and much-prepared garment. In any large fur establishment, the skins, ready to be chosen, are hung by the tail in close rows, representing thousands of dollars in value. We gasp with admiration at a tray of diamonds rings, sparkling and flashing, while to the practical soul comes a realization of their value in dollars and cents. The vaults of the furrier are even more impressive in value, if less brilliant in appearance. There hang the skins which once belonged to those brown prizes of the far Arctic, ready to be made into clothing, which will satisfy the pride of the modern "miladi."

The first process in the making is what is known as "matching." It is all very well to say that these are all sealskins and therefore all alike. Only the mere outsider, blind to differences of sheen and depth of coloring would be guilty of such a remark.

"Our chief man is one of the best in that department," the manager informs you.

"Does it take long to be able to do such work?"

"It all depends on the man," is the answer, the same which is made so often in the business world. "Some men would never learn how to match skins. It isn't in them. There must be the natural gift for observing such things. Quickness and keenness count for a great deal. Then a man must like the business."

There you have the philosophy, again, of all good workmanship—also an explanation of why there are so many unemployed. The man who has furs at heart and is willing to devote his best energies to "matching" is sure of obtaining all the work to which his skill is equal. The matching is an all-important step, as a mistake here would mean an imperfect garment, no matter how carefully the further steps might be taken.

The next feature in the making is what is known as blocking for repairs. The skins have certain flaws which only careful cutting, stretching and stitching can make into a surface fit for wearing. Consequently the blocking is needed to show just where the weak spots lie. The blocked skins remind one of the old-time fashion of "doing up" the curtains at home, when they were stretched and pinned until they reached a condition of snowy and starched perfection. So the blocked skins are made to reveal any discrepancies until their condition is thoroughly understood and provision made for amends.

The process of "glazing" is then resorted to, and the unsophisticated observer, who has never possessed a sealskin sacque, but who has always believed that rain and snow are not healthy for the valued Alaska possession, is surprised to find that dampening the fur is a necessary procedure if the correct gloss is to be attained. The water is lightly and evenly applied and

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then the skins are ready for the process of repairing.

A girl who had been examining the skin of her Alaska seal coat, as it showed beneath a slightly torn lining once remarked: "Why, that skin looks as if it were made of little pieces." Its mended in ever so many places." She was not aware that such is the normal and natural appearance of every sealskin coat and that the more "mending" is done, the better the garment will appear. The thread used is fine but strong and the stitching (of the double order) is done on special machines, worked by skilled operators. This part of the manufacture is, of course, carefully watched and inspected.

After the "repairing" has been completed, the skins are once more blocked, this time to the "pattern" or design of the special sacque or coat. The pins used in blocking are of extra strength and size, and the skins are now in charge of those who understand the more advanced stages of the making. Then the drying process takes place—a most important item on the programme. As one is initiated into this particular branch of fur manufacture, one realizes more fully the importance of "making haste slowly" in the finer work. Hurry or a "rush job" would be quite out of the question in such manufacture as this, and the careful drying must be attended to strictly.

The next operation is what is known as "squaring" the skins, or trimming them off to the pattern. Here there is little waste, and the heavy fabric which is being used makes the process one of the utmost precision. It is analogous to the dressmaker's "cutting out" and makes each piece of the design assume a form nearer to the outlines of a completed garment.

Then each piece of the "squared" pile must be tapped by the machines, and thereby assumes a still neater appearance, much like the final binding on a dress seam. The taped and squared sections are now ready to be "joined up" and this process gives the impression of the ultimate product of all these manifold operations. The garment is now subjected to pressing, which is followed by "softening," until the skins appear to become as flexible as a kid glove. Then they are pressed once more. Here one becomes aware that there is much virtue in pressing the furry garment, just as we have found by experience, in the case of the cloth coat suit. The difference between the poorly-pressed and thoroughly-pressed material can be appreciated only by comparison, and the appliance of both strength and skill is necessary to attain the desired result. The final pressing gives a smoothness and finish which are a reward for all extra labor and care.

The coat is now ready for "whipping out." This looks like rather harsh treatment for such rich material, but it is lightly and dexterously done with slender canes which beat out any short, loose hairs which would have proved a disfigurement to the garment. This process is one of decided importance, and requires considerable practice before the desired effect is obtained. The coat is then made ready for finishing and lining.

About ten or twelve years ago, the matter of linings was taken up by the French furriers and discussed very thoroughly, with the result that rich linings became the fashion and have remained in style ever since. All the better cloth costumes are now lined with silk or satin, while, years ago, a sateen or farmer's satin was considered quite good enough for any costume. However, in these days, the lining is all-important and the woman who removes her coat in restaurant or hall is not anxious to conceal the gleam of grey satin or fawn silk which the lining displays.

For fur coats, the lining is naturally of the best, and here we have a range as varied as individual tastes. The brocade linings are rich and costly, those in rose and pale yellow being extremely effective. Brocade were, at one time, esteemed the only correct lining for the sealskin sacque, but there is now a greater choice offered and suggested. The soft silks are very popular, the

latest importation in these being one with shirred effect, although no thread is used in the shirring. These are sent in all the fashionable shades, "prune" and "taupe" being among the favorites.

After the lining has been satisfactorily adjusted and the small finishing touches have been given, the coat is once more thoroughly whipped out and glazed, the final "brush bath" resulting in a glossy softness which gives the sealskin its characteristic charm. It is now ready to be sent to the happy wearer-to-be, who will take years and years of comfort and pride out of this precious possession.

The matter of buttons in which fashion indulges in her cheerful vagaries, which lend irritation and interest to the course of feminine existence: for many years, "frogs" were the only proper fastening, with loops of heavy silk or satin cord. These frogs were imposing bits of manufacture, some of them almost saucer-like in dimensions. They were variously-covered, sometimes with the velvet or plush, sometimes with the fur itself, although the latter made a cumbersome trimming. They were decorated with silk braid or embroidery, somewhat like the soutache of to-day.

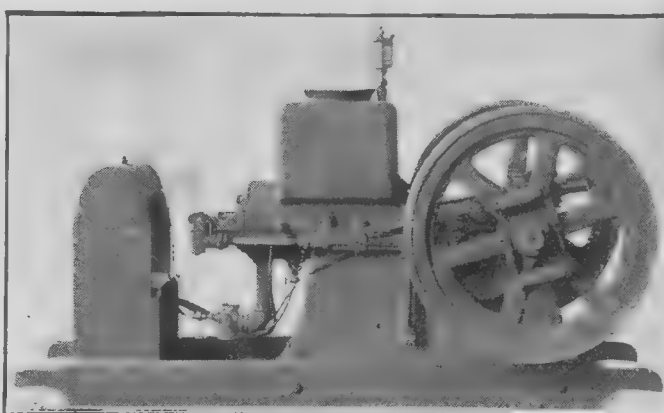
During the last two seasons, even the heavier furs, such as sealskin and Persian lamb, have been adorned with buttons of jet, steel or silver with jewelled designs which are wonderfully brilliant against the dark fur background. The fashion in jet, which has been so insistent this autumn and winter has shown itself on the fur coats as well as on the cloth costumes and hats, glittering in black pins or buckles. A sacque of Hudson seal, for instance, is adorned with buttons, which are an elaborate trimming in themselves—jet with centres of rhinestone and stones of sapphire coloring. Jade has also been a favorite with chrysoprase as a close second. Coral, especially the pale pink variety, has been decidedly popular and makes a charming contrast to a setting of jet.

As a usual thing, a woman who is to be the fortunate possessor of a sealskin sacque is only too anxious to try it on, to do all the ordering, and watch the progress of its manufacture. Occasionally, however, the coat is ordered by a customer living some distance from the great centres and, in that case, a canvass shell is made, according to measurements, and is sent to the customer for fitting or alteration. While all the large fur establishments carry a stock of ready-made coats or saques, the most satisfactory mode of purchase is by the individual order. As the wealth of the country increases, woman becomes more desirous of made-to-order garments and more exacting as to style and cut being slightly different from those in the show room.

Canadians have been exceedingly sensitive on the subject of furs. The reason for this is quite evident and explicable. This country was advertised for so many years as a land of snow and winter sports, that Canadians came to resent any reference to toboggans or mink as an insinuation that summer is an unknown season north of the forty-ninth parallel. The Princess Louise, when she was "châtelaine" at Rideau Hall, had but one photograph taken and in this Her Royal Highness was wrapped in furs and her head enveloped in an old-fashioned "cloud." This photograph was highly unpopular with the Canadian public, who considered it a poor tribute to the climate. A few years ago, the Countess of Minto was photographed in a complete costume of furs and again the wrath of the Canadian arose over this "typically Canadian" appearance of the vice-regal lady.

However, it is time for us to recover from that sensitiveness about our fur resources and wealth. We should be proud of the fact that the tourists from the United States, who came to this country during the summer, are intent upon purchasing Canadian furs, whether they are spending the vacation in Montreal, old Quebec or Toronto. There is no country, save Russia, which can make a more lordly display of furs than this young Dominion, and there is no reason why we should be ashamed of our ability to go about in sealskin or

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mink, to say nothing of the humble beaver. We may well protest when the foreigner represents us as wearing furs in July, but we do not need to deny the lavish use we make of such garments during the months of winter. From the first of December to the end of March, furs are a feature of the fashionable costume and lend a seasonable richness and elegance to the Canadian woman's appearance.

There are various furs used in combination with the sealskin. For many seasons, mink was the favorite, many seal coats being made with collar and cuffs of mink. Then sable was called into service, but this was hardly a happy choice and was not long in popular favor. For the last two years, ermine has been extensively used in lapels or cuffs, with a muff of the same snowy fur. It affords a startling contrast to the sealskin which looks all the richer for its white adornment. Many lovers of the sealskin prefer to wear no other fur with the Alaska product, considering that it is best, displayed in its own dark sumptuousness.

Whatever may be the outcome of the strife about the Behring fisheries, it is unlikely that we shall ever be without this beautiful product of the far northern waters. If we could behold the scenes on the shore of the Alaskan Islands, we might be disposed to wonder why all the slaughter is needed, just as we might shrink from roast beef or lamb chops if we witnessed the killing of the animals whose flesh furnishes the nourishing entree. But when we meet a bright Canadian girl, on a crisp afternoon in January with her face glowing above the dusky richness of a sealskin collar, we appreciate the picture and merely admire the girl and the garment, admitting that "beauty should go beautifully bound."

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Doctor Gladys.



PASSENGERS on the swiftly galloping trains, rushing and jerking their way along the "elevated road," sometimes noticed among the rows of grimy windows on the red dirt-stained walls, one that was screened with flowers. The rickety balcony, used elsewhere as a receptacle for all sorts of household supplies, and often cradling a helpless baby or two, was here a small garden, full of plants and vines that seemed to thrive in spite of dust and smoke.

Occasionally some one, not too intent on business or pleasure to be observing, saw a girlish face framed by the green leaves; so charming a one that they wondered about it—how it came to be in such a wretched spot, among those that contrasted as strangely with it as the attractive window did with its dusty companions.

Gerald Grant's failure had been very much talked about, and noted in all the papers the year before, but it was too commonplace an affair to be remembered. A luxurious home had been sold to satisfy creditors, and its unfortunate owner had taken his invalid wife and pretty little schoolgirl daughter and disappeared from the business and social world in which he had lived as a man of wealth and influence. Of his progress in the world peopled by the poor and proud none of his old friends thought of trying to know. It the series of misfortunes that harassed him there had been told them they would have suggested a great many ways by which troubles could have been avoided at the beginning, and congratulated themselves upon their superior financial ability. Had they heard of his sudden death they might perhaps have wondered what the mother and daughter would do, but the most needy and deserving are invariably the quiet sufferers; so in the little room behind the flowers perplexities increased entirely unnoticed by outsiders.

Mrs. Grant, worn with fearful and anxious thoughts, started nervously whenever a train came crashing by, and pressed both hands to her head as if the sounds felt like blows.

"I wouldn't try the stores, daughter," she was saying, with tender earnestness. "I'm so afraid for you every minute that you are gone. You could never endure the work, and I had rather starve than to have you wear your life out where trials, harder to bear than any you have known yet, would be sure to come."

"Stay among your flowers, my poor frail little blossom. I will write somewhere for help. Don't look again to-day for work. What is there you can do?"

"This may be the very day I shall find something, and you must try not to worry, mother dear; it only multiplies troubles, and it must be I shall find something soon."

Gladys spoke bravely, but there was a frightened look in her eyes as she peeped inside the shabby purse in her hand. She alone knew how few coins remained of the father's last earnings. In the two months since his death she had tried each day to find work, feeling desolate and forsaken, but determined to succeed; always cheerful and full of hope.

Now the despairing tears in her mother's eyes were answered in her own, and she struggled with the sobbing breath that threatened to tell her discouragement.

There was really nothing that she knew how to do, except to take care of her mother and the flowers; there had been no opportunity to continue her music, and for similar reasons she was not fitted to become a teacher of anything.

The thought of a position in some of the great department stores was distasteful, and such work was hard to find.

The sun was beating fiercely down

when she started out, faint and undeniably hungry. Want had been clamoring for entrance to the tiny room for weeks. How could a girl who had been so lovingly protected from contact with the world's heartless rude and insolent ways fight so threatening a spectre alone?

It was a long day, a hard one for even the strongest, especially hard for a little girl travelling without any luncheon.

Temperers were much in evidence, and men and women were too intent on their own discomfort to notice any distress. The sun glared down with cruel warmth, and Gladys felt so faint at last that another step seemed a physical impossibility.

"I must never give up," she told herself, over and over again; but each curt refusal seemed to add to the throbbing pain in her head and the sickening weight at her heart.

In store after store she mechanically asked the same useless question; and in one rather more pretentious than the others, and less crowded, stopped for a moment's rest. It seemed foolish to ask further; experienced saleswomen were the only ones wanted; they often failed. A bitterness of spirit unknown before came to make the tired little sufferer more miserable. The world began to seem too hard and cruel to be endured, and living only an unpleasant task. If Death should come again to their home, she mused dreamily, he would find two people ready and glad to go.

Lost in despairing dreams she sat, but half conscious of the noisy throng about her. The discord of voices and the clatter of hurrying feet sounded far away. Ladies pressed about, and some looked sharply at her, impatient for the chair she held for no apparent purpose. The two who were close beside her, however, were chatting busily as they waited, and did not even glance her way.

But a great fragrant cluster of roses which one of them carried caught Gladys' tired eyes, and presently she noticed the face, which beneath the soft gray hair, looked so bright and kind.

"I'm afraid they'll be entirely spoiled before you get home," one was saying.

"Oh I expect so, but I never can resist flowers; I seldom go home without a new plant or some blossoms for my room," laughed the other. "They are my greatest delight and worry, too, for they don't thrive very well under my care."

"Flowers make a home very attractive," the younger woman continued, and I like to have a host of them; but they take so much time. Mine are dying because I have left them to the care of servants. If I could get them intelligently taken care of, it would be a relief. I would gladly pay a trusty person to do it. Here is your parcel. Shall we go?"

They moved away and were slowly passing out of sight.

A faint hope kindled in Gladys' heart; it kindled suddenly into a resolve. She rushed after them.

The ladies were entering a carriage. A sudden jerk caused the elder woman to draw back suddenly with one foot on the step and the roses, as if they wanted to help their trembling little friend, who was watching so wistfully,

fluttered in a scattered heap on the pavement.

"Madam," Gladys found courage to say, as she put them once more into their owner's hands. "I beg your pardon for hearing; and I didn't mean to, but I know a good deal about flowers, and you spoke of yours needing care. Could I try?"

The impatient horses were fretting at the delay, and Mrs. Henry did not seem to fully comprehend the novel request.

"What is it you say, my dear?" she asked, looking in surprise at the pretty, flushed face. "Thank you very much for helping me." She was turning away, but something in the appealing brown eyes made her wait long enough to say hurriedly: "Is it my flowers at home you mean? Come and see them if you wish."

She put her dainty card in Gladys' hand and drove away, wondering who the gentle, ladylike girl might be, and wondering, too, at her own impulsive-ness.

There was no supper in the little room that night, and the faint hope that had cheered the afternoon seemed to fade into an improbable vision.

Sensitive Gladys was filled with a nervous dread of to-morrow. Would the kind-faced stranger find any work for her. Would she have to ask for food because they were starving, and would she be strong enough to walk and find the house? What would happen if she failed?

The puzzling questions haunted her troubled dreams.

Mrs. Morton's careless maid Anna stood in the morning sunshine, wringing her hands and helplessly exclaiming "Kitty! Kitty!" while the big gray tiger marched calmly through the gate with a poor little ball of yellow in his mouth. But just then two little hands grabbed him firmly by the throat, and some one said "Drop it!" so sternly that he fled in dismay; and Gladys took the wounded songster up gently, forgetting everything but his suffering. "I'll take him in," she told the grateful Anna and soon a pitying group were watching her deftly bandage the bruised leg and wing.

"You are a very skilful bird nurse," Robin's mistress said, and some way—Gladys had no idea how pathetically—she told her how a knowledge of birds and flowers, and ability to make them thrive, seemed to be the only talent or accomplishment that she possessed; of her long search for something to do, and her half-formed plan to try and find some neglected flower-garden, or window, a few birds perhaps, which she would be allowed to care for.

Mrs. Morton was grateful for her pet's life, and quite impressed with the idea of having him properly cared for in the future. The charm of Gladys' face and manner helped her enthusiasm. She proposed very graciously that her wounded bird should be the first patient, and promised also to tell her friends of the arrangement.

In Mrs. Henry's cool parlor Gladys explained again her plan; but the strain had been too great, and before the interested woman could either agree or refuse, the poor little would-be flower-physician sank fainting at her feet.

Mrs. Henry's sympathy once awakened took a practical form. Some hours later Gladys was walking homeward with happy tears in her eyes; refreshed by a bountiful luncheon rested, but most of all cheered by the flowers that had been placed in her care.

This was the beginning; and it was

wonderful to see how fast Gladys' list of floral and ornithological patients increased; how many people were glad to give the care of their flowers or birds to one who loved and understood them.

The mornings were soon fully occupied and hundreds of neglected invalid plants grew into health and beauty under the magic of systematic care.

To study the needs of each one and watch them bud and blossom under her touch was a delight to the ardent little flower-lover and the joy of supplying the mother's needs caused roses to come again to her pale cheeks, and the old smile to make its home once more in her eyes.

The noisy trains thunder past a row of dingy windows that are all alike now. The flower-garden blooms in purer air.

"Your ability as a caretaker and lover of flowers is worth more to you than many accomplishments, Gladys," Mrs. Grant said proudly one day. "How strange it all seems. I am the most glad and thankful mother in the city." "And I the most contented physician," laughed Gladys.

The Saskatchewan Prairie.

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Gordon Graemer.

The prairie, ah, the prairie
Reaches far beyond my sight;
Rolling, wide and airy,
Bright with God's free light.

How vast are its great spaces!
While I behold them now;
I wonder shall its graces
E'er yield them to the plow.

They shall, for e'en already,
The settler's "shack" is seen;
A gray roof shining steady
Above the waving green.

And here and there a meadow
Is reclaimed from the sod,
By men who in sun and shadow
Sow seed, and trust that God

Will give again in the harvest,
Increased by a hundred fold;
The grain they have laid to rest
Within the prairie mould.

And always on these prairies
The reaping is great indeed;
For the grain, as if sped by fairies,
Exceedeth the reaper's need.

And the toiler garners in
The fruits of his work in the fall,
And, remembering his need and his sin
Giveth thanks to the Giver of all.

Now be it known to all the earth,
To all who wish a home,
There's never a land for men of worth
Like good Saskatchewan loam.



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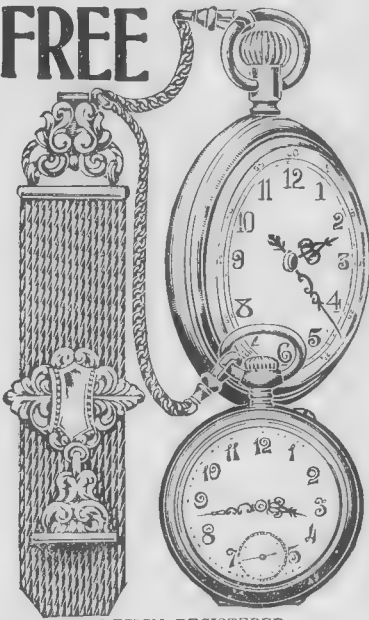
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Bess's Column.

Home Making and Management— Hints to Those About to Marry.

The advent of another spring will see hosts of young couples launched on the sea of matrimony. How will they fare, how make out, depends pretty largely on the kind of start they make. Will they be content to begin humbly, as their parents did, in a small way, with love as the star to brighten their daily lot—for love, we are told

"Finds content in the lowliest cot.

And finds something sweet in the loneliest spot:

And lightens all labor and care."

Or will they be ambitious, and start right away where the "old man" left off; starting, perhaps, on borrowed capital, decking out in borrowed plumes, and using every penny, and more, of the income as they go along—taking no thought for the morrow, much less for the "rainy day," which comes sooner or later into every home. The "canny" starter will, all chances being even, finish at the top, while the last described has not very far to go before his downfall is "un fait accompli."

Buying the Furniture.

Now, young people, who have made up your minds to "start easy," take heed how you choose your house. Be content with your "lowly thatched cottage," that is, with a humble home, for less is every where expected of you, consequently a

have little muslin or silk curtains. Run these on a tape or rod, a minute will take them off or put them on, and they secure privacy while they do not exclude the light.

Rooms that are mis-used.

The cellar "being out of sight," "out of mind" is often mis-used. It ought to be periodically washed out, and a free current of air allowed to go through it. A damp mustiness in a cellar is most unhealthy. If part of the cellar is used as a larder, it must be kept scrupulously clean, and the contents examined every now and then, so that nothing is left to rot or decay. A badly kept cellar is a great danger to health, besides being dirty and unthrifty. An ill kept sink in the larder or scullery is also a great source of danger to health. At least once a week it ought to be thoroughly scrubbed; it depends what material it is made of what is the best scourer, but taken generally "Bon Ami" or any other good scouring soap is good enough. Then the pipes thoroughly cleansed and flushed with hot soda or lye water. A worn out washer often produces an untidy sink and a few cents will replace the old by a new washer and restore tidiness.

Practise Contentment

and thrift, young Benedicts, if you would make good. A contented husband and wife will make good, while the discontented lags far behind. "Cut your coat according to your cloth" is another good



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1911

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Find enclosed \$1.00 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and the Western Home Monthly, to the following address for one year.

little money goes a long way further. In a small house, less and not so expensive furniture will do, less firing, less taxes, less upkeep, less visitors, consequently your little anti-nuptial "nest egg" (let's hope you both have got one, no matter how small!)—does not entirely disappear. A smaller house is less care for the young wife, less expense for the young husband, and surely the chances of happiness are equally great, if not greater, than that of those in their larger house with its unpaid furniture and piles of unpaid bills, where the frown of anxious care sits squarely on the brows of the young husband, and takes the bloom from the cheek of the bride.

Choose Your Little House Carefully,

take heed to its accommodations, and have these put to your liking before you rent or buy, as the case may be. Perhaps there is not enough accommodation in the way of cupboards and shelves, and these are very important in any house, but more particularly in a small one. These may be in the wrong rooms, so have these removed before papering and painting are done, so that you can start with a "clean sheet." Do not overcrowd with furniture; better a little and good, and better good second-hand, than trashy flashy cheap stuff, got up to take the eye. It is really better, speaking from a hygienic point of view, to under rather than over furnish, and in no case must the window be blocked, as one has often the temptation to do, particularly in a small bedroom. Free access to the window must always be had, so that fresh air may be freely admitted at all times. In the same way it is a great mistake to shroud up windows with heavy curtains, light ones look brighter and cosier. Where the windows overlook the street, it is a good plan to

old Scotch saying, which means only go so far as you can with safety as regards your means, and you can be thus content.

Young husband, she has given up her little world for you, do you practice self denial a little for her? Young wife, he has chosen you out of all his world to share his cosy little nest, show him you appreciate his choice of you by being a true help meet, a loving sharer of his sorrows as his joys; show him you are content, that he should say:

I've built a cosy little world,
'Tis true that world is small;
Yet I have made it large enough
To hold my all in all.

I've built a cosy little world,
Just large enough for two;
And there's a corner in that world,
A corner, dear, for you.

I've built a cosy little world,
With you that world I'll share;
If you'll consent to take the place
I've furnished for you there.

Backing the Elder Sister.

In every book, magazine and paper one takes up, one may read something more or less about the sweetness and beauty of young womanhood, the charm of innocence, the coyness and cuteless of "sweet seventeen;" but how often do we see the serenity and stability of the elder sister of "sweet seventeen" held up as a model? Not so often, you will agree, yet in a great many folk's ideas, she is the more charming. She is, maybe, nearer thirty than twenty, perhaps over thirty, yet most papers pass over the "elder sister" as if she were a nonentity,



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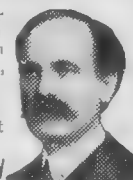
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Broader Views.

Now, personally, the elder sister is often to be preferred to the raw, undeveloped specimen of humanity which "sweet seventeen" pretty often represents. Hers are the broader views of life, the maturer judgment, the more tolerant attitude towards men and things. Pretty Miss Seventeen is often pretty scathing in her ignorance; and, also in her ignorance, does not know enough to be tolerant. She has not suffered, as mayhap her elder sister has, when she had to turn her back on some good honest fellow, where she willingly would have given her heart and hand, had it not been for the bairns she had promised the dear dead so faithfully never to desert.

Keeps Things Going.

There is an old Scotch proverb, "We never miss the water till the well runs dry," and so it is with elder sisters. In thousands of homes she keeps things going, giving love and willing service everywhere. Then when some fellow sees her virtues, and she can conscientiously leave home, then, and often not till then, we see her capability her unselfishness, her goodness. We miss her then when she goes, but when she was with us, we too often imposed on her, taking everything for granted and as a matter of course.

Self Denying.

The sons of the family must go to a



Victoria Harbor, B.C.

good school and be well educated, and father, mother if alive, and she must deny themselves to this end. "Anything will do when one is at home," and so she chokes back her young girl's longing for pretty things and plods on for the family good. When the younger sisters come forward, perhaps family finances have improved a little bit, but at any rate, "one is enough at home;" they must be educated and move about a little bit "to learn bon-ton and see the world." They are not so indispensable as the elder sister to the household wheels, consequently they have a much better time, getting fewer duties and more enjoyments.

Manifold Duties.

A great many duties devolve on the elder sister. She must have forebearance and self control, for her

"The common round, the trivial task Must furnish all she needs to ask." She must give both time and labor to the good of her family. And is it given all in vain? Sometimes, it is, sad though it seems, but as a rule, the elder sister's care is amply repaid by the love and devotion of the dear home ones, so that she does not lose by her devotion to duty. If she does not wed (and perhaps in the case of being "mother" to a young orphaned brood, she has had to deny herself and out-stay her market!), she develops into the cheerful sympathetic maiden aunt, in whom the young niece will confide rather even than in mother. She takes a loving interest in the little love affairs, praises the good effort and condoles the failures. She is the pearl of

confidants, and you can rely on her secrecy, if you tell her anything indiscreet, you may be sure she will keep it to herself.

Her Training.

The training got by the average elder sister is pretty thorough in all its branches, it refines and purifies her if she is the right metal, as gold is tried and purified, and makes her good, capable, unselfish, industrious, a clever housewife, a woman worthy of true friendship and lasting respect, and, last, but not least, worthy a good man's love.

On Growing Old Gracefully.

Sooner or later there comes to us all a knowledge that for us the best is past, that we have stood for a moment on the summit of the Hill of Life, and are now, slowly but surely, descending the other side. To all of us it is a supreme shock, this knowledge that we are growing old, that for us the real unconscious carelessness of youth is gone, and before us the way is blocked by one finality—death sooner or later. To realize that we are heading for middle age is a bitter shock, incredibly bitter, and in all probability the knowledge has come on us of a sudden.

The careless, light-heartedness of youth goes for ever when that knowledge comes. Till that moment death has been a mere word, now it is a stern reality. Up till now, the terminus of every road in thought led to some sort of happiness.

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Take me again to your heart as of yore!"

Ah! could we but do it, turn back the hands of Time, and live our lives over again, how differently we would do it! And those dear dead faces that we see in our mental visions! How they loved us, slaved for us, denied themselves for us, to be perchance repaid by harsh words, or by but a chance, haphazard word of affection. Now, alas, we cannot speak or they hear the words that would have amply requited their tender care for "The tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me!"

But we have it in ourselves to make old age beautiful, lovelier than youth can ever be, for it is the beauty that character draws on the fact with indelible lines. Remember, the face of age is a supreme betrayer, in youth the face hides feelings and emotions, and the greatest liar or sensualist can pass as one bland and debonnaire. But age cannot lie, the wrinkled face is the face of a liar, a sensualist, or whatever the character of the man who wears it.

The Art of Growing Old

consists principally in the remembrance that every one action of our lives will in the end tell against us. A young man or woman cannot do much to mould their own looks, but old age is in every one's hands. There is not one of us, but has been impelled at one time or another to say on seeing an old face with the sweetness of true worth on it: "What a beautiful old face!"

The most beautiful old faces are oftener found among the working classes than among the rich, for their beauty has been moulded by the fact that they have had to "continuously endure" and deny themselves. Likewise they, even more than the rich, have obeyed the order:

"Whatsoever things are true, what-soever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think of these things." And pure thoughts, as well as pure actions, go to the moulding of a beautiful old face.

Beautiful Old Age is no Chance

inheritance, do not think it. It has nothing to do with mere physical beauty or perfection of form or feature. It is the outcome of a wish to do some good, to practice kindness, and this wish becomes in turn a habit, and habits are reflected in our faces. The wish to do good and to be good gives a sweetness to the face and expression that makes the latter years of existence beautiful beyond belief.

Accept Old Age

gracefully is another maxim. Nothing is more pitiful than to see the old aping the young, and wildly wishing to pass as one, hanging eagerly on the skirts of an obviously younger generation and thus only accentuating the age. This is age ridiculous, instead of age beautiful.

The old age that grows into beauty is the possession of he who practices that "Charity that thinketh no evil, and is not puffed up; that is kind, and akin to love."

It savors somewhat of sermonizing, but it is the truth, nevertheless, that the growing old gracefully problem is largely a spiritual one. The character and thoughts show in the face, and every peccadillo and backsliding writes itself on the face so unmistakably that he who runs may read. Bad temper, envy, malice and all uncharitableness so incite themselves with a heavy finger on the middle-aged face. So look to it, how you make your face. Let it have all sweetness, do! For old age can be

Marvellously Endearing,

and man will point with more pride to the parent whom old age and a fine life has beautified, than to the children of their own begetting. Think pure thoughts, do good deeds, dress suitable to your age. Keep young and sympathetic in your ideas, while ever practicing that charity that thinketh no evil, and you are going towards acquiring a beautiful old age.



Another of Winnipeg's fine Charitable Institutions—The Children's Home.

Winnipeg's Charitable Institutions.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME

The Children's Home of Winnipeg, the first and only institution of its kind in this rapidly growing city is a branch of the Christian Women's Union, and

was separated therefrom in 1887.

The number of children in the Home during that year was forty-six, to-day in 1912 the number is one hundred and nineteen. A year or so later the number grew to fifty-six and the provincial grant was \$250.00 and that from the

city \$500. In this year the school Board provided a teacher and fitted up a room for the use of those children old enough to be taught and the school opened with an attendance of thirty-two to-day in 1911 there are 69 in attendance.

The total receipts for that same year



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Awarded the highest prize—The Grand Prix—at Brussels Exhibition, 1910

amounted to \$4,403.19 and expenditure \$4,515.49. Apparently the first annual meeting of the Children's Home was held in the Home itself on River Ave. in 1889, but some years later a larger one was built on the same ground. At the close of 1896 there were forty-nine children in the Home with forty-eight admissions during the year. In this year \$500 was placed in the Savings Bank as a nucleus for a building fund, of which \$200 was applied towards improvements, etc.

During 1902 there were 107 admissions, which with forty-nine children at the close of 1901 made 162, and at that annual meeting "the Children's Home on River Avenue was furnished and free from debt." This happy state of things being largely due to the individual efforts of the chairman of the Advisory Board, Mr. J. H. Ashdown. In 1906 the advisability of enlarging the present building was discussed, but it was finally decided to put the old building in repair and use it as a Home for boys, and the babies and younger children should occupy the new buildings. The same arrangement exists to-day.

The School Board now built and gave to the Home the school buildings standing at present in the Home grounds, and the school with two teachers is under the School Board supervision. Since 1907 many special meetings have been held in conjunction with the Advisory Board of the Home with regard to the Government helping to build a new Home. They have been approached many times, with the result that when the Agricultural College moves to its new premises in St. Vital, the Children's Home will occupy Roblin Hall, near Tuxedo Park, which will be remodelled internally to suit the needs of the Home—the Government taking in exchange the Homes on River Avenue and the land.

In 1909 there were 115 cases admitted during the year, which with those in the Home all the year made 204. In 1911 the work increased so much that an overflow house was taken on River Avenue at a rental of \$55 a month in which the elder children will sleep. There will be about 35 or 40 beds and the children will go over about six o'clock for the night, having their break-

fasts there in the morning, come over to the school and stay at the old Home until time to go back at night again. At the time of writing there are 112 children being cared for, clothed, educated, and doctored when necessary, and this extra house seemed to be the best way out of the difficulty of housing these needy cases, the number of which always increases as the winter comes on—over twenty-four different nationalities being cared for, from two or three days to ten and eleven years old.

During 1910-11 thirty-nine children have been placed in homes, and a very careful supervision is kept over these children and inspections made periodically by the Secretary of the Board of Management. In connection with the foster homes, there is a Post Office Bank account for each child, into which the foster parents pay five dollars each year until the child is sixteen, \$15 for the next year, and \$20 for the last year, when the whole of the money is paid over to the child. This has proved to be a very good plan as in case of the foster parents and child agreeing to part, or the child wishing to take a special course of training the child is not thrown penniless upon the world.

The Home is supported mainly by public subscription, the members of the Board dividing the city into districts and collecting once a year—the Provincial Government gives a grant of \$4100 yearly, and the city gives a yearly grant of \$1,800. A few municipalities send a grant of \$25.00 or less and it would be well if these Municipalities would consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to contribute to the support of this Home, for when a deserted family, or parent in distress falls into their charge, the first thought is "Send them to the Children's Home of Winnipeg." The Home is only too glad to do all in its power for the helpless, and innocent little ones, but when expenses amount to over one thousand dollars a month, and will be more in the near future, with the overflow house, surely the great hearts of philanthropic Winnipeg citizens, and of both large and small towns, will expand and give nobly to so good a cause.



A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION

At little cost you can insure a good first impression by touching up your hall furniture with



Why not brighten up your Hat Rack, Hall Seat, Staircase, Etc. Your guests will notice these on entrance. Light Oak, Dark Oak or Mahogany "Lacqueret" on these furnishings will work wonders. Or if you wish to retain the original effect, try clear "Lacqueret" on any piece of woodwork. Its effect is almost magical. Our little book "Dainty Decorator" tells of the many uses of "Lacqueret" in the home. A copy is waiting for you free for the asking.

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Be It Ever So Humble, Joy Rules Where
Hearts are Happy.

Is your home attractive to you? Or do you simply live there because it's just plain home. Home is only what you make it. If it's dull it's because you may be weary. If it's sunny it's because you are sunny.

If it's dull there is an offer for you that will bring sunshine into every corner of it. If it's sunny now you can make it a hundred times more attractive. The great Edison phonograph makes a palace out of the humblest home, just as it makes the grandest home the place of strongest attraction.

And the Edison phonograph distributors are making such a surprisingly liberal offer that the best Edison machines are now within the reach of all.

You can make your home cheerful in a remarkably simple way, for the Edis-

on phonograph is being sent out on free trial to all responsible people.

The new catalogue, which you can get by clipping the coupon at the bottom of advertisement on page 93, quotes the great Edison fireside outfit at its rock-bottom price on a special Free Offer. With this great Edison catalog you get a list of beautiful pieces and comic recitations, 1,500 selections of the great classics as well as the latest popular airs. This catalog is free, prepaid, and with it you get full explanation of the free trial offer.

Why, a phonograph is no longer a luxury. It is a real necessity, and almost everybody is getting one. And it isn't a fad, either. You play the things you like over and over, and they always are sweet and refreshing.

The Edison catalog, which costs nothing, is a marvel. Write to F. K. Babson, 355 Portage Ave., Dept. 7511, Winnipeg, Canada.

MADE WELL AND STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound

Toronto.—I gladly give you my testimonial in favor of your wonderful medicines. Last October I wrote to you for advice as I was completely run down, had bearing down sensation in the lower part of bowels, backache, and pain in the side. I also suffered terribly from gas.



After receiving your directions, I followed them closely and am now entirely free from pain in back and bowels, and am stronger in every way.

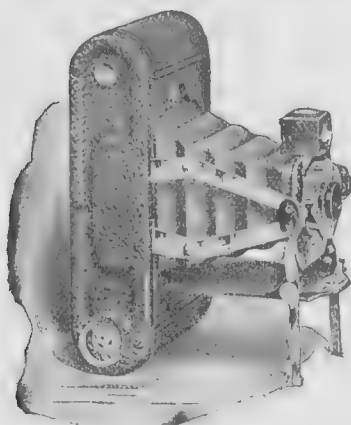
I also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before my baby was born, and I recommend it highly to all pregnant women.—MRS. E. WANDBY, 92 Logan Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Another Woman Cured

Maple Creek, Sask.—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I am now in perfect health. I was troubled with pains every month. I know other women who suffer as I did and I will gladly recommend your medicine to them. You may publish this if you think it will help others.—MRS. F. E. COOK, Maple Creek, Sask.

If you belong to that countless army of women who suffer from some form of female ills, don't hesitate to try Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

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SEND US ONLY \$1.00

Receive by return mail post paid two beautiful little dresses like cut in soft warm dress goods in dark red plaid patterns, for little girls age 2 to 8, made with waist and skirt trimmed with braided net style. Age 10 to 12, 75c. Age 14 \$1.25, add 14c for postage.

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Fashions and Patterns.



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



Child's Pyjamas, 7233.

Both little boys and little girls wear pyjamas in these days, and they are exactly alike for the two sexes. Consequently, these are adapted to both. They can be made from any material that is liked for sleeping garments; flannel, flannelette, madras of other cotton material. They are thoroughly comfortable and satisfactory and requires little labor in the making.



7233 Child's Pyjamas, 2, 4 and 6 years.

The pyjamas consist of coat and trousers. The coat is made with fronts and back and with two-piece sleeves that are without fullness at the shoulders. There is a pocket arranged over the left front. The trousers consists of the two leg portions that are joined and finished with a hem at the upper edge in which ribbon or tape can be inserted to regulate the size.

For the 4 year size will be needed 3 1/4 yards of material 27 2 3/4 yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7233, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of two cents.

Empire Negligee, No. 7252.

In Walking or Ground Length, with Elbow or Three-Quarter Sleeves.

The graceful negligee that means comfort and relaxation and which can be worn to the family breakfast and occasions of the kind is one for which every woman feels a need. Here is a model that is just as pretty as can be. It gives the slightly raised waist line at the front and the pointed line at the back that are always becoming. The tucks over the shoulders mean pretty fullness. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves, consequently there is very little labor for the making. For practical wear the skirt can be made short. If something daintier and a little more dressy is wanted it can be made long as shown in the back view. All the materials that are used for garments of the kind will be found available, simple India silks, the printed challis that never were more charming, cashmere, albatross and similar fabrics.

The pattern consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse is made in two pieces, joined at the back. The big col-

lar finishes the neck and front edges. Short sleeves are finished with prettily shaped cuffs, the three-quarter sleeves with bands. The skirt is cut in four gores and the closing is made at the left of the front.



7252 Empire Negligee, 34 to 44 bust.

For the medium size will be required 7 1/2 yards of material 27 or 36, 6 yards 44 inches wide with 3/4 yard 21 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern, No. 7252, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Fancy Peasant Blouse With Tunic for Misses and Small Women, No. 7247.

With High or Round Neck, with or without Under-Sleeves. To be worn over any skirt.

The tunic that is overlapped at front and back is a new and graceful one. In this instance it is combined with a blouse that includes a fichu and the whole effect is charmingly girlish and attractive. Almost any pretty material can be used for the making. Chiffon cloth, crepe de chine, crepe meteor, messaline, are favorites, but as the lower edges of the tunic are straight, bordered fabrics also can be used. In the illustration chiffon cloth is trimmed with applique and fringe, while the fichu is edged with frills. The elbow sleeves are edged with shaped frills and are exceedingly smart as well as attractive.

The blouse is cut in one piece and is gathered at the upper edge and arranged over a lining, and the fichu is arranged over the blouse. The tunic is gathered at the upper edge and joined to the blouse, and the crushed girle conceals the seam. The blouse is clos-

CURED HIS WIFE SO HE TRIED THEM

Leon Sergent found new health in
Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered with his Kidneys and was very feeble, but now he is feeling fine.

Saint Wallburg, Sask., (Special).—One healthy, happy family in this neighborhood are always ready to speak a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sergent, and here is the reason in Mr. Sergent's own words.

"I suffered with my Kidneys and I was very feeble. My urine was thick and had a brick-dust sediment. As Dodd's Kidney Pills had already cured my wife, I bought three boxes. Now my urine is normal and I feel fine."

It is statements such as these that give Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity. They are no cure-all. They simply cure diseased Kidneys and the ills that come from diseased Kidneys. But no matter what neighborhood you visit you find some man or woman who has been sick and in pain and has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. For a score of years this work has been going on and to-day in every part of Canada Dodd's Kidney Pills are known as the one sure cure for Kidney Disease, Urinary Troubles, Backache, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes and Bright's Disease.

THE SECRET OF A PERFECT BUST and Form Sent Free



Madam Thora's French Corsine System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used

by leading actresses and society ladies for 20 years. Book giving full particulars sent free, beautifully illustrated from life, showing figures before and after using the Corsine System. Letters sacredly confidential. Enclose two stamps and address:

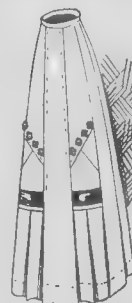
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FALLING SICKNESS

Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Troubles, Etc., positively cured by LIEBIG'S FIT CURE. We will send trial bottle FREE if you mention this paper. Write the LIEBIG CO., Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Send only \$2.95.

Receive by return mail post-paid this beautiful style skirt of all-wool Panama in dark red, dark green, navy and black. This beautiful skirt is cut in seven gores both side gores end in two large pleats, and are trimmed with a wide band of rich satin and four large buttons just as pictured. This is a beautiful style and is bound to please. Simply give inches around waist and hips, also length in front, and send only \$2.95, together with 35c for postage. This is no hobble skirt. Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Bldg., London, Ont.



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Where You Can Earn From \$1,000 to \$5,000 a Year and Your Expenses?

We will teach you to be an expert Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in six to eight weeks and our Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you learn. We cannot begin to supply the demand of leading business houses in all parts of America for our students. If you want to enter the best paid, most independent profession in the world, write today for our handsome free catalog, "A Knight of the Grip," also testimonial letters from hundreds of students we have recently placed in good positions. List of positions now open, and full particulars of the special offer we are now making new students. Address our nearest office, Dept. 198 National Salesmen's Training Ass'n Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans Toronto





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Over 32,000 women are using this system and are saving more than one-half on their clothing bills. The high cost of living makes it necessary for most women to economize and make every dollar count as it never counted before. The problem how to dress well on an allowance that is constantly decreasing in purchasing power is the serious problem in nearly every home, while fashion demands more expensive clothing all the time. There is just one solution for this problem—that is, for women to make their own clothes and thus save the larger part of the expense. The American System of Dressmaking will enable you to

Save More Than Half on all Your Clothes

It will teach you how to Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape and Trim any garment, including children's clothing. It will enable you to duplicate any garment you see illustrated in the fashion magazines with as perfect set, style and fit as the most competent dressmaker or ladies' tailor—at less than one-half the cost—this means that you can use better materials, or that you can have two new garments for the price of one. The making will be genuine pleasure because the American System gives you the confidence and the knowledge necessary to succeed.

Many graduate dressmakers are earning \$15 to \$25 a week, some much more, operating dressmaking parlors of their own. Every graduate is competent to do as well or better, should circumstances make it necessary.

The greatest good the School has accomplished, however, is in the thousands of homes where the practice of economy is necessary to make the family funds meet the growing demands. It would do your heart good to read the testimonials we receive daily from these homes.

We want to help 50,000 families this year. Mothers, we want to show you how you can dress yourself and your girls better on half the money; we want to help you to economize in a practical way. Our FREE book tells how we help you—write for it today. Sending in the coupon entitles you to the book free, but does not obligate you in any way whatsoever.



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Please send me your Free Book "Lessons by Mail," explaining how I can save half on my home sewing.

Name.....
Address.....

ed at the back and the tunic and fichu are hooked into place.

For the 16 year size will be required 5½ yards of material 27, 3¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of fringe and 3 yards of applique, ¾ yard



7247 Fancy Peasant Blouse with Tunic for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

of all-over lace 18 inches wide for yoke and undersleeves.

The pattern, No. 7247, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Boy's Middy Suit, 7244.

The middy suit is one of the newest and latest for small boys. It is very charming very attractive and so suggestive of the sailor that the little lad himself is sure to be happy while wear-



7244 Boy's Middy Suit, 4 to 8 years.

ing it. It can be made from serge or from any material that is suitable for little boys and is adapted to the style. Blue is, of course, the sailor's color, but suits of this kind are made of white serge, dark red serge and other materials. The collar either of the same or contrasting material is liked. In the illustration navy blue serge is made with collar of silk and shield of white.

The suit consists of blouse and trousers. The blouse is made with front and back portions and with one-piece sleeves that are stitched to the armholes. There is a slight opening at the front which is underlaced, and the collar is joined to the neck edge. The separate shield is adjusted under the blouse and the blouse is drawn on over the head and laced together beneath the tie. The trousers are of the regulation sort attached to waist bands by means of which they can be buttoned to the underwaist.

For the 6 year size will be required 3½ yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36, 1¾ yards 44 inches wide with ¼ yard 21 or 27 for collar and sleeve trimming, and ½ yard of any width for the shield.

The pattern, No. 7244, is cut in sizes for boys of 4, 6 and 8 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Peasant Blouse With Tunic, No. 7221.

With Low or High Neck, Elbow, Three-Quarter or Long Sleeves.

Tunics are among the smartest of all things just now. This one is simple and straight, but gives the long lines



7221 Peasant Blouse with Tunic 34 to 40 bust.

that are essential to fashion, and combines with the blouse and drapery to be distinctly novel. In the illustration the trimming of the tunic and the blouse is all-over lace, while the tunic proper and the drapery are made of chiffon cloth and the sash of ribbon, but there are almost numberless ways in which the design can be utilized. It would be very handsome made of satin, crepe, meteor or similar material, with

Why do I do It?

Why Should I, a Stranger Miles Away, Care Anything About You? Why Should I Want to Help You?

Because I want to see the world grow better—and it is growing better. Please don't ever lose sight of that fact. It's because I want to see sunshine and happiness where now is darkness—fear—despair.

Because I want mankind to have the benefit of what I have learned and know—the help of all my life-work. It's because I want to send hope and rest and peace and comfort to every sufferer in the world that I can reach—because I want to see them well and strong again.

I will do this for you—yes, for all, gladly, willingly, freely, if you will only let me. No money is asked or expected. I am financially able to make and fulfill this offer to the sick. It is my way—the way I have chosen to do good. For your own sake, won't you let me help you—or some suffering needy friend?



The Man Who Makes This Offer.

Listen!—In my life-long experience with medicine—with sickness—I have learned that Heart disease destroys more human beings than any other thing on earth.

That it is a stealthy, deceptive, deadly monster—that six people in every ten have Heart trouble. And you know as well as I that in lots of cases it creeps upon its poor victim unawares, and strikes out their lives without warning—often without their even suspecting that their Heart was weak or wrong at all. I have learned, too, that one of the very worst things about Heart trouble is that most people don't know what the symptoms are—don't know what they mean when they have them. Another thing—a great many people are misled and deceived into thinking their trouble is something else, and doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Nerves or Sexual Organs, for some supposed trouble, when all the time it's the Heart that's causing it all—they are really treating the symptoms and not the disease itself.

And a great many people who do know that they have Heart Trouble think it can't be cured. Now Heart Disease is just as curable as any other disease: I have proved this fully by curing over a hundred and thirty thousand cases. Many of these were the most chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which all other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone, but this treatment cured them quickly and to stay cured. In very many cases of Heart Disease the Nerves and Stomach are affected also, and in such it is useless to treat the Heart alone, and one reason why this treatment cures is because it sets the Stomach right, removes constipation, steadies and revitalizes the Nerves and builds up the whole system, besides strengthening, controlling and curing the Heart. I believe I can cure YOU. Anyhow it's plainly your duty to let me try. And so I will gladly send you by mail, postpaid, without any conditions, without any restrictions, and without any cost, a regular full-size treatment for your case. Also an illustrated book that with plain words and pictures explains your trouble clearly and with which you will know your own case as well as any doctor. Both the full treatment and book are free.

Understand this is not a "sample" or "trial," but a regular full-size treatment. Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind—nothing but a fair, square chance for you to fully test this grand treatment for yourself, in your own home, without cost. All I ask is that when relieved and cured yourself you will tell other sick ones so that I can help them, too, and thus keep up the good work. If you have one of the symptoms, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching or Nightmare, Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Short Breath, Fainting, Smothering, Choking, Numb or Sinking Spells, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Swelling Legs, Asthma, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulderblade, your Heart and Nerves are surely wrong. Don't wait, but send now for the full free treatment and book and get well. Please give your age and how long you have had the symptoms. Address: Directing Specialist Clearwater, Pres. Heart Cure Co., 640 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

Send 15c. Receive by return mail postpaid a wide sailor collar of rich mercerized sateen in navy with dark red border, or dark red collar with black border. Collar may be attached to waist or dress, very fashionable for girls and young ladies. Add 8c. for postage. Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Building, London, Canada.

"MONEY MAKING SECRETS EXPOSED."—This book gives twenty plans to start business, worth at least five dollars each. Postpaid \$1.00 Manitoba Novelty Co., 648 Jessie Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

the drapery of the same or of chiffon, and the edge of the tunic finished with straight banding, with strips of fur or with fringe. If the garment is wanted for daytime use, it can be made with high neck and with longer sleeves. As the lower edge of the tunic is straight, it also can be utilized for lace flouncing or bordered material.

The blouse is made in one piece arranged over a lining, and this lining is faced to form the yoke when a high neck is desired. The tunic is in one piece, and the two are joined at the waist line. The drapery is arranged on indicated lines. When under-sleeves are desired, they are inserted in the lining.

For the medium size will be required 4 yards of material 27, 2 1/4 yards 36 or 44 inches wide with 4 yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide for the blouse and trimming, 1 yard of chiffon for the drapery, and 5 yards of ribbon for the sash.

The pattern, No. 7221, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Simple Models for Afternoon Occasions.

Simple Models for Afternoon Occasions.

Pretty and attractive afternoon costumes are needed at all seasons of the year. Those illustrated represent the very latest styles. The young girl's frock shows one of the new coatee blouses while the woman's gown represents the panel skirt and big revers, which are among the smartest of all things.

The girl's frock is adapted to almost all seasonable materials. It could be made from French serge and be very pretty; from cashmere or challis; from chiffon velveteen, from crepe de chine or messaline. In the illustration, however, cashmere is trimmed with satin and with lace. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves, but the sleeves are finished with circular frills, and the peplum is separate and joined to it. The big collar finishes the neck and the chemisette is arranged under it. The under-sleeves are attached beneath the sleeve trimming. The skirt is made in two pieces with plaited panel at each side of the front and extending to flounce depth. It can be cut either to a high or natural waist line. For

CATARRH

FREE ADVICE on its CURE

If you have catarrh let me show you what to do for it—how to drive every bit of it out of the system.

Without it costing you a cent, you can have the benefit of my twenty-five years of successful experience—my wide knowledge of Catarrh, its causes and its cure.

Don't neglect Catarrh! Don't let it make you into a worn-out, run-down Catarrhal wreck. Remember, Catarrh is more than a trifling ailment—more than a disgusting trouble. It's a dangerous one. Unchecked Catarrh too frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing, and often opens the way to Consumption. Be warned in time. If you have Catarrh, start to cure it NOW.

Don't think it can't be cured because you've tried to cure it and failed.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless patent medicines.

Catarrh can be cured, if you take it in hand the right way. Write to me to-day and I'll give you valuable medical advice free on just what to do for it.



CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

LEARN AT ONCE HOW TO CURE CATARRH

Tell me about your trouble. After careful study I'll send you, without any charge whatever, a complete diagnosis of your case which will explain clearly how to get rid of Catarrh.

Simply for the asking you'll receive excellent counsel that will point out how Catarrh can be cured, not just for a week, or a month, or a year—but PERMANENTLY.

Don't let this offer pass—accept my assistance today. This treacherous disease has been my life study—I know it in every form and stage. My advice has already cured thousands who now are free from Catarrh.

You can be also if you will.

Read my list of questions carefully, answer them yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines and mail the Free Advice Coupon to me as soon as possible. I will cost you nothing and will obtain for you the very help you need. I am a graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service. Address

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE,
117 Trade Building, Boston.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from the nose?
Does mucus drop in back of throat?

NAME

ADDRESS



BRIGGER'S Pure Jams and Orange Marmalade

Put up in 16 oz. glass jars and in 5 lb. sanitary double-top gold lined tin pails.

Brigger's Pure Jams are made from clean, sound Niagara grown Fruit and Granulated Sugar and are guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

the 16-year size the blouse will require 2 3/8 yards of material 27, 1 3/4 yards 36, 1 5/8 yards 44 inches wide, with 3/4 yard of satin for the trimming, 1/2 yard of all-over lace for the collar, 1 yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and under-sleeves; for the skirt will be needed 4 1/4 yards 27 or 36, 2 5/8 yards 44 inches wide with 1/2 yard of satin for the trimming.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse, No. 7204, and of the skirt, No. 7224, are both out in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The gown shown on the figure to the right is made of henrietta cloth, trimmed with fringe and with puffings of silk. It is both simple and practical. The blouse and skirt close at the left side, giving the continuous lines that are becoming as well as fashionable. The collar can be made either pointed or round, but the points are in every way to be commended when found becoming. The sleeves are of the new kimono sort and are attached to the armholes which are piped. The chemisette is arranged under the blouse and the under-sleeves are attach-

ed to the sleeves beneath the trimming. The skirt is cut in three pieces, lapped on to separate panels. These panels can be made of contrasting material, and an attractive effect would be obtained by combining satin or velvet for the panels and for the collar and cuffs. For the medium size the blouse will require 3 1/2 yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 18 inches wide for chemisette and under-sleeves, 1/2 yard of silk for the puffings and 1 1/4 yards of fringe. For the skirt will be needed 5 1/4 yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3 3/8 yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards of fringe.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7126, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure, of the skirt, No. 7222, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each pattern ordered.

There ne'er was a height but there was a howe at the bottom o't.



7204. Coatee Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.
7224. Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

7216. Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 Bust.

7222. Three-Piece Skirt with Side Panel, 22 to 32 Waist.

Handsome Embroidery Trays.

Some quite novel and attractive trays are shown here which we are sure will interest our readers. These glass covered trays are most useful and quite as handsome as the silver or brass ones which have been in such general use. The trays illustrated here show different designs of embroidered linens which are mounted on pasteboard and fitted into the wooden rims. These trays come complete in mahogany finish with glass, brass handles, pasteboard mat and back, stamped linen ready to embroider. These trays are a charming addition to the tea table and any of these would make a most acceptable gift.

The first tray, No. 1443, is a handsome round shape measuring 16 x 16. The design pictured here has been em-

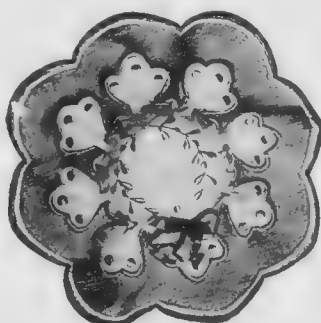


No. 1443—\$4.25

brodered on heavy grey linen beautiful shades of dull rose and green touched up with Japanese Gold Thread and black. The design which is worked in solid padded satin stitch is a most effective one, the rich colorings blending beautifully with the mahogany rim.

We illustrate some novel pin cushions, the upper portion consisting of white linen embroidered in colors and the lower portion is of colored linen matching the shades used on the embroidered top, thus the oblong cushion No. 1432C has the upper portion of white embroidered in pale greens and the lower portion of green embroidered in white. The round cushion No. 1432A is a similar idea and consists of a pink and white combination, the lower portion being of white linen and the upper of white embroidered in pink.

No. 1442, size 13 x 13, shows a simple but effective design of raisies embroidered on white linen. The daisies are worked in yellow with brown centres



No. 1432A—25 cents.

and the leaves are carried out in dull greens.

No. 1438 is an attractive tray oval in shape 12 x 15 and has a handsome design worked out in oriental colorings on grey linen. This tray is a favorite shape and would be found most useful

size. Shades of burnt orange, browns and greens with effective touches of gold and black carry out this design.

No. 1439 is a smaller oval size 10 x 13 which has an attractive design embroidered on white linen, consisting of a wreath and bow knots worked in shades of red, green and pale gold.

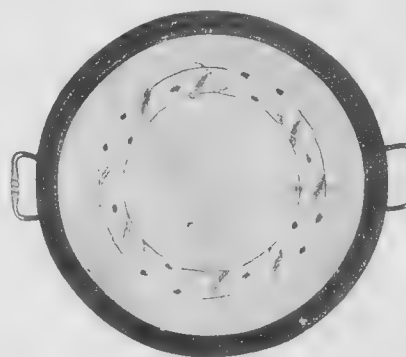
No. 1441, size 7 x 19, is a most unique tray both in shape and design. Shades of green, blue and brown, gold and black have been used and these are embroidered on a heavy greyish linen and this tray is one of the handsomest varieties shown.

No. 1440 is a narrow oblong and is of the shape known as Lemonade Tray, size 5 x 17. This dainty tray is easily embroidered and is quite novel in style and shape.

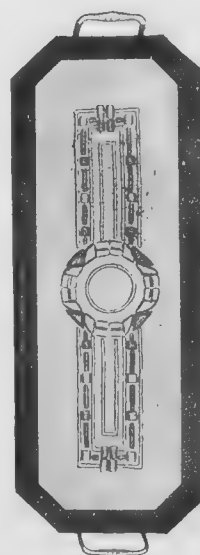
Silks to embroider any of the above designs may be supplied at 55 cents per dozen.

We do not ourselves carry these articles in stock but any of our readers entrusting their orders to us will have them promptly and carefully filled. When ordering please mention the article as well as the design number thus avoiding any possibility of mistake. Allow at least 10 days from the time the order is received for filling.

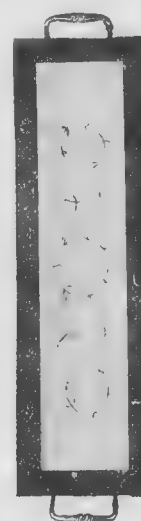
Any further information regarding any of the articles illustrated will be furnished by addressing Belding, Paul Corticelli, Limited, Dept. L, Montreal.



No. 1442—\$3.35



No. 1441—\$3.25



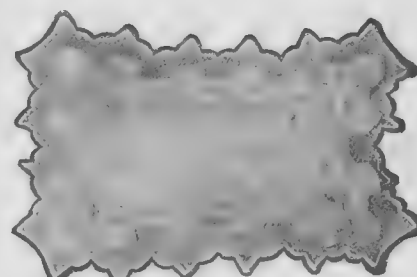
No. 1440—\$2.25



No. 1438—\$2.75



No. 1439—\$2.25



No. 1432C—25 cents.

THE POOR DYSPEPTIC Suffers Untold Agony After Every Meal.

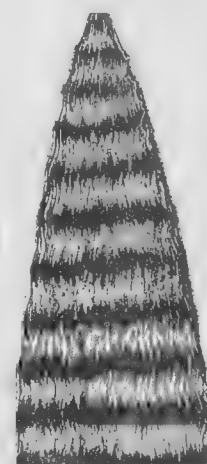
Nearly everything that enters a weak, dyspeptic stomach acts as an irritant; hence the difficulty of effecting a cure.

Burdock Blood Bitters will relieve all the distressing symptoms of dyspepsia and in a short time effect a cure.

Mrs. F. C. Gross, Berlin, Ont., writes:—"I have been troubled with my stomach for the last seven years and tried all kinds of medicine for it, but none of them ever cured me, for as soon as I would quit using any of them, the same old trouble would come back. Last fall I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, and used four bottles, and now feel so strong I can do all my house work nicely and can eat almost anything without it affecting me in any way.

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Money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.

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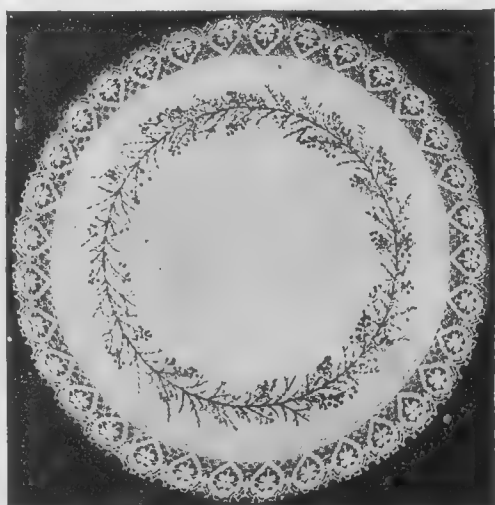
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We will give you FREE, this Centre Piece, and sufficient Cream Lace to edge this as illustrated, also a diagram lesson which will teach any woman this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

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Dept. L. Montreal, P.Q.

About the Farm.

Potatoes and Other Vegetables as Food

(Condensed from Farmers' Bulletin 295, issued by the U.S. Dept. of Agr.)

Although the cereals, being richest in protein, are the most valuable plant foods, the vegetables also hold an important place, as in general they are rich in carbohydrates. Roughly, they may be divided into two classes: (1) the starchy roots, tubers, etc., such as potatoes; (2) the group in which a comparatively large proportion of the carbohydrate is in the form of sugar, or some other non-starchy soluble bodies.

Of the starchy group, the common potato is the most important, both as regards its nutritive value and the extent of its cultivation. It is supposed

casioned by boiling when peeled, especially if the water is cold to begin with. Hence the most economical ways of cooking potatoes are to bake or boil them in their skins. If steaming is practicable, it is also a good method. After boiling, take off the skins and serve hot. Serve baked potatoes at once, or, if they must stand for a time, break them, to allow the escape of steam and so prevent soginess.

Potatoes should be stored in a dry, well-aired place, and kept at a temperature of from 32 degrees to 50 degrees F. Very old, shrivelled and sprouted potatoes, and those which have turned green by exposure to the light, should not be used, as they have developed an abnormal amount of a poisonous substance called solanin.



The Fir Forests of B.C.

to be a native of Chile, as when Europeans first visited that country, they found the Aborigines cultivating it, as they had apparently long done. It was subsequently introduced into Europe by the Spaniards, and somewhat later brought to the British Isles by the English, about the time of the Raleigh expeditions.

The potato is particularly rich in carbohydrates, which in it take the form of starch. Its composition is as follows: Water, 78.3 per cent.; starch, 18 per cent.; protein, 2.2; fat, 1; ash, 1 per cent. [From this it will be apparent that as potatoes are very poor in protein and fat, the custom of good cooks of serving potatoes with meat, or preparing them as supper dishes with butter, milk, cream or cheese, is founded on a good scientific reason, the added constituents supplying the fat and protein necessary to good food.]

When peeled, potatoes should be at once put into cold water to prevent them turning brown, but they should not be allowed to stand long in it as by so doing some of the soluble, nutritive constituents are lost. A similar loss is oc-

SOME OTHER VEGETABLES.

Jerusalem Artichoke.—This plant, which belongs to the sunflower family, did not get its name from Jerusalem, but as a corruption of the word "girasole," the Italian name for sunflower. The composition of the tuber is very similar to that of the potato. It contains 78.7 per cent. water; 2.5 per cent. protein; 0.2 fat; 17.5 carbohydrates, but in the artichokes the carbohydrates, instead of being starchy, consist of two substances called inulin and levulin. For this reason, this vegetable is permitted in the diet of patients suffering from diabetes.

The common "succulent" roots, tubers and bulbs, viz., beets, parsnips, carrots, salsify, onions, etc., are all less nutritious than the above-mentioned, but are still valuable additions to the diet, supplying as they do, mineral salts, while contributing to the bulkiness necessary for normal digestion, and for the prevention of constipation. They are, then, medicines rather than foods, as they are relatively low in protein and carbohydrates. When cooking them,



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The big men in the poultry business—those who are making big money—will tell you that INTERNATIONAL POULTRY FOOD cures Chicken Cholera—saves the little chicks—keeps the fowls strong and vigorous—and is matchless to fatten fowls for the market.

You need it if you want to make money out of your hens. Ask your dealer—25c., 50c. and \$1 packages, and the 25c. package gives you a hundred feeds for 12 hens. INTERNATIONAL ROUP CURE is sold on a spot cash guarantee to cure.

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the preferred stock of a big, prosperous, expanding business concern—

a concern controlling Natural Resources which are bound to double the value of its securities before long.

This preferred stock is cumulative, profit sharing—the 7% dividend payable twice annually

You can resell this stock to us or the company, at par, plus 7%, one year from the date of your investment.

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Established at Leicester, England, in 1800.

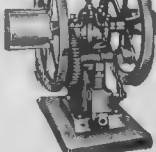
Steele-Briggs Seed Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.

OUR ENGINES PAY FOR THEMSELVES

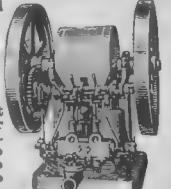
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This new Winchester is reloaded by recoil, the repeating as well as the firing mechanism being under control of the trigger finger. A bullet fired from it strikes a blow of 2038 pounds—force enough to topple over the biggest game—penetration enough to reach the innermost vital spot. The wonderful in operation and powerful in execution, this rifle is neither complicated in construction nor cumbersome to handle.

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The Western Home Monthly

is one of the few Magazines, the contents of which appeal to every member of the family. There is a laugh for the schoolboy and a chuckle for the octogenarian; a bit of brightness for the farmer's daughter and a cheerful reminiscence for the pioneer, and behind all its pictures, its wit, its criticisms, there is a fund of up-to date information.

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, Canada.

Enclosed find \$ for years subscription to the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

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steaming is preferable to boiling, as occasioning less loss of nutriment. The addition of butter, cream, or milk sauce, of course, adds to the nutritiousness of all such vegetables. Turnips and onions are both rich in sulphur, therefore good for constipation. Onions are suitable to diabetic patients.

The Good Layers.

Now that the laying season is about over the best layers have made their individual records. It behoves the poultryman to take some steps to breed from these heavy layers. It is said that the best test of a hen as a breeder is to test her pullets. If she produced a large number of pullets that were heavy layers like herself, you have a family strain of heavy laying established. If you still have the dam continue to breed from her as long as she is in good vigor, even if it be four years. Breed from all her pullets that show heavy laying tendencies. Some have expressed the idea that a hen that lays heavily did not lay fertile eggs or at least that her eggs were lacking in fertility. This does not bear out in the experience of some of the stations. It is true, no doubt, where considerable forcing has been resorted to and where the hen has laid steadily all winter, and her last eggs

To find out your laying hens by trap nests is more troublesome than to discover your paying cows, for it involves releasing the hens every hour or so from the nests. The farmer can't do this, but if he has youngsters they can—and will, if approached in the right way. Give them, whether boys or girls or both—a half share in the profits, and the problem's solved. You have done a double stroke of business; you have added substantially to your own income, and interested the young ones in the farm.

Get the Sunflower Habit

There is a majesty and inspiration in the ways of Nature on the farm not to be found in man-made processes. The threshing-engine and separator are cold and silent, like a town foundry or grimy mill, till the stoker "fires up." When the fuel burns low, the wheels cease to revolve, and the machinery becomes dead again. But day-break follows dark, and harvest, spring, in unerring and endless succession. Whether we sleep or wake, the grass keeps growing. The bare, brown earth of ninety days ago is now covered with the glory of ten thousand corn fields, piling up nutriment faster than any other field crop. The sun has been the great transformer. It does not have to be wound up for



Fruit Trees in blossom, Victoria, B.C.

are used for hatching in the spring. It seems from extensive experiments that the tendency to lay infertile eggs runs in families, and has no relation to the number of eggs laid by an individual. Many breeders claim to be able to pick out the layers by selecting the egg type. The trap nest has demonstrated that the egg type is not always to be relied upon. Some claim to have other secrets for selecting layers, all of which fail when subjected to the infallible trap nest. The hen that goes to roost last and is up first in the morning is generally supposed to be a layer, but we have seen a hen of that kind that never laid an egg. She had the will to keep busy, but something was wrong—perhaps some abnormality. In the absence of trap nests all these aids will help in selecting an approximately large number of good layers, but only the trap nest can prove the laying quality of a hen to be a certainty.

Why Not Trap Nest?

The trap nest system with the flock of laying hens answers the same purpose as the scales and Babcock tester with the milking herd—it serves unerringly to discover who are paying for their keep and more, and which should be hurried to the knife. To make this discovery is doubly important in both cases, for productiveness is hereditary, as every one knows. You want to know which to breed from.

every period like a clock, but is there doing business, day in and day out. And how the plants look for its rising over the orchard trees. The Portulaca bed lies demure and plain till the morning rays kindle its flat green face into a bright glow of orange, pink, crimson, buff and white. The Mammoth Russian sunflower plantation, that has been running up by the yard lately, is a study these days. The rows stand like a regiment of stalwart soldiers, every gold-rimmed face turning methodically to the sun and following its circuit around, morning, noon, night. How comes the axis of the flower to make that rhythmic circle every day, from left to right, its face always inclining upwards, until well weighted down with maturing seeds? Who will explain the mystery of it? At night every plant stood looking westward; in the morning, before the sun appeared, every one was right-about-face, watching for the eastern dawn. Having once secured a good foothold in the ground, the sturdy plant fairly revels in the sun. Its leaves grow big like wash-tub bottoms, and the flowers look up candidly into the sun's face, without ever blinking. It does no nervous hurrying, but moves along as stately as a queen. The more sun it gets, the better it grows, forming a safe, rich feeding-ground for the bees now, and a bag-filler for the chickens next winter. We do well to follow the plan of the giant Helianthus. Look up and ahead, not down. Get the sunflower habit!

Kendall's Spavin Cure



The cure that saves horsemen and farmers millions of dollars every year.

It is known the world over as the one certain, reliable remedy for Spavin, Curb, Splint, Ring-bone, Bony Growths and any Lameness.

Cases just developing and old, stubborn sores and swellings readily yield to the wonderful curative powers of this famous remedy.

Orangeville, Ont., Dec. 21, '08

"We had a horse which was getting very lame on account of a Spavin. I was anxious about him as we could not work the beast when we most needed him.

Our teamster saw Kendall's Spavin Cure in the store and tried it.

I am pleased to say he had success as the horse has stopped limping and is doing his day's work."

W. A. NICHOLSON.

Don't worry about Spavins, Growths, Swellings or Lameness, but use Kendall's Spavin Cure. It cures every time. The world's best liniment for man and beast.

\$1. a bottle—6 for \$5. Get our book "A Treatise On The Horse," free at dealers or from us.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Enosburg Falls, Vt. 52

Effect of Legumes on Soils.

The two most important factors that must be kept in mind if our soil productivity is to be maintained are: First, an increase in the number of animals kept on the farm, and, secondly, the sowing of a larger area annually to leguminous crops. The effect of the latter on soils is taken up in a bulletin issued some time ago by the national department of agriculture under the title "Soil Conservation." We quote from the bulletin:

Legumes, such as clover, peas, alfalfa, etc., are especially important because of the fact that with the aid of certain soil bacteria they are able to draw their supply of nitrogen from the air. Having thus an unlimited supply of this valuable plant-food constituent, they become very rich in nitrogen. The stubble and roots of a leguminous crop frequently leave in the soil sufficient nitrogen for the need of the crop that follows. Recent investigations by this department in Kansas and Nebraska show that the average increase in the yield of corn grown after alfalfa, com-

because she is a hard milker. The cause of hard milking is so poorly understood by the average farmer, and if the farmer only knew how much can be done to make hard milkers comparatively easy in their flow, no animal would be disposed of for lack of treatment.

Hard milking is due to the abnormal contraction of the sphincter muscle regulating the stream of milk from the teat outlet. When a cow loses her milk it is due to an abnormal expansion of the same muscle.

Many a good but hard milking cow has been entirely ruined because the milker has had recourse to the milking tube, and thus the cow has become infected with germs, often losing one or more quarters.

The proper method of handling and overcoming hard milkers is by the use of a teat plug. The teat should be washed with a germ-killing solution, and the teat plug washed in the same solution, then dipped in a little healing ointment and passed into the point of the teat. The teat plug being self-retaining should be permitted to remain in the teats from one milking to another. This



An impudent B.C. Jay that steals food from the Breakfast Table.

pared with corn grown after non-leguminous crops, is 75 per cent. A good crop of clover has a similar effect on the yield of crops which follow it. Instances are known where the practice of sowing bur clover in cotton fields in the fall of the year and turning it under in spring in time for another crop of cotton has, in three years, doubled the yield of cotton. Crimson clover sown in a similar manner between crops of corn has, in a few years, increased the yield of corn 50 per cent. or more.

The reason these leguminous crops have such a marked effect on fertility in many cases on depleted soils lies in the fact that nitrogen is not a constituent of the soil proper, but only of the decaying plant and animal matter in the soil. When soils are farmed for many years without any attention to their fertility this organic matter is rotted out and the nitrogen disappears. Hence, nitrogen is nearly always the first plant-food constituent to become deficient in the soil.

Curing the Hard Milker.

We have often to reluctantly get rid of a valuable dairy animal at a sacrifice

will, in time, cause the sphincter muscle to relax, and will, it is claimed, positively overcome hard milking in cows and heifers.

Raising Ten Pigs per Litter.

Three hundred and sixty-six live pigs from thirty-six sows is an exceedingly large number of pigs to save at farrowing time. Even now after they are five months old the average of live pigs per sow is over eight and one-half. How was it done and who did it? It is the record of Williams Bros., of Montgomery Co., Iowa. They, however, did not think that this was anything exceptional. They said that this was just what they had always done.

There are two main things that go to make this herd so prolific. One is the breeding and the other is the feed and management.

The head of the herd is a 900 pound hog. He was chosen to head the herd on account of his being from a sow of high fecundity, and because of his bone, his length, width and elbow-set form. The selection of the other individuals of the herd is carried out in like manner. The



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All sizes from 1/2 to 30 gallons.

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and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser.

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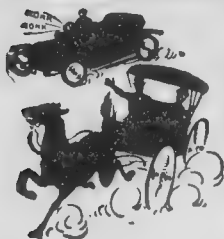
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tried sows are kept, and then with them are the most promising gilts from some of the most prolific families. No boar is ever used to head the herd till he has been tried out and tested to see if he is a producer of the right kind—the kind that meets the ideal of these breeders.

However, breeding alone will not make prolific sows. It is like one member of this firm says: "Breeding gives a person the foundation to build from or the possibility, and the hogs must then be made and raised by their care and feed."

The herd boar is kept in good breeding condition, but is not kept fitted for show. His feed consists mainly of shorts, bran, oilmeal and alfalfa. Very little corn is fed. The alfalfa is either fed in small racks or in hog crates staked down to the ground.

The sows have the run of cover pasture in summer and alfalfa hay in winter. In summer after the pigs are weaned they get a little corn, shorts slop and they run on clover pasture. Then just a couple of weeks before breeding their feed is increased so that the sows are gaining quite rapidly at the time they are bred. It is known by experience that with treatment of this kind there are but a very few sows that do not get in pig. It also makes the pigs come at nearly the same time so that this saves a great deal of work at farrowing time.

After breeding, the sows are put on just a little more than maintenance ration. They are kept gaining slowly so as to not overload them with fat, but

and a thick slop of bran and shorts. By doing this the pigs can be weaned at about eight weeks. They are weaned this early as it is better for the sows, and the pigs will put on more pounds than they will by tugging and running after the sows. The sows may also be bred for fall pigs by following this system.

The young pigs when weaned are fed a ration of about one-half corn and one-half bran and shorts. As soon as either blue grass or clover pasture is green they are turned upon this, and from then on the basis for all feed is clover pasture.

At about three months of age the young boars and gilts are separated. In this manner they can be kept much quieter and they can be fed different rations. The boars are crowded along faster so as to be ready for the fall sales. The sows are fed on a ration which is to grow bone and muscle. In this manner the sows are kept from getting fat, which is often the cause of young sows not breeding. At breeding time the young sows are flushed the same as the older sows. After breeding the young sows are fed quite a liberal ration. This is because they are growing and developing themselves as well as the fetus of the young.

The boar pigs are allowed pasture, corn, and a thick slop of shorts. This is to make them big, but at the same time not to make them fat enough so as to injure their breeding qualities.

The hogs all have cool, shady places in which to spend the hot part of the day.



Beacon Hall Park, Victoria, B.C.

simply to get them fat enough so that they will suckle the pigs in nice shape. The sows are put in separate pens four or five days previous to farrowing. This gives them a chance to get accustomed to the place and get acquainted with the man who takes care of them.

One thing that insures so many pigs is the care that they receive at weaning time. If it is cold a fire is started so that the young pigs can be dried and warmed up instead of chilling as is often the case on so many farms.

At farrowing the sow is put on reduced rations. A slop of laxative nature such as bran or linseed meal is given. When the pigs arrive no feed is given for about twenty-four hours. Tepid water is given the hogs to drink. Then the feed from then on is regulated largely according to the milk flow. Care must be taken at first to not overfeed the sow or she will give too much milk and give the pigs the scours. If the sow gives too much milk she is simply given a little corn and water. If deficient in milk flow she is fed on shorts, bran, or similar feed which will go into milk.

When the pigs are four or five days old they are given exercise. If it is too cold for them out doors they are driven up and down the alleyway of the hog house. This is absolutely necessary, as the young pigs are getting all they can eat, and they will get the thumbs unless this precaution of exercise is taken.

As soon as the pigs are large enough to crack corn they have a creep fixed for them, where they are fed a little corn

The creek bottom is turned into a park for the hogs, and they appreciate it the same as does a person on a hot July or August day. This enables the young pigs to keep on growing through the hot part of the year, and also reduces the loss from old hogs to a minimum.

Indian Totems.

In Pioneer Square, in the city of Seattle, there stands a huge cedar totem pole sixty feet high, which was borrowed without their leave from the Tonga Island Indians in 1897. The Seattleites who carried it away, knew that it was hopeless to attempt to bargain with the Indians for it; for no Indian willingly parts with his totem; so they secretly carried it away, and settled for it afterward—a proceeding which was certainly unfair to the tribe of Indians, or rather to the clan, to whom the pole belonged; for this was a clan totem—that is—the pole on which the totems of the great chiefs of the clan are carved.

The grotesque carvings on this lengthy family tree are all painted in glaring red, blue and yellow with touches of white, and although it is known to be over 110 years old, the colors are as bright and fresh as if laid on yesterday.

Among the most interesting of the individual totem poles is one of a member of an Alaskan tribe, who by virtue of his skill in all sports, and because of his great strength, rose from the

humblest family of the tribe to be the chief of his clan. The animal which he chose as his individual totem is a queer, dragon-like creature, who certainly existed nowhere, save in its owner's fancy. This animal, I suppose it must be called, is perched in solitary grandeur on the top of the pole, while carved at intervals along the entire length of the pole are footprints leading toward the top. Tracks which could not have been made by the animal who possesses very dangerous looking claws, while the prints appear to be those of a rather tiny human foot.

Yet this totem was a source of great

satisfaction to its possessor. To him it typified his rise from his lowly position to that of leader of his clan.

There are many kinds of totems, chief among which is the clan totem. Each member of a clan inherits the privilege of carving this upon his individual totem pole. Then the burial totem poles—great carved logs hollowed out to contain the ashes of celebrated chiefs. Kasvan Village, Alaska, has two hundred of these. Some of them centuries old.

And at the Tribal Totem House, to which old Chief Seattle retired to end his days at the ripe old age of one hundred years, at port Madison in 1866, and

which was a great log building, one thousand feet in length and supported by forty totem poles, which were destroyed with the building.

He Remembered.

A restaurant keeper hung out this sign:

"Coffee:

"Such as Mother Used to Make."

A customer asked, pointing to the sign:

"Is your coffee really such as mother used to make?"

"It is," replied the proprietor.

"Then," said the man with a

reminiscent look, "give me a cup of tea."

On a Sleeping Car.

Pullman porter: "Hope you are well, sar."

Passenger: "Well and happy, Sam. We had a birth at our house to-day. My wife presented me with twins."

Pullman porter: "Excuse me, sar, but dat wasn't a single berth. We calls dat a section."

Pecvish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

New Life and Energy!

MEN, LOOK HERE!

Even until Old Age You may Feel the Vigor of Youth, with its Light Heart, Elastic Step, Courage and Tireless Energy. You May be Free from Pains and Defy your Years.

Varicocele, Spermatorrhea, Losses and Drains and all ailments which destroy Manhood's Vigor are cured by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

Free Electric Suspensory for Weak Men

Sends the Current to the Prostrate Gland, the Seat of all Weakness. It Develops and Expands Weak Organs and Checks Losses. No Case of Weakness can Resist It. FREE WITH BELTS FOR WEAK MEN.

No man should be weak, no man should suffer the loss of that vital element which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him; no man should suffer for the mistakes of his youth, when there is at hand a certain cure for his weakness.

Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerves from which men suffer, are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power through mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any man that lives.

Easy to Wear.

Cures while you Sleep.

Never Fails.

My arguments are good, my system is good, but I know you haven't time to study these. You want proof, and I give you that and lots of it. When your own neighbors tell you I cured them you will know I did it.

Give me a man (or woman, for that matter) who has been sick and suffering for years and taken medicine until the system is all run down and debilitated, the stomach unable to digest the food, and the nerves shattered. My Electric Belt will give new life to every organ, drive out disease and restore health.

I have the grandest invention of the age for weak men; the surest and easiest cure for all nervous and chronic diseases. Its wonderful power is directed to the seat of the nervous system, through which its vitalized strength penetrates into all parts of the body, carrying new life to every function which has been weakened by excess or dissipation, restoring energy to the brain and power to the vital organs. No weak man, no delicate or sickly woman will ever regret a fair trial of my Belt.

It is a quick and lasting cure for all Nervous Debility, Weakness, Varicocele, Rheumatism, pains in the Back and Hips (Sciatica), Lumbago, Constipation, Indigestion, Weak Kidneys, Failing of Memory, and all evidences of breaking-down. It cures when all else has failed.

M. A. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir:—I have worn my Belt about a month and emissions have ceased. Belt is giving every satisfaction. Yours very truly, **Lawrence A. Rathwell**, Harris, Sask.

Shoal Lake, Man.

M. A. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir:—I purchased one of your best Belts several years ago for a lame back, and I can truthfully say that the first time I wore it my back felt stronger, and in a short time I was completely cured. This was over five years ago, and I have had no return of the trouble since. I have recommended your Belt to others, and will always be pleased to tell anyone the benefit I received from it.—Yours very truly **Arthur McKay**.

M. A. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir:—I beg to report that the Belt I received from you some time ago is doing good work. I have worn it, nights, and wish to say that I am feeling better in every way. My stomach is very much better; also my nervousness is rapidly leaving. I can now sleep quite soundly and get up quite refreshed. Sincerely yours, **C. E. Scanlebury**, Supt. Ry. Mail Service, Calgary, Alta.

Bellevue, Alta.

M. A. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir:—I write to let you know that the two Belts I got from you for my friends have cured both men, and they are well pleased, also thankful for same. They do not suffer from pains any more.—**Joseph Mudra**.

Rheumatism and Backache.

M. A. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir:—I am very well satisfied with the results received from using your Belt. The Rheumatism and Backache have not troubled me this Spring and I am feeling good now. Your Belt is all you claim it to be and I am well satisfied. Yours truly, **Axel Bachlund**, Delisle, Sask.

77 Water St., Winnipeg, Man.

M. A. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir:—It is with pleasure that I send you this testimonial in praise of your Belt. I have worn it for the last three months, and am about cured. It is all that you say and more. It has done me much good, and I think it is all right. I would recommend it to anyone troubled with Catarrh. I think nothing will take the place of your Belt.—Yours truly, **Victor Dubord**.

NO CURE NO PAY.

is the offer I am making to any man who wishes to regain his strength and vitality. All I ask is security for the Belt while you wear it.

Men, arouse yourselves, break the chain that is to ever hold you bound to an existence of misery. If you are sceptical I can send you evidence that will convince you beyond a doubt that there is a complete cure for you in my Belt. One of my patients writes that my Belt is the production of a man who is a friend to suffering humanity in a true way. I have hundreds of just such expressions of gratitude from patients all over the country. Let me know where you are and I will give you their names, that they may tell you their experience.

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Do you want to feel big, husky and powerful, with your veins full of youthful fire, your eye clear and your muscles strong and active? If you do, fill out this coupon and send it to me and I will send you a book which will inspire you with the courage to help yourself. It is full of the things that make people feel like being strong and healthy, and tells of others like yourself who were just as weak once, but are now among nature's best specimens of strong and healthy human beings. Cut out the coupon and send it to-day and get this book free, sealed by return mail.

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Dr. E. M. McLaughlin, 237 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

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**Cured by
MOTHER SEIGEL'S
SYRUP.**

"I have been a martyr to indigestion," says Mrs. Ross, who is now cured, and enjoying good health, thanks to the curative power of Mother Seigel's Syrup.

In her recent letter, Mrs. Hannah Ross, of Culloden, Queens Co., Prince Edward Isle, says: "I suffered most severe pains after eating, with headache and sleeplessness. I was often seized with giddiness and had severe pains in my back. After food there was a windy fulness in my stomach, and I felt like vomiting, but could not. This went on for some time and I tried many remedies, but they did me no good."

There are hundreds of medicines which you may take for indigestion, but if you

are wise, you will take the one remedy which has been more successful than all others in curing this complaint. Mrs. Ross tells you, from experience, what that medicine is. "My case seemed hopeless," she says, "until one day I was persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I persevered with the Syrup, and today I am a cured woman."

Troubles always come to people who do not digest their food! When you do not digest it, the food in your stomach turns sour, and gives off gases which poison your blood, and impure blood affects every part of your body. You may have pains in the stomach, headaches, biliousness, constipation, low spirits and morbid ideas; and you are not likely to sleep well at night!

But if you want to digest food, and thus clear away or prevent all such troubles, you must restore your stomach and liver to working order. This you will do, quickly and surely, if you take Mother Seigel's Syrup. This world-famed remedy, made of curative extracts of roots, barks, and leaves, tones up the stomach and stimulates the liver in a marvellous way. Try it yourself.

FOR INDIGESTION

BILIOUSNESS

CONSTIPATION

HEADACHE

If you cannot digest your food perfectly you cannot be well. The slightest failure on the part of the stomach, liver or intestines, reacts on your whole system, and reacts harmfully. Not only is your body starved because you have failed to get the full nourishment from what you have eaten, but it is also poisoned. For indigestion loads your blood with poisonous impurities which your own stomach has created, and the blood carries these to every part of your body. Naturally your strength fails. You become weak and ailing, tortured with headache, biliousness, perhaps constipation (which still further contaminates your blood), and life becomes a daily misery. Mother Seigel's Syrup will free you from all this. It so tones and strengthens your stomach and liver that indigestion becomes impossible. It also regulates your bowels, and cleanses your whole system.

AND ALL STOMACH AND LIVER DISORDERS

Mr. T. H. Weaver, Victoria Vale, Annapolis Co., N.S., says:—"For years I suffered from a disordered stomach, accompanied by severe pains after eating. I tried several remedies but until I took Mother Seigel's Syrup I did not know what it was to be free from pain. My wife also uses the medicine and says that for all stomach disorders there is nothing like it."

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ASK YOUR
FRIENDS.
THEY KNOW.

The dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent size.
A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Children.

The Haunted Tunnel.

By Bessie Marchant, Author of "Left in Charge," "The Bending Birch," &c.

Mike and Daisy Scanes came down the hill at a run. The doctor was not in when they went for the baby's medicine. So they had been obliged to wait; and now it would soon be dark.

"Let us go through the tunnel," said Daisy. "We shall save nearly a mile that way."

"Would you dare?" panted Mike. He was eleven and rather short; so he found it hard work to keep up with Daisy, who was thirteen and tall for her age.

"Why shouldn't we dare?" she asked. "There is no train yet awhile, and if there were, we should hear it coming a long way off."

"Pedro told Carl this morning that the tunnel was haunted. He said the sighs and groans to be heard there in the middle of the night were enough to turn your hair grey," said Mike, putting up a nervous hand to finger the brim of his broad hat.

"It didn't turn Pedro's hair grey anyhow, for it is just as sandy as it can be," retorted Daisy, with a laugh, as she shook her own mop of curly chestnut hair.

"It is the ghost of a black man, Pedro says," panted Mike, who was more breathless than ever at the mere thought of facing the dangers of the tunnel.

"Come on, we will run. It is too early for ghosts yet, and we shall get home so much earlier if we go that way," said Daisy persuasively, taking hold of



"How dark it looks! Let us go back," said Mike.

Mike's hand and tugging him gently forward.

It is possible that he would have resisted even then, but he was tired, and the parcel of groceries he carried strapped on his back was dreadfully heavy.

Daisy's burden was heavier still. She had a basket on her arm, which contained the medicine and some other things.

They would only be about five or six minutes getting through the tunnel; and it was surely worth while being scared for six minutes, if by so doing they could save the weary climb over the high hill above the cutting. So Mike allowed himself to be persuaded, and they raced on at top speed.

The mouth of the tunnel yawned black and grim before him as they scrambled down the gravelly slope of the cutting on to the railway track.

"How dark it looks! Let us go back," said Mike, dragging at Daisy's hand now, and forgetting the weight of the bag which was strapped to his shoulders.

"It is light at the other end. If we race we shall soon be through," Daisy answered, and gripping his hand tighter, she drew him into the dark mouth of the tunnel, skipping from tie to tie like a very active sparrow.

"Hark! What is that?" cried Mike, stopping short and shivering.

A low moan sounded somewhere near them, followed by such a sighing and groaning as neither child had ever heard before. Sometimes it was in front of them, sometimes it was behind; then there would come another moan right over their heads. They were about half-way through the tunnel by this time, and Mike, measuring the distance with

his eye, decided that it would be quite as bad to go back as to go forward.

"Come along, let's race—we're half through," he cried hoarsely. Then another moan swept past him, making him think of how their dog Pip moaned, that time when it got so badly mauled by a puma.

But Daisy stood as if rooted to the spot. She could not think what all the noises meant, and the horror of those mysterious sighs and groans had for the moment deprived her of the power to move.

"Come along, Daisy come along! We can't stay here; let us run for it!" said Mike encouragingly.

He was suddenly the braver of the two, and if he had only been big enough, he would have picked up Daisy and run off with her; or if he had been a coward which he was not, he would have run away and left her.

Daisy did not move or speak, only stood staring up at the timbered roof above her head, whence most of the sighing seemed to proceed.

"Do come, Daisy!" urged Mike, his voice sounding rougher now. It seemed fearfully foolish to him for anyone to stay in such a state of fright, when by running away they might escape it.

The words were scarcely uttered when there was a splitting, rending noise behind them, and looking round they saw that some of the great timbers of the tunnel roof had sagged downwards, while a shower of earth and stones was falling on the rails and ties.

"Why the tunnel is falling in!" cried Daisy, with a start, suddenly realising that all the weird noises had been caused by the groaning, straining timbers of the roof. "Run, Mike, run!" And recovering the use of her limbs with a jerk she darted forward, dragging him with her.

How they rushed! Hopping from tie to tie, swinging their bodies this way and that, often nearly falling but never quite. Then at last they reached the open air at the other end of the tunnel, and, with sobbing gasps of exhaustion and relief flung themselves on the bank to recover their breath.

"Ugh! I'm glad we are through it!" said Mike. Then he picked up a stone and flung it into the dark hole whence they had emerged, just by way of relieving his feelings.

Daisy turned her head away, and furtively whisked a couple of tears from her eyes. Her terror had been so dreadful while it lasted that just at first it seemed a positive relief that the tunnel had fallen in and so relieved her fear.

"Oh, it was just awful!" she said, with a great sigh, then peeped in the basket which she carried on her arm, to make sure that she had not upset the bottle of medicine.

"Come on, let us make haste home," said Mike, as he scrambled to his feet, shuddering violently. "This place is horrid. I won't come here again if I can help it!"

"Oh, Mike, the train!" cried Daisy, in sudden recollection. "We can't go home until we have stopped it, for if it ran into the tunnel the people might be killed."

That bit of the railway which ran from Penton to Neuquista in West Argentina had not been open a month yet, and there were only two trains in the twenty-four hours—one which went east towards Penton in the morning, and the other that came from Penton to Neuquista in the evening.

"The train won't stop for us, and it doesn't come until dark," objected Mike.

"We must make it stop; and, oh dear, it is getting dark now! Whatever can we do to make them hear us? If only we had a big bell, or a trumpet!" cried Daisy despairingly.

"We could make a fire on the track," suggested Mike, "only we haven't any wood nor yet matches."

"Yes, yes; there are some matches in the bundle on your back," replied Daisy, jumping up in a wild state of excitement, "and there are heaps of grass and fern in the valley round the bend. What a good thing the train is coming



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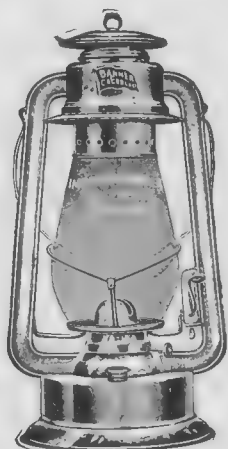
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We wish to assure our patrons that they will always get square treatment when dealing with us.
Avallone & Co. Inc., 49 Colborne St., Toronto, Ontario.

to Neuquista instead of going east, or we should have to scramble all up those hills to the other side of the tunnel."

The two raced along the track until they had passed the bend. Then taking off their encumbering bags of groceries, they set to work gathering a great heap of grass and dried fern, which they piled in the middle of the track.

The trouble was to know when to light it, for with that kind of fuel the fire must soon burn itself out. But if they did not set it on fire until they heard the rumble of the train, it might not blaze quickly enough to be seen.

"We will light a little fire in front of the big heap, then we shall be sure of a blaze at the right moment, and we shall not waste our fuel either," said Daisy. Then drawing some of the dried fern



"Why, the tunnel is falling in!" cried Daisy
'Run, Mike, run!'

and grass a little apart, she quickly set it on fire in the middle of the track.

"S'pose that old tunnel had fallen in to-morrow instead of to-day, then Father might have got hurt," Mike said, plumping another armful of grass on to the main heap.

Daisy shuddered. "I expect there will be somebody else's father in the train to-night. I feel as if I shall choke when the cars come rumbling up. For just think what will happen if we can't stop them!"

"Don't talk about it," said Mike. Let us get another armful of the stuff to burn, before it is too dark to see to gather it. We may want it if the train is late, and anything is better than stopping still now."

But it was so dark already that they would scarcely have seen the way back to the railway track but for the handful of fire which glowed so brightly in the gloom.

The time seemed very long after that. Trains in Argentina don't trouble about matching the time tables, as they do in England, and this one was already more than an hour behind time.

"Poor Baby will want his medicine, I expect, and Mother will be dreadfully frightened because we have not come home," Daisy said with a little sigh, as she carefully laid another handful of grass on the fire.

The grass was not so dry as the fern, so instead of blazing it merely smoked, and just at that moment Mike, who was flat on his face on the ground listening hard, sprang up with a queer, choked cry. "It's the train—I can hear it coming now!"

"I can't," said Daisy, straining her ears.

"Put your head on the ground, then you will," he answered. "But look at the fire—it's going out!"

"No, it isn't. See, I am going to poke this dried fern in underneath; then it will blaze in a minute," Daisy answered, panting and breathless now, because the dreaded moment was so near.

The ferns burned as slowly as the grass, and now the rumble of the cars could be plainly heard coming round the hills, yet still the fire would not burst into flame.

Oh dear, oh dear! What shall we do?" wailed Daisy, who was fanning the smouldering grass with her hat. Then she cried out sharply, "Mike, Mike, what shall we do?"

"Let's burn our hats!" suggested stolid Mike. In critical moments like this his slower wit always seemed the more dependable for showing a way out.

"Hurrah! So we will! Stuff it in quick, quick!" she shouted, thrusting her own broad-brimmed hat into the fire, while Mike did the same with his.

But still the mass refused to flame, and the sound of the approaching cars was loud in their ears like thunder.

"The matches!" gasped Daisy, and although her hand shook so that she could scarcely hold the box, she succeeded in lighting some of them. Then she held her brim over the tiny point of flame, and to her great joy it suddenly blazed, while at the same moment the lump of grass and fern at her feet burst into a bright, roaring flame.

"Quick, Mike, quick!" she shouted, springing back to the side of the track, and waving her blazing hat above her head.

Mike, whose hat was blazing also, sprang back on the other side of the track, and both shrieked and yelled their loudest, "Stop, stop, stop!"

But their voices were drowned in the roar of the cars as the train came thundering on, and ran right over the glowing heap of fire.

Daisy's heart gave a great bound, and then seemed almost to stop. It was of no use to shout: she could not make herself heard above the noise of the train, while at this moment the heat from the blazing hat caught her fingers and she had to drop it hastily.

Then, to her unspeakable joy, the cars began to slow down, coming finally to a stand, and she could hear Mike's shrill yelling on the other side of the train.

"What is the matter?" called the voice of the driver, and the passengers began to crowd to the windows and doors to see why the cars had been stopped three miles short of Neuquista.

"If you please, the tunnel has fallen in, and the train can't get through," Daisy called back, in a weak, quivering voice, which she could hardly recognise as her own; and farther away on the other side of the train she heard Mike shouting at the top of his voice, "The tunnel has dropped in, and you will all be killed if you try to go through."

Then suddenly her strength seemed to fail her and she trembled so much that she could not stand, so collapsed into a shivering heap on the bank at the side of the track.



"Quick, Mike, quick!" she shouted

Fortunately there was nothing more to do. Mike was explaining the situation at the very top of his voice on the other side of the train, there was much talking and shouting, people running to and fro with lanterns, while other people asked questions which no one had time to answer.

Daisy was wondering in a dull, troubled fashion how ever she and Mike would be able to find their way home, over nearly two miles of lonely, trackless pasture, on such a dark night, when a dear, familiar voice called out close beside her, "Daisy, Daisy, my girl, where are you?"

"Why, Father, is it you?" she cried joyfully, and then she scrambled to her feet, to find her father close beside her.

"Yes, finding myself able to get away a day sooner than I had expected, I came

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through on to-night's cars," Mr. Scanes explained. Then he added in a grave voice, "But perhaps I should not have reached home at all if it had not been for you and Mike!"

"It was so dreadful! We couldn't make the fire blaze at the last minute, and so we had to burn our hats," Daisy said with a gasp, remembering the hurry and the fear of those terrible moments when the cars were rumbling and rushing towards them. Then she asked, "Were you surprised about the tunnel falling in, Father?"

"Not a bit. I came through it a week ago, three days before I went to Penton, and it was sighing and creaking in a fashion that made me feel quite sure it would not stand," he answered.

Daisy and Mike were thanked by all the people on the cars for their courage and cleverness in stopping the train; and then, picking up their parcels, they went away, hand in hand with their father, across the dark pastures, and soon reached home.

Damrasch.

He was only a dog, was Damrasch, and not a handsome dog at that. He was big and tawny, and of a brown-yellow color. He lived in Holland, where all such dogs serve as beasts of burden. His first master was a cruel man, a dealer in hardware, who forced the big dog to draw his load through the terrible heats of summer and the bitter colds of winter. This began when the dog was but ten months old and continued for two years. One day in summer, when his master had been cursing him more than usual, according to the manner of men of Christian countries, Damrasch was overcome by the terrible heat. The dog had not had a morsel to eat for two days and, worse than that, had not quenched his thirst for more than twelve hours. The poor beast collapsed in the middle of the road. When his master found that no amount of kicking would raise the animal, he left him with one last curse.

The crowds of people poured by—on the other side of the road—on their way to a fair. Only a suffering dog. Men of Christian countries need take no heed. Finally a very poor old man and a very beautiful little boy, a child of some five years, came up the road. But they did not pass by. It was worth their while to notice a poor, bleeding, dying dog, and so they stopped. The old grandfather lifted the dog's head and bathed it in water from a nearby brook. Then he lifted him on to his cart and took him home. The dog was of good stock, and although completely worn out at that time, after a few weeks of rest, became strong again.

Now, the old man was a very poor peasant who dragged his little cart with milk from the neighboring dairies into the large town. But the old man was getting very lame, and so the dog took the burden of the cart. It was not a burden to the beast, for he had been used to dragging a huge load of hardware, and the new life seemed like Paradise to him. The dog was a comrade for the old man and the little child, and, according to the custom of dogs, showed his sympathy in every conceivable way. The day might be cold, the food but a crust of dry bread, as it often was, yet the dog never showed signs of dissatisfaction, for his duty was to the old man and little child who had rescued him.

The years passed by. The old man died a lonely death with only the child, now a boy of fifteen, and the old dog as mourners.

The boy was wretchedly poor. Not a friend in the world remained to him excepting the good, faithful dog. But the boy had one talent that to him meant more than silver or gold. Since his earliest childhood he had travelled back and forth from the great town with his little wagon, and he had often visited the great cathedral where Van Dyck's masterpieces hung.

"One day I shall be a great artist," was his thought. "Damrasch now is my one companion, but then—" That would be wonderful, but good Damrasch would still be his true friend.

The boy had a great talent for sketch-

ing, it is true, but his poverty was his great drawback.

It happened that in the big city there was to be held a great contest. To the boy who sketched the best original drawing was to be given the opportunity for studying art. How that word opportunity rang in his ears. Try!

For eight long months he worked, with Damrasch at his side. He denied himself everything—food, clothes, and even lodgings. In the end it would pay. The contest closed the first of December. The boy placed the drawing on the little milk cart, and, with his faithful follower at his side, trudged the long, frozen road to the city. In the eyes of the boy were the marks of sorrow, hunger, and fatigue, and his face looked worn and old.

The weather was now freezing cold, and the two wanderers had nowhere to lay their heads, for a cruel master had driven them from their hut because the rent was overdue. Still, what would it matter if only the promised award of two hundred francs per year were gained?

The twenty-fourth of December saw the award of the prize. The boy and Damrasch were on hand at the great public building. The prize was awarded to—not the boy, but the son of a rich brewer of the city.

All was over. The poor boy and Damrasch plodded once more wearily along the road. It was night, and the boy sought the cathedral once again. This time he was broken in spirit. Tired, dejected, sick, and utterly worn out, for not for two days had he tasted food. Through the carelessness of the keeper, the cathedral was unlocked.

The boy and the dog entered, and together they lay down in front of the chancel. With his arm around the dog, his only friend, the boy slept. The next morning the priest, entering the cathedral for the Christmas services, beheld the two lifeless forms—the young boy and the old dog, peacefully sleeping their last sleep, sleeping forever, side by side.

That Christmas day, one of the judges of the contest announced to the people that he sought the boy who should have received the prize for the crayon sketch entitled "Damrasch"—the picture of a faithful dog.

But the poor boy and the faithful dog slept their last sleep together in peace, where the buffetings of the world could no longer trouble their dreams.

An Old-School Gentleman.

A leap-year joke, thrice refined, recently appeared in the New York Press. A white-haired, infirm old man stood wedged between other standing folk in a crowded Broadway car. Every seat was occupied, and for a time no one paid any attention to him.

At last a little girl, whose golden hair fell in waves over her handsome velvet coat, noticed the old man clinging to the strap. Without a word to her mother, who sat beside her, she rose and gently plucked the sleeve of his coat.

"Won't you take my seat?" she said. The old man looked at her sweet, upturned face and hesitated for a moment. Then he bared his snowy head and bowed low.

"My little lady," he said, "I thank you. I shall accept your offer because it is leap-year."

An Unreasonable Wish.

Just outside Philadelphia a well-known lawyer has an admirable stock-farm, and there in the summer, says the Baltimore Sun, he entertains many little bands of poor children. One day, when many of them had been the rounds and had seen all there was to be seen, the owner treated them to milk. It was good milk; it came from a two-thousand-dollar cow.

"Well, boys," said the farmer, when they had drained their glasses, "what do you think of that milk?"

"That's fine!" said one little chap, enthusiastically. Then, after a pause, he added, "I wisht our milkman kep' a cow!"

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Correspondence.

We invite our readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all the interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mental development, and readers of The Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

A Life Story.

Hamilton, Ont., Nov. 7, 1911.

Dear Editor.—Just a few lines from one of your Eastern readers to let you know that your valuable magazine, the Western Home Monthly, has even reached the ambitious city — Hamilton by name. We all think highly of it and I, well, I look forward with great interest to all the good things it contains, but especially does my eye roam over the correspondence pages. I have also

those who helped to pull him down. The young wife could not stand it long, for crushed, broken-hearted, she was soon in that last, long, unbroken sleep. Readers, need I tell you that these young people who died in the prime of life were my father and mother. Now, I imagine I hear someone say, "Oh, you're just one of those goody sort who like to preach the little bit they know." But, reader, stop, I am no such person, for I was raised on a farm out under God's clear, blue sky, with the birds singing all around me, and the green grass under my feet, and I boast that I can milk a cow and make butter with any of the best of the lassies of the "Golden West." I am not so very old either, only nineteen summers; just a chicken probably some of you will say. Now, don't run off with the idea that I am just a staid old maid even at the age of 19, who wears a long solemn face and never smiles; in fact, I am very fond of physical sports and think there is nothing finer than lots of fun of the right sort. For instance, what girl is there who does not enjoy a jolly game of baseball with a half-dozen manly boys, boys who treat the girls the way they should be treated, and who scorn the idea of cigars, profane language, etc.? It is lads like this that this old world wants. Now, Mr.



A Coast Sawmill, B.C.

read with great interest the different subjects under discussion, and so I thought I would like to have my little say. I am glad to see that there are a great many splendid letters, which show the brave men and women behind the pen. I enjoyed Inconnu's letter very much and also Josephus and others who write letters to inspire one to all that is pure and good and who, like Longfellow, let us know that life is real, life is earnest, and therefore across the great distance which separates us I shake hands with all those just mentioned, for do we not all belong to the great human family? Now, just a word on the liquor business and all in that line, and to let the readers of The Western Home Monthly understand that I know what I am talking about. I will state a little piece of real life. About 20 years ago a handsome young man and woman decided to travel through life together, but after they had been married a few years the young husband began to go down. On he went at a galloping pace, while the young wife stood bravely by him, doing all she could to stop the downfall, but it was to no good, for wife, home, children, everything dear to the heart of man, was forgotten in the mad desire to have a good time, but a check was put to it at last, for, without time to turn over a new leaf or beg pardon of those he had so cruelly wronged, his soul returned unto the God who gave it, and who will say but the Great Judge of all the earth what will be meted out to

Editor, thanking you in advance for the space taken up in your Western Home Monthly, I will close. Wishing your magazine every success, I remain, sincerely yours, Constance.

Two Californian Boys.

California, Nov. 23, 1911.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly permit two very shy California boys to join your interesting correspondence column? One of us is not a subscriber to your paper, but nevertheless we both look forward with pleasure to the time the next issue will arrive. Just this last month we found out that there was such a magazine and during that time we have got the numbers as far back as July, and now we have come to the conclusion that there is no other monthly better worth the small sum of \$1.25 per annum than The Western Home Monthly. We are both farmers in sunshiny California, where you can pick flowers at all seasons of the year. We have been located here for almost seven years, and must say it is a fine country, but think it a little bit risky farming, as we don't get quite enough rain. Our intentions are to go north in another year, so we would like to correspond with a few young ladies from different parts, as we might be able to get some valuable pointers on the country. There are lots and lots of fine looking young ladies in California, but we would like to be millionaires before taking any chances of getting married

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to a Californian. Well, I suppose we must get into line and give a description of ourselves. Little Jack was born under the English flag. Height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 150 lbs.; fair hair, blue eyes, and for good looks is A 1 in the moonlight; smokes, doesn't swear, but talks long; fond of all kinds of outdoor sport, but strictly temperate. "Slim" was born in Illinois; is 5 feet 10 inches; has brown hair, dark blue eyes, and weighs 170 lbs.; looks good at a distance; bad habits, takes a smoke, dances, and is fond of all kinds of outdoor sport; strictly temperate. I must close. Wishing your paper all kinds of success, we sign ourselves,

Little Jack and Slim.

Only Seventeen.

Alberta, Canada, Nov. 9th, 1911.

Dear Editor,—I have only been reading The Western Home Monthly for a few months, but think it the "best ever." Am very much interested in the correspondence column and thought I would try my luck at writing a letter, and perhaps gain a few correspondents. The bachelors seem to want a lot of sympathy and I suppose most of them deserve it, as it must be rather lonesome for them sometimes. There are lots of them around here, and I have been in a number of their shacks, some of which were very nice and neat, while others— I came from Nova Scotia 4 years ago. I lived in the beautiful Annapolis Valley, but like the West fine so far. It gets rather lonesome sometimes though. As others give descriptions of themselves, suppose I had better fall into line and do the same. Am seventeen, dark brown wavy hair, blue eyes, weigh 110 lbs., am 5 feet 3½ inches tall, and, as the old saying is, "am homely as a hedge fence." I can ride horseback, dance and skate, am very fond of music, can play and sing a little for my own amusement, and am a great bookworm. I should be pleased to correspond with anyone who cares to write to a Western girl. My address is with the editor, and I shall answer all letters promptly. Will sign myself,

"Just Snooks."

A Criticism on Dancing.

Dear Sir, In reply to "A Prairie Visitor" of the October issue as to the difference between a skating party and a dancing party, kindly permit me to say that questions and objections have never been raised as to skating, either in a party or alone, by ladies with gentlemen or otherwise. Skating is a wholesome recreation and no charges of impropriety, immodesty, or worldiness, can be laid against even the skating party. It worthily occupies a prominent place among the outdoor pastimes that contribute greatly to the health and strength and enthusiasm of men and women. With the modern dance, however, the reverse is the case. The fact that it is questionable condemns it, and instead of being a recreation, is a physical, if not spiritual, dissipation, judging by appearances next morning, and who would call it an accomplishment? Webster defines:—"An accomplishment is an elegance of mind or manners." But the graver objections are: That the attitudes assumed in the modern dances are improper, to use no stronger word. Consider the attitude of the "ripple." The man places his hand upon the lady's waist, her left hand rests upon his right shoulder or arm; the man's left hand holds the woman's right hand as both their arms are extended, and in this position they circle through the room. At a fashionable dance nineteen couples were dancing the "ripple" and seventeen of the couples had their breasts literally throbbing against each other. Custom cannot make an impropriety proper. Would such an intimate and prolonged embrace be permitted in a promenade, or at a window to any Tom, Dick or Harry? Why then should such liberties be sanctioned in the dance? The objection is not in keeping time to music, or in the peculiar step, or in the dance itself, but in the liberty allowed and taken in the dance. A gentleman seeing the round dance for the first time said, "If I should see a man offering to dance with

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my wife in that way, I would horse-whip him." Another grave objection is that the popular round dances of the present day have been invented by lewd dancing masters and that the sex element, in an illegitimate way, is the spirit of the dance. Dr. Pierson writes: "The waltz was born December 20th, 1787—first seen in a Vienna theatre, the progeny of a licentious stage and its consort the ballet. This amorous gyratory hugging was, for a time, thought to be too shockingly indecent to be tolerated anywhere else. It found its way into houses of doubtful repute, and more slowly into German and Parisian society." The chief of police of New York testifies that three-fourths of the abandoned girls of that city say they were led to ruin by the dance. A Roman Catholic bishop of New York states:—"It is ascertained in the confessional that nineteen out of twenty, who confess to have fallen from virtue, ascribe their first and subsequent downward steps to the dance." Another objection is that the representative churches of to-day condemn it and if there were available space one could quote resolution after resolution proving this. The Methodist Church in its recent action in relation to dancing by no means sanctions it, but has granted liberty of conscience, a ruling in harmony with independence of thought and judgment, which is common to Protestantism. A council of archbishops and bishops of the Roman Catholic Church on this continent passed this:—"We consider it our duty to warn our people against those amusements . . . and especially against the fashionable dances at present carried on, which are so revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety, and are fraught with the greatest danger to morals." As to the argument that the modern dance has the sanction of Scripture, it is not so. The dance there referred to was outdoors, in the daytime, spontaneous, women and men separate, and was a natural expression to celebrate the victories of Jehovah and of Israel; the modern dance they did not know. The above are only a few reasons why the young people's society of any church should not give a dancing party instead of a skating party. Thanking you for space if published, I am, yours sincerely,

Josephus.

For Young and Old.

Sask., Nov. 12, 1911.

Dear Editor,—I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for two years and I consider it the best paper in print for young people and even older folks. I live in a very good part of the West, one-half mile from the C.N.R. and four miles from town. Well, I guess, I will follow suit and describe myself. I am between 15 and 20 and a farmer's son; 5 feet 8 inches in height; weight, 150 lbs.; and, for looks, I think I would pass as good looking in the dark. I like dancing very much. If anyone would like to write to me I will answer all. Would like to hear from Western Cowgirl. Wishing the paper every success. Handsome Kid.

Leap Year Coming.

Sask., Nov. 13, 1911.

Dear Editor,—Having been an interested reader of your valuable paper for several years, I have at last decided to join the merry circle. As I was reading through the October issue of the correspondence column, I found the second letter written by "The Doctor." I am certainly glad to see "The Doctor" come to the front and make an open confession to this wide circle of friends. I am glad that the doctors must take their medicine as well as the farmers, no matter how bitter it may be. It is certainly interesting to read the different ideas and experiences that the young bachelors have to contend with on their homesteads. I have been in Canada over seven years and am not ready to leave yet. I think this is a fine country for a young man to come to make a start in life. I am strictly temperate and of good habits, and as for looks, I have never failed to pass in a good looking crowd. As for a further description of myself, I will let my



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friends write to me and find out more fully. Well, girls, leap year is near at hand; better get busy soon. If any young lady wishes to write to me, they will find my address with the editor. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success. Will sign my name as, A Canadian Buckeye.

A Good Correspondent.

Portage la Prairie, Nov. 9, 1911.

Dear Editor,—The correspondence column of your valuable paper has attracted my attention for some time. I am a good hand at correspondence. I would like to correspond with a Lonely Child and Western Cowgirl in the November number. I see all the rest describe themselves, so here goes. I am 19 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, weigh 145 pounds, have light brown hair and brown eyes, and, as for good looks, I think I would pass. Wishing your paper every success, I will sign myself,

A Jolly Miller.

Cannot Express in Words.

Ontario, Nov. 8, 1911.

Dear Editor,—This is my first attempt in writing a letter to the Western Home Monthly. I cannot express in words how much we enjoy your most interesting magazine. The literature is most excellent both for young and old. I enjoy the correspondence page and think some of the letters very interesting. As most do, I will give a brief description of myself. I am 5 feet 1 in height, fair complexion and light hair and hazel eyes, rather good looking, and 21 years of age. Am very fond of any kind of sport, especially skating, and have a lively disposition. Now, I am not on the matrimonial list, but would like to hear from anyone who would care to write to an Eastern girl. You will find my address with the editor. Will close, wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, I will sign myself,

Morning Glory.

Sometimes Hits the Game.

Sask., Nov. 17, 1911.

Dear Editor,—Many a good laugh I have had while reading the letters found in the correspondence columns of your valuable magazine and have often promised myself that I would join you, but not until this evening have I fulfilled that promise. Now, I am not going to criticise any of the letters, as every one has a right to his or her own opinions, but I really do think that a great number write simply to stir up some arguments, and I think that is a splendid idea, as they are always interesting and oftentimes instructive. Take Archibald's letter, for instance. I am sure that he does not mean all he says, but must have written it after eating some of his own home-made pies, and was not feeling just himself. But my opinion really is that he is a perfect tease and delights in tormenting girls, possibly not always his sisters. I am an Ontario girl, just came out to the West last summer and am quite in love with this part of the country—notice, I said this part of the country. No, it is not because of loneliness that I am writing, but for mere fun. I can thoroughly enjoy anything which looks like good sport. Just mention a horseback ride, a skate, or a dance, and I am ready. Or an afternoon with my rifle soon slips by, but with me it is principally all shooting, although occasionally I manage to hit the game—of course, that is when I do not aim at the object. Hoping that I have not been infringing on your limited space, I will close, leaving my address with the editor, Yours truly,

Betsy B.

Uplifting to the Race.

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 10th, 1911.

Dear Editor,—I find your magazine very interesting, and think that it is doing a great deal for the uplifting of the human race. I am living in Winnipeg, but my home is in Eastern Ontario, where I expect to return for the winter. I think it is the rule to describe one's self, is it not? I am 21 years old, 6 feet tall, weigh 170 lbs., and have fair complexion. I would like to correspond with readers of the Western

Home Monthly, not with matrimonial intent, but to widen one another's knowledge of this great Canada of ours. I will leave my address with the editor. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, I remain,

"Jinks."

Courage Seems Necessary.

Man., Nov. 15, 1911.

Dear Editor,—For quite a while we have been reading your valuable paper. We like it, especially the correspondence page. We have been thinking of writing for some time and have at last plucked up courage. We will describe ourselves. We are very shy, both rather tall, slim, and graceful, both have fair curly hair, sweet blue eyes, and adorable rosybud mouths. We are eighteen, and have been told by many we are nice looking. We can cook food fit for a king, and we can also act like ladies in the parlor. We can both play the piano and sing sweetly. No. 1 Heavenly Twin sings contralto; No. 2 Heavenly Twin sings soprano. There are many consider us good actresses at the concerts we hold in this village. We do not object to smoking, dancing or card playing. We would both very much like to hear from Archibald and Anglo Albertan, or any other young men of the correspondence page. Our address is with the editor. We will answer promptly and exchange photos.

Two Heavenly Girl Twins.

Love at First Sight.

Ocotoks, Alta., Nov. 20th, 1911.

Dear Editor,—What delightful letters there are in the columns of your paper. I simply can't keep silent any longer, it is all so inviting. I read the Western Home Monthly whenever I have the chance, and am always very much taken up with the correspondence columns. How many of your readers enjoy the quiet life of the ranch? I will not say lonely, for there are always so many things to do, one hasn't time to feel lonely. I see everyone describes themselves; I guess the letters would not be satisfying otherwise. I am a country maid of nineteen summers, have brown hair and eyebrows, blue eyes, and have a mouth that simply won't look solemn. I have not weighed lately, but the last time I was 124 lbs. My height is 5 feet 6 inches. I have just returned from completing my education, and can play the piano and violin; I can also sing. My favorite diversions are dancing, skating and horseback riding. Most of the bachelors around here, are old and crank, and as I am tired of their everlasting talk about "fine day, looks like rain, etc." I would like to hear from some younger men, of from eighteen to twenty-six. I believe in "love at first sight," and I also think a girl should love a fellow before she marries him. Say, did you ever hear the definition of love? It is defined as a ticklish sensation under the left wing of the heart. Hoping that the editor will think this letter worth printing, I will close with a little verse which I think is rather good.

Grumble? No! What's the good.

If it availed, I would;

But it doesn't a bit,

Not it!

I will sign myself, Prairie Sprite.

The Two Lonesome Maidens.

Manitoba, Canada, Nov. 11, 1911.

Dear Editor,—We have been constant readers of The Western Home Monthly for a long time, so you can welcome two Western maidens who would like to join your correspondence circle. As this is our first letter to the column, we suppose we had better describe ourselves. Here goes! No. 1 describes herself. I have dark brown hair, blue eyes and a very dark complexion. I am 5 feet 8 inches tall, and my weight is 138 lbs., and, as for looks, would pass in a crowd with a push. I am a Canadian girl, sweet sixteen. And, now, for No. 2. I am a Scotch girl, have dark hair and light blue eyes, and a very fair complexion. I am 22 years old, and my weight is 148 lbs., height, 5 feet 9 inches. We are very fond of all sorts of sports, such as skating, dancing, driving and horseback riding.

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We would like to correspond with some of the lonely bachelors if they will please write first. We will close, leaving our address with the editor, and wishing the paper every success. Will sign ourselves,

Two Lonesome Maidens.

A Help and Influence.

West Co., N. B., Nov., 1911

Dear Sir,—I have been a subscriber of your paper now for three years and can honestly say that I think it the best paper of its kind printed anywhere in America. I thoroughly enjoy reading all parts of it, and can say that it has always been a help and influence to me in my work, and I look forward to its coming every month with keen interest. I must say that I enjoy the correspondence page and have been quietly amused and interested in the opinions expressed by the different writers on the subjects discussed. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, I remain,

A Wellwisher.

Forming Friendships.

N. B., Nov., 1911.

Dear Sir,—I have been a subscriber of your valuable paper for several years and think it is improving right along. I should judge that quite a number of friendships are formed through the correspondence, and as I am anxious to form some new friends I would be glad of your help. I have lived on a large farm nearly all my life, but have not learned to be fond of the work, although I think it the most independent way of living. I am rather slow getting acquainted, but will try and answer all letters promptly. Would like to hear from those living at a distance. Kindly forward enclosed letter. Now, I must close with best wishes for the future success of the Western Home Monthly.

B. C. M.

Is the Pace Too Fast?

Goodwater, Sask., Nov. 27, 1911.

Mr. Editor,—Just received your prompt attention to my request for a copy of the missing October issue. Many thanks for same. I must say when I get the day's toil done, the pipe going, and the Western Home Monthly in front of me, there's nothing more to wish for while it lasts. Many of the short stories are excellent, and to crown all, The Young Man and His Problem simply tells us what we are and what we ought to be. I believe one can take more good from it than from a sermon on Sunday. I must congratulate the author in the broad and inclusive survey he is taking of his fellow man. Something to broaden our minds is what we need in this great land of ours, because I think the pace we are going is just a little too fast, and the faster the pace the narrower the mind gets. We don't take time to think of a great many necessities attached to our life, when passing through many districts, while but young take a look at the surroundings, and say well done. We are greatly indebted to many of our missionaries, for our churches, for instance. One came to a neighboring district last spring, got busy amongst his people and in three months' time and labor had a fine church built. Now he's gone and his name is seldom mentioned, and I know of many similar cases. Now for the correspondence columns, there are many sensible letters. I think the editor sometime ago said so many were alike it was difficult to pick suitable ones, yet many resemble others, although one must admit it's not a bad idea. In fact, it must be an honor to see a letter you have written in such a paper. I do not figure very high and I'll make no pressing wishes as regards the printing of this letter. I often see "The Doctor" getting his hair pulled, poor fellow, and many kicks. I see most of the correspondents give an account of themselves. I am a poor hand at this. I have got enough faults for myself and two or three more. I always had a place to eat and sleep, and that's more than some can say. If any of the girls or boys think of writing me, I'll gladly respond, and will sign

Munroe.



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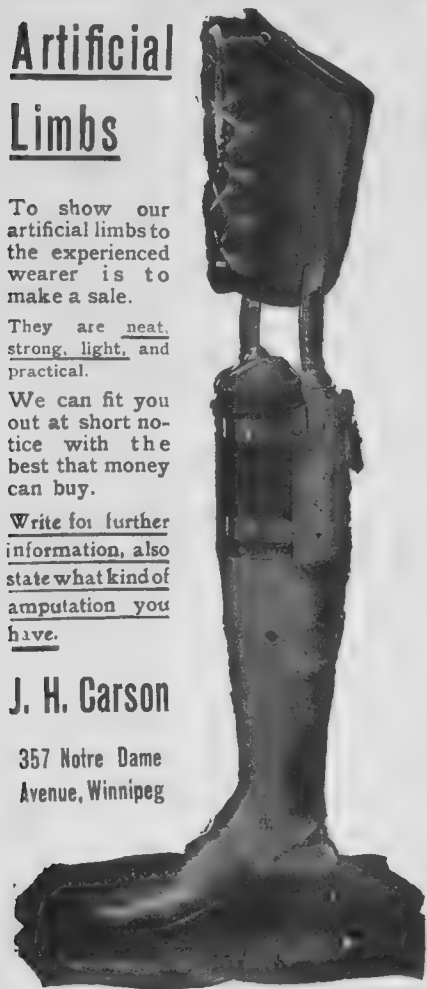
They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J. H. Carson

357 Notre Dame Avenue, Winnipeg



\$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Kidneys, Free

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine, the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches, the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write TODAY. Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 231st, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED

Reliable parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address:

The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Orillia, Ont.

MAGIC Pocket Trick and Catalogue for sale. Dept 12, 270 W. 39th St., New York

The Home Doctor.

Death From Bromo Seltzer.

The question is frequently asked, is bromo-seltzer a harmless remedy for headache? The answer is, unquestionably, no. The Journal of the American Medical Association has reported a case in which death occurred as the result of a dose of bromo-seltzer taken for the relief of headache. In this particular case the heart was doubtless already weak from the repeated doses of the drug which had been previously taken, and a slight overdose produced fatal results. Any drug a slight overdose of which will produce death is a dangerous drug to use habitually or otherwise than under the closest medical supervision. Such drugs are, in fact, seldom if ever required. Bromo-seltzer contains acetanilid, one of the most deadly of coal-tar products because of its paralyzing effect upon the heart. A person suffering from headache should ascertain the cause and relieve the headache by removing the cause rather than by the swallowing of a drug.—Good Health.

Frost.

Exposure to extreme cold may affect one or more portions of the body, or it may cause general freezing, involving the whole system, though this does not often happen in temperate latitudes, except during very severe winter storms, accompanied by high winds and an exceptionally low temperature. The human body can withstand considerable exposure to cold, although, as is the case with extreme heat, different persons vary greatly in their power of resistance owing to differences of health and vigor, the sort of clothing worn, and the proportion of heat-producing food included in their dietary. Tight gloves and shoes and closely fitting circular garters, together with any other article of clothing which may obstruct the circulation, make one more susceptible to the effects of cold, while the practice of allowing children or young girls to wear short socks, short sleeves, or low-necked frocks outdoors in cold weather, without sufficient under clothing to compensate for the resulting exposure, is little less than criminal.

The treatment of all forms of frost-bite and freezing has as its object the gradual restoration of the heat of the body. Whereas in illness resulting from exposure to extreme heat the body temperature is much increased, and the treatment should be such as to lower it, in this case the opposite result is desired. Under these circumstances, however, the alteration of temperature must be effected much more slowly; a person on the verge of freezing to death or one who has received a local frost-bite, must not be placed in front of a roaring fire. If warmth and circulation are restored too rapidly, the tissues can not manage the sudden rush of blood into them, and the resulting congestion might cause the actual death of the frozen part.

The symptoms of general freezing are numbness, pallor and drowsiness, which is followed by unconsciousness, in which death takes place unless the victim is rescued and restored. A person in such a condition should, if possible, be taken into a cool room which can gradually be made warmer; he should be undressed and rubbed with snow or cold water—never with anything warm—until the blood begins to circulate again in his benumbed body. When he becomes able to swallow, hot restorative drinks should be given him. When the circulation is fully restored, the patient should be put to bed and covered warmly. While a physician should have been sent for at once, it is as necessary as in heat-stroke, to begin the proper treatment without waiting for his arrival.

Slight frost-bites, as of fingers, toes, cheeks or ears, are not uncommon when the temperature falls very low, and especially when there is a keen wind. At first the affected part is red and painful, but as freezing proceeds it becomes white and stiff, numb and devoid of

sensation. The treatment is the same as for general freezing; gentle and very gradual attempts to restore the circulation, by means of rubbing with ice, snow or cold water. Rough chunks of ice or frozen snow should not be used, however, and sometimes when a delicate part of the body, such as the tip of the ear or the nose or the end of a finger or toe has been frozen so hard as to become very brittle, it is not safe to use friction in even the most gentle way, for fear of actually breaking off the part. In such cases cold water can be applied by means of a sponge or a piece of flannel, or it may be sprayed upon or poured over the frozen part.

Chilblain, which is not an uncommon affection among children, is the secondary effect of a mild frost-bite, usually resulting from the too early exposure of cold hands or feet to a hot fire, or some other sudden alternation of heat and cold. It produces a dull red or violent eruption on the part affected, which itches and burns most unpleasantly. When once established, this affection is apt to recur. Rubbing with snow or immersion in cold water, when the eruption first appears, is recommended as a useful procedure, and a person who has once suffered from this sort of trouble should be dressed with especial care to protect the susceptible parts and should keep away from fires, registers, etc., on coming in out of the cold, starting the circulation instead by means of brisk rubbing or exercise.

Feeding the Baby.

During the first year the child's diet should be of milk alone, breast nursed until the end of the ninth month, then cow's milk, reduced in strength at first and finally given full strength.

At twelve months cereals, gruels, broths and eggs may be added to the diet. Following is a schedule for the average healthy child of twelve months according to Dr. Holt:

6.30 a. m. Milk, six to seven ounces; diluted with barley or oat gruel, two to three ounces; after the thirteenth month taken from a cup.

9.00 a. m. Orange juice, one to two ounces.

10.00 a. m. Milk, two parts; oatmeal or barley gruel, one part; from ten to twelve ounces in all may be allowed given from a cup.

2.00 p. m. Beef juice, one to two ounces; or, the white of one egg, slightly cooked, later, the entire egg; or, mutton or chicken broth, four to six ounces. Milk and gruel in proportions above given, four to six ounces.

6.00 p. m. Same as at 10 a. m.

10.00 p. m. Same as at 6.30 a. m. except that the milk may be given from the bottle.

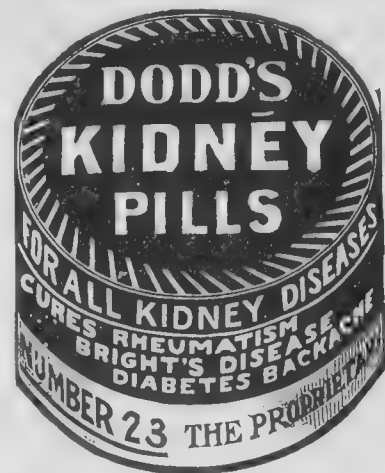
This schedule may be followed until the fourteenth or fifteenth month. After this the cereals may be given much thicker and fed from a spoon.

During the remainder of the second year the child should have the same number of meals a day, and the diet should follow pretty closely that of the first year except that zwieback or toast may be added to the ten o'clock meal, and a whole egg (soft boiled, poached or coddled) given at 2 p. m., or instead of the egg, rare scraped meat, preferably beef. Of gruels, milk, broths, etc., the child will require more than the first year.

During these two years the child must have absolutely no potatoes, vegetables of any kind, gravies made of flour, pastries, cakes, or meats of any description except as given in the schedule.

At the end of the second year the night feeding at 10 p. m. should be omitted.

At the mid-day meal a greater quantity of solid foods may be given, a few well cooked and chopped (or put through a



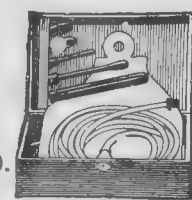
PSYCHOLOGY OF THE COURTSHIP

"We speak of man as the wooer," says a recent writer on women, "but falling in love is really mediated by the woman. By dress, behavior, coquetry, modesty, reserve, and occasional boldness she gains the attention of man and infatuates him."

Consider the predicament of the girl busy at such entertaining sport, who finds herself suddenly becoming fat. She knows by instinct that she can not infatuate long if she be fat, so to exercise and diet instantly to save the day. They may—but there is an easier way.

One can take off up to a pound a day without causing wrinkles, stomach disturbances, or the least bother. This can be done in old cases of overfatness as well as recent ones. A fine figure can be saved or a trim one regained. Simply send seventy-five cents to the Marmola Co., 1412 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich., or, better still, tender the same to your druggist for a large case of Marmola Prescription Tablets. This elegant preparation can go with you everywhere in your satchel. Take a tablet daily: off comes the fat, nice and uniformly from the fattest parts first.

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We Have It.
Write us and mention
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APIOL & STEEL for Ladies PILLS

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of Wm. MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores
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I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today

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Box 27 Watertown, N. Y.
Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

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GOITRE

Have your Goitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have a convenient, soothing appliance which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the enlargement, and stops all pain and distress in a short time. 18 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every State, price, etc. Address the Physicians Remedy Co. 206 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati.

BRONCHITIS

Was So Choked Up She Could Hardly Breathe.

Bronchitis is an acute inflammation of the mucus membrane lining the air tubes of the lungs, and should never be neglected, for if it is very often the disease becomes chronic, and then it is only a short step to consumption.

On the first sign of bronchitis Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be taken, and thus prevent it becoming chronic.

Mr. John D. MacDonald, College Grant, N.S., writes:—"My little girl, seven years old, caught a bad cold which developed into bronchitis. She was so choked up she could hardly breathe. Reading about your wonderful medicine, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I decided to try a bottle, and with such good results that I got another which completely cured her. I cannot say too much in its praise, and would not be without it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price, 25 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

sieve) green vegetables such as string beans, peas, asparagus, spinach.

The potatoes should be baked. Baked apples may also be given.

The Children's Teeth.

By C. C. Miller, M.D.

I have no criticism to make that parents fail in so many cases to give the care to the deciduous teeth which their importance demands, for the average busy dentist himself gives too little consideration to this part of his work. He does not take the time to explain to the mother the seriousness of a slight mistake in the care of this baby set of teeth. So it is in view of an obligation which I owe to you that I am indeed glad of the opportunity of speaking on this subject.

The process of formation of the deciduous teeth begins during the very early stages of the development of the child. This baby set consists of ten teeth in each jaw, four incisors, two cuspids or eye teeth and four molars.

There is no very definite rule as to the time or order of their appearance. Children are sometimes born with teeth in their mouths, while in many cases their eruption does not take place until long after the average time.

The eruption of these teeth and especially the eye teeth and baby molars is often accompanied with much difficulty. If the child is well developed and the process quite dense, much pain, with sore and swollen gums is not unusual. Sometimes very marked disturbances of the digestive organs with high fever can be attributed to no other cause than the difficult eruption of the baby teeth.

The most natural way of assisting nature in this process of eruption is by means of massage. The child usually accomplishes this manipulation by biting on some hard substance—the celluloid or ivory ring being ideal for this purpose. In extreme cases it sometimes becomes necessary to lance the gums to allow the teeth to come through, but this must be done only by a skilled physician.

The formation of the crowns of the teeth is complete before they come through the gums, although they become harder and denser, just as all the bony structure of the body hardens as the child advances in age. There is a great variation in the texture of the teeth of different children. This is due as a rule to either hereditary tendencies or to faulty nutrition.

There are several troublesome conditions due to congenital influences. We sometimes find two children, brothers or sisters, whose general health is equally good, and whose physical development is equally perfect, who are living under identically the same conditions as to food, habits, exercise and fresh air; and one child has perfect teeth while the other's teeth are very imperfect. Upon investigation we will usually find in such a case that one parent has a family history of very bad teeth while the other has hard, dense teeth with tooth troubles almost unknown.

Looking Backward.

On the night following the Yale-Princeton game last fall, a young man who had slipped and fallen was assisted to his feet by a passer-by.

"Just a little shake-bration of vict'ry," the young man explained, as he waved a bedraggled bit of orange and black ribbon.

"But Princeton lost," the other told him.

The young man looked painfully surprised for an instant.

"When did you learn that?" he asked.

"Why, it was on the bulletin-board an hour ago," the other said. "Yale won to day's game."

"I wash referrin'," said the young man, with great dignity, "to th' game of 1903."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of expert chemical experiments undertaken to discover a preventive of inflammation of the lungs and consumption, by destroying the germs that develop those diseases, and fill the world with pitiable subjects hopelessly stricken. The use of this Syrup will prevent the dire consequences of neglected Colds. A trial, which costs only 2-cents, will convince you that this is correct.

When You Think

Of the pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well, and gives them freedom from pain. It establishes regularity, subdues inflammation, heals ulceration and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult us by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 50 one-cent stamps to pay cost of wrapping and mailing only, and we will send you a free copy of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in handsome French cloth binding.



New Vitality for Men

USE THE

Free Coupon

Vitality gives you the manly courage to protect those depending upon you, as portrayed in the picture. No matter what thoughtless action or early indiscretion may have sapped your strength, Vitality restores it to you. It makes you over into a strong, vital, manly man, without an ache, pain or weakness.

Vitality puts the real VIGOR OF YOUTH into your blood, no matter how nervous or debilitated you may be. It puts the sunshine of vigorous manhood into your life. I make you feel young, and keep you feeling young, without the use of drugs, without the necessity of dieting, without one bit of change in your present mode of living except, of course, dissipation must cease. Just lead a manly life and use my HEALTH BELT; everything else will come. My HEALTH BELT, with suspensory attachment, worn nights, pours a great soft stream of VITAL STRENGTH into your blood, nerves and organs during all the hours you sleep; in one night it takes the kink, pain or weakness out of your back, ere long friends will say, "How well you look," and you are answering: "Never felt better in my life."



Your eyes will sparkle with health; you will have that pleasing influence to fascinate and control which comes to all full-blooded, strong, vital, manly men. Thousands upon thousands are now using my Health Belt all over the world. With special attachments it cures rheumatism, kidney, bladder, stomach disorders, etc.



Let Me Send
You This
Book FREE

This 96-page book, illustrated with photo-engravings, gives a fund of health, vigor and vitality information which no man, single or married, can afford to be without; it points out Nature's way to preserve manhood and how to restore it. I send it to you willingly, free of charge, in a plain, sealed envelope. There will be no obligation on your part, keep it in your pocket, think over what it contains, then if you need me I am here at your service. The book fully describes my Health Belt. It contains a chapter on rheumatism, stomach disorders and other ills. If you are in or near Toronto, drop in to see me; no charge whatsoever for advice. Please fill in the coupon when you send for book.

DR. W. A. SANDEN, 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.

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Abbey's Effervescent Salt

A clean stomach and a clear head are the guarantees of **Abbey's Salt**

25c and 60c bottle.

Sold everywhere.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets**, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

Upon my word as a minister of the gospel I could not have lived had it not been for your Tablets. I had heart trouble severely for fifteen years and many doctors had failed. I could scarcely walk fifty steps, could not lie on my left side, had fluttering and pains most excruciating. I am now well. — W. H. Thompson, Adams, Ky.

One thousand other recent genuine endorsements will be mailed you with the free treatment.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman**, Box 957, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets, for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

Household Suggestions.

Continue in Well-doing.

The true Christmas spirit of love, of service, of giving, is carried far into the year—yes, through it, by many a generous soul who finds constant joy in doing for others.

But still the blessed joy-time of the year
Is sacred unto thoughts of all the heart holds dear.

The house is beautiful with cheer,
It is the gay time of the year—

Let us, every one of us, belong to the by no means small army who do not cast aside the Christmas spirit with the Christmas greens. Who cares to escape his cares, his duties? Who is not ready to serve? Mrs. Gaskell writes: "Thinking has often made me very unhappy, acting never has. Do something, do good if you can, but do something."

Start a Christmas Club Now.

Who is ever ready for Christmas? A group of women who never were, decided to form a Christmas Club last year. The membership was limited to 12. Meetings were held twice a month from 2 to 5. Each woman brought Christmas work and worked diligently. The time passed pleasantly. Refreshments were not served except as birthdays occurred. Ideas were exchanged at the meetings, and sometimes materials were bought wholesale. The club was organized in January, and by December every member had a box well filled with gifts for her friends. Having Christmas in mind all the year, they made most appropriate gifts, and there was no distressing rush in the last few weeks.

To Keep the Feet Warm in Bed.

Fold a single blanket and place it between sheets well toward the foot of the bed. The blanket makes a nice pocket in which to put the feet, and is much warmer than the sheets.

Making Children's Night-Drawers with Feet is not a very easy matter. One mother has solved the difficulty by using the feet of stockings. She cuts the stockings—those that have been worn out at the knees—well above the ankles, and hems the drawers to ankle length. The stocking feet are then basted to the drawers, or attached by buttons and buttonholes and taken off to be washed separately.

One Way to Keep Children Covered at Night is to take two pieces of elastic about half an inch to an inch wide and about six inches long, and fasten one end of each piece with safety-pins to the sides of the mattress near the head of the bed. Fasten the other ends, also with safety-pins, to the bed coverings on each side. There is so much "give" to the elastic that the sheets will not be torn by the safety-pins, as they would if they were pinned directly to the mattress.

A Notebook, Pencil and Scissors attached to a belt by tapes will be of great service to the busy housewife, saving time, and preventing many things from being forgotten. The advantages of each article are too many to enumerate, but a trial will prove the usefulness of this plan.

To Help the Bread to Rise in Winter a hot-water bag will be found convenient. Fill the bag with hot water and place it under the covered bread-pan, finally covering all with an old blanket. Two flatirons, heated, and put on each side of the bread-pan (covering all as before), may take the place of the water-bag.

A Help in Hanging Clothes to Dry in Cold Weather is to have at hand a folding clotheshorse, with rope instead of wooden bars, to connect the wooden standards. All the small articles of clothing may be pinned to the rope with clothespins in the house, and the clotheshorse taken outdoors and placed in the sunshine. When the clothing is dry, the horse may be brought indoors and the articles taken off. Another way is to have in the kitchen two hooks to which to fasten a piece of



Master Kenneth McEwen of Medicine Hat and his Poultry Farm of 500 birds.

clothesline, having a loop at each end. Outdoors have hooks on posts exactly the same distance apart as those in the house. Put up the line indoors and hang up the clothes; then take it down, carry it out in a basket, and put the line, with the clothes still pinned to it, over the outdoor hooks. Do not have the line too long or it will be too heavy to carry when the garments are wet.

When Washing Clothes in Cold Weather try putting a handful of salt in the last rinsing water. While not entirely preventing freezing, it will nevertheless make the clothes easier to handle.

To Thaw Out a Frozen Water Pipe pour into the pipe a cupful or more of common salt. Usually the drain will soon be all right after this has been done.

Hanging Clothes Outdoors on a Cold Day may be made easier by pinning small articles, such as collars, handkerchiefs, etc., to a sheet before taking them out to the clothesline.

Heat the Clothespins in the Oven in Cold Weather and they will retain sufficient warmth to keep the fingers comfortable during the process of hanging out clothes on a cold winter day.



In the Twilight

Sewing-machine Conveniences

A Pincushion for the Sewing Machine.—When sewing on a machine one often needs to use pins or needles or have a handy place in which to put them. Cut an oblong piece of flannel two inches by four, and at one end cut a hole the size of a pea. Slip this over the spindle where the spool of thread belongs, before the spool is put on; then you will have a place right before you in which to stick a pin.

Keep a Pair of Scissors at the Sewing Machine and you will be well repaid for taking the trouble. The safe-

est way to make certain that the scissors will not be missing just when most needed is to attach them to the machine by a cord or small chain.

A Short Hatpin is Useful at the Sewing Machine as with it one can guide and place the work. Keep the hatpin in the sewing machine drawer.

A Small Rug for the Sewing Machine made to fit the treadles, will keep the feet warm when using the machine in cold weather.

Good Coffee.

Coffee Should Always be Freshly Ground.

The royal road to making good coffee lies in the use of an ordinary percolating pot; by this I mean a pot so arranged that the grounds of the coffee are never allowed to remain in the infusion. The upper portion of the pot may be metal, glass or even a bag—anything that will hold the ground coffee above the water. The coffee must be of good quality, nicely browned and freshly ground. Allow one rounding tablespoonful to each half-pint of freshly boiled water. Soft water makes better coffee than hard water, but the water itself must be boiling and must be taken at its first boil. In boiling, water parts with its gases and becomes a little flat, and does not so easily draw

out the flavoring of the coffee. The coffee may be drained off, and poured over the grounds a second time. Remove the grounds from the pot and keep the coffee boiling hot. Always scald the pot before putting in the coffee.

Breakfast coffee is better served with scalded milk; this does not mean boiled milk, but milk put over hot water until it steams. In cold weather heat the coffee-cup by pouring hot water into it; then put in the milk, then the coffee; if cream is added it should be added after; but not before, the coffee goes into the cup.

An artist may make good coffee by putting it into the saucepan and boiling it, but nine out of ten cups of boiled coffee are not only unpalatable, but they are also unwholesome. Allow one tablespoonful of coffee to each half-pint of water; put the quantity of coffee into the pot and add a tablespoonful of the white of an egg and sufficient cold water to moisten the mixture; mix thoroughly and pour over the given quantity of freshly boiled water; put the pot over the fire and cover it; at first boiling put in a tablespoonful of cold water; let it quickly return to the boiling point; put in another tablespoonful of cold water; let it come again to the boiling point and boil for not more than a minute; then put in half a cupful of cold water and stand it aside to settle. Put the coffee into a china pot which has been thoroughly heated with hot water, and serve at once.

Coffee is not spoiled by being kept one or two hours provided the grounds are removed and the coffee is kept always at boiling point. Warmed-over cold coffee is always objectionable and should never be used.

She Meant Well.

The young son of a western family was away from home for his first year in college. His mother had been to visit him, and upon her return met a friend, who asked if her boy was home-sick.

"No," said the doting mother. "I was afraid he would be, so I saw that he was located in one of the best maternity houses of the college."

The Butler Broke the News Gently.

On his return from an extended trip abroad an English squire was met at the steamship wharf by his old and trusted butler. Thinking it strange that the old man should have come to meet him, the squire asked if there was bad news.

"Yes, sir," replied the butler, "very bad news. The old magpie is dead, sir."

"What did the bird die of?"

"Too much horseflesh, sir."

"Too much horseflesh, John? Where did it get it?"

"The carriage horses, sir."

"What, are they dead, too?"

"Yes, sir. Died from over exertion drawing water the night of the fire."

"What fire?"

"The mansion, sir."

"You don't mean to say that the mansion is burned, John?"

"Yes, sir; it burned the night of the funeral, sir."

"Who's funeral?"

"Your poor mother's, sir."

"What, mother dead, too?"

"Yes, sir; she never held her head up after your poor father died."

"Great Heaven! Father dead as well? I never heard a word of any of these misfortunes. What was the cause of my father's death?"

"Well, sir, it was this way. He received a telegram telling him that the ship had gone down that had the whole of his fortune on board, and the shock of it killed him."

"John, I am entirely ruined!"

"That you are, sir."

A Sure Corrective of Flatulency.—When the undigested food lies in the stomach it throws off gases causing pains and oppression in the stomachic region. The belching or eructation of these gases is offensive and the only way to prevent them is to restore the stomach to proper action. Parnee's Vegetable Pills will do this. Simple directions go with each packet and a course of them taken systematically is certain to effect a cure.



MOONEY MAKES THE CRISPEST CREAMIEST BISCUIT

"LET MOONEY DO IT"

Thousands of people all over Western Canada are letting **MOONEY** make their biscuits.

They have found that **MOONEY'S BISCUITS** are just a little crisper, just a little creamier, just a little thinner, just a little more appetizing.

MOONEY'S BISCUITS are just good enough to take the place of the product of the home oven.



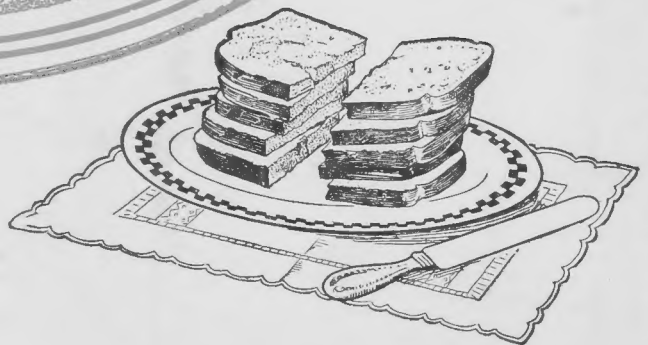
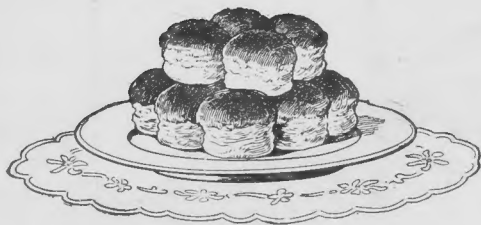
MOONEY'S PERFECTION SODA BISCUITS

are made in the big sanitary factory in Winnipeg.

The biscuit that's good for every meal of every day. In air tight, dust proof, damp proof packages or sealed tins.

' LET MOONEY DO IT'





May Nineteen-Twelve hold happiness,
Good health and wealth in store;
And seeing that it's Leap Year,
Why—we wish you one day more!

PURITY FLOUR

By modern methods we produce the finest flour for making best biscuits, beautiful buns, captivating cakes, perfect pastry, peerless pies, tempting tartlets, etc.

PURITY FLOUR

is the result of perfect milling of perfect wheat. Because of its extra GOODNESS, it will stand more water than other flours, and so is more economical. Your first sack will prove to you that it yields

“MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD”



Western Canada Flour Mills Co.

LIMITED,

“Millers To The People”

WINNIPEG

GODERICH

BRANDON

